I. W. delin.t R. Scott sculp.t

North View of Turness Abbey

B. T. 11-313

A

DESCRIPTIVE TOUR,

AND

GUIDE

TO THE

LAKES, CAVES, MOUNTAINS,

AND OTHER

NATURAL CURIOSITIES,

IN

Cumberland, Westmoreland, Lancashire,

AND A PART OF

THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

BY JOHN HOUSMAN.

CARLISLE:

PRINTED BY F. JOLLIE;

AND SOLD BY

C. LAW, AVE-MARIA-LANE, LONDON.

1800.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·

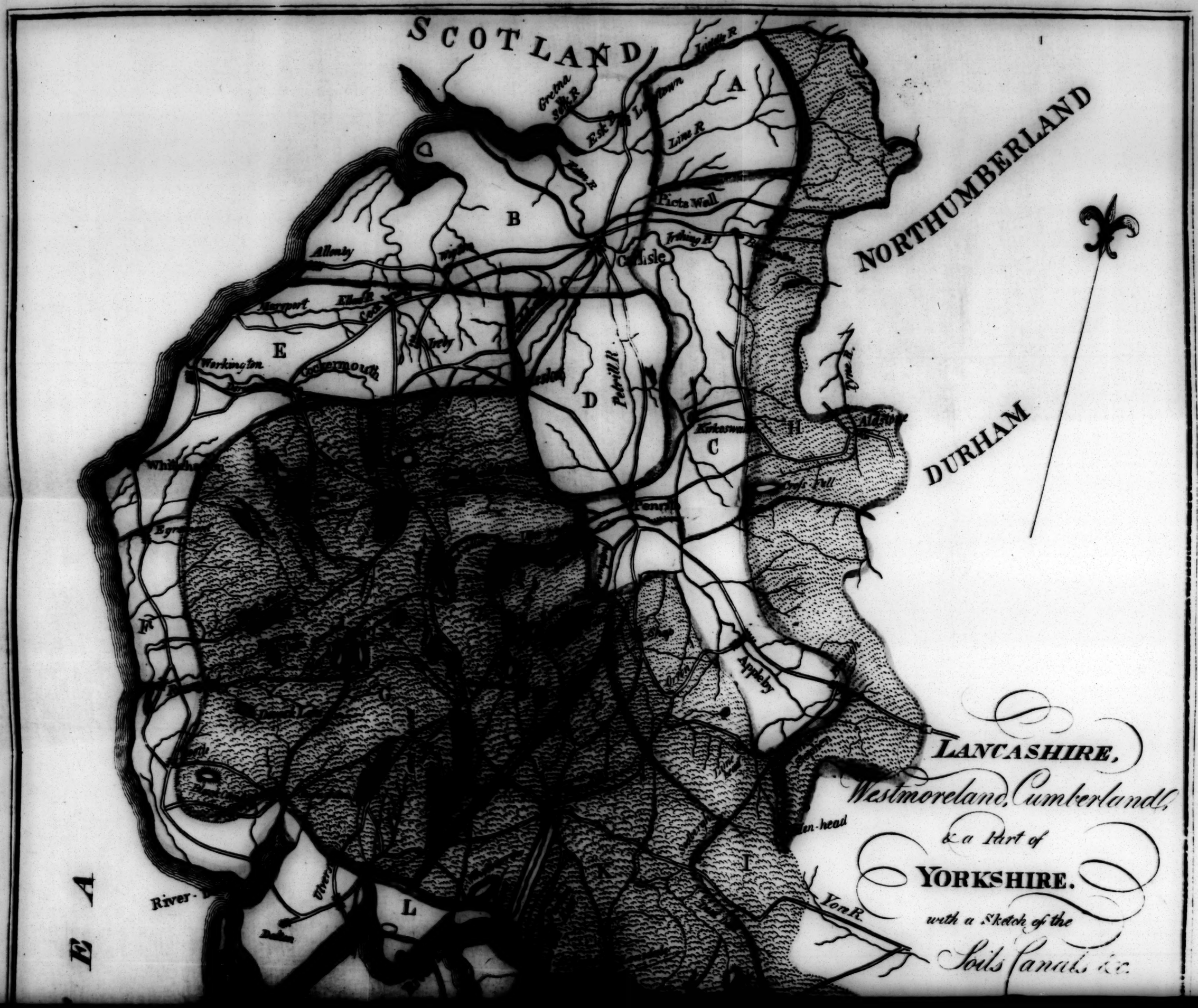
ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following sheets form part of a more extensive Topographical Work by the same Author; and a few copies have been printed for the accommodation and convenience of such travellers as may think the whole work either too bulky or too expensive.— Besides his own observations, made in the course of his different Tours, the Author has had recourse to the works of several popular writers; from which he has extracted such passages as appeared to him the most interesting; and, upon the whole, has endeavoured to digest and arrange a concise and correct GUIDE *to the* LAKES, *&c. which, he humbly hopes, will be found an useful companion to the visitors of the many scenes, and uncommon works of Nature, within the district.*

With respect to the several Stations for Views, he has confined himself to general directions, leaving to the Artist of Taste to select for himself such as may best answer his particular purpose.

Unexaggerated descriptions, in plain and simple language, are here principally aimed at; and if the Author, in any instance, has failed in the truth and justness of his representations, he entreats the candid reader to attribute such inaccuracies either to some unperceived mistake of his own, or to the misinformation of others—and not to any design of passing a deception upon the Public.

CORBY, JUNE 1, 1800.


SCOTLAND
NORTHUMBERLAND
DURHAM
LANCASHIRE,
Westmoreland, Cumberland,
& a Part of
YORKSHIRE.
with a Sketch of the
Soils Canals &c.
A
B
C
D
E
F
H
I
L
Picts Wall
Carlisle
Allenby
Workington
Cockermouth
Petrill R.
Penrith
Appleby
Yore R.
River
Line R.
Irthing R.
Tyne R.
Aldstone
Cross Fell
Egremont
Ulverston
Dalton
Ellen R.
Ireby
Wigton
Gretna
Esk R.
Eden R.
Lowtown
Liddle R.
Kirkoswald
Orton
Shap
Ellen-head

YORKSHIRE.
with a Sketch of the
Soils Canals &c.
IRISH SEA
CHESHIRE
Yore R.
Lancaster
Wyre R.
Preston
Kirkham
Poulton
Garstang
Lancaster Canal
Clitheroe
Pendle Hill
Blackburn
Burnley
Keighley
Skipton
Coniston
Horton
Settle
Malham
Ingleton
Ingleborough
Pennigant
Wharf R.
Air R.
Otley
Harewood
Bradford
Halifax
Leeds
Huthersfield
Culder R.
Wakefield
Barnsley
Sheffield
Huthersfield Canal
Manchester
Bury
Bolton
W Houghton
Wigan
Chorley
Leeds & Liverpool Canal
Ormskirk
Liverpool
St Hellen
Warrington
Duke of Bridgewater Canal
Peak Forest Canal
Ellemere Canal
Trent & Mersey Canal
River Dee
Dalton
River L
River Ribble
Ripley
Pattley Bridge
British Statute Miles
5
10

INDEX.

A Page
Ambleſide . . . 162
Attermire Cave . 27
Aſkham . . . 65
Alumn Pot . . 50

B
Barnſley . . . 5
Bradford . . . 12
Bingley . . . 18
Bampton . . . 64
Brougham-hall . 67
Baſſenthwaite-lake 125
Buttermere . . 129
Booth 187

C
Cat-knot-hole . 53
Carlton-hall . . 72
Crummock-lake . 137
Coniſton-lake . 181
Coniſhead . . . 207
Chapel Iſland . . 209
Cartmel . . . 211

D
Dowgill-ſcar . . 28
Dook Cove . . 46
Derwent-water . 90
Dunald-mill-hole 193

E
Eccleſfield . . . 5
Ennerdale-water 141
Eaſthwaite-water 179

F
Furneſs Abbey . 197

G
Gordale-ſcar . . 23
Giggleſwick . . 27
Gingling Cave . 39
Ginglepot . . . 43
Gatekirk Cave . 52
Greenſide Cave . 52
Graſmere . . . 154

H
Hulpot-hole . . 28
Heath, Village of 7
Huddersfield . . 6
Holker . . . 211
Halifax 13
Hurtlepot . . . 44
Hardraw-ſcar . 54
Helvellin . . . 157
Hawkſhead . . 180
Hardrawkin . . 50
Haws-water . . 62

I
Ingleborough . . 47
Ingleton . . . 32

K
Kirkſtal Abbey 11
Keighley . . . 18
Kingſdale . . 34
Kirkby-Lonſdale 55
Kendal . . . 57
King Arthur's Round Table . . . 68
Keſwick . . . 90

L
Leeds 8
Lowes-water . . 139
Leathes-water . 153
Levens-hall . . 189
Lancaſter Sands . 212
Lancaſter . . . 221
Lowther-hall . . 65

M
Malham . . . 21
Malham-tarn . 22
Malham Cove . 22
Meirgill . . . 49
Mayborough . . 70
Milnthorp . . 191

N
Newby-bridge . 18

P
Penrith . . . 72

R
Reciprocating Wel 30
Rydal-water . . 155
Rydal-hall . . 155

S
Sheffield . . . 2
Skipton . . . 9
Settle 26
Saddleback . . 33
Skiddaw . . . 17
Scale-force . . 135

T
Thornton-ſcar . 3
Thornton-force . 3

U
Ulverſton . . . 96
Ulverſton Sands . 209

W
Wakefield . . . 7
Weathercote Cove 40
Whernſide . . 53
Waſtdale . . . 01
Windermere . . 163
Whitbarrow-ſcar 187

Y
Yorda's Cave . 35

REFERENCES

TO THE

ANNEXED MAP OF THE SOILS, &c.

A—Cold moiſt Loam is moſt prevalent. No Coal nor Limeſtone.

B Moſtly a fertile clayey Loam, with Patches of Turnip Soil. No Coal nor Limeſtone. Level Surface.

C Sand and light Loam in general, producing good Turnips. On the Weſt Side of Eden, Clay predominates more frequently.

D—Soil generally ſtrong; a Tract of Limeſtone about D.

E Soil various; much light Gravel towards the Coaſt; on the other Side, a wet Soil, on a Clay Bottom, is more frequent. Coal and Limeſtone abound.

F Soil moſtly a hazel Mould. No Coal. Limeſtone on the Banks of the Duddon. Some Freeſtone.

G Generally a beautiful and romantic Diſtrict, compoſed of ſeveral high rocky Mountains, with pleaſant intervening Dales, and many fine Lakes. The Soil moſtly a dry Gravel. No Coal. A little Limeſtone about Ambleſide. Blue Slate, Lead and Copper Ore, and Black Lead.

H—Heathy Mountains; Soil moſſy. Coal, Limeſtone, and Lead-ore.

I Heathy Mountains, with moſſy Tops, are generally prevalent; low Moors towards the North End. In the Southern Parts are ſome fine woody Dales. The Soil of the incloſed Grounds more or leſs gravelly.

K Verdant Hills, and pretty, fertile Dales. Limeſtone in the greateſt Abundance. Gravel and hazel Mould.

L Dry gravelly Mould, and rich black Soil, with Tracts of Peat-moſs. Several Coppice Woods.

M The Weſt Side flat and low, the Eaſt Side riſing a little. Soil loamy and pretty rich. Some Tracts of Peat-moſs.

N Surface flat, in general. Soil moſtly a ſandy Loam, on a Subſtratum of Clay or Marl. Peat-moſs in ſeveral Places. Some Coal, and a little Limeſtone.

O—Surface and Soil ſomewhat like the laſt. Coal in abundance.

P The Surface exhibits a few gentle Swells. Soil generally contains a greater or leſſer Mixture of Clay, with different Degrees of Fertility. Coal, and excellent white Freeſtone.

Q Hills, covered with Heath and coarſe Herbage, prevail more or leſs through this diſtrict, with many fertile Vales. Some Coal and Limeſtone, particularly about the Centre.

DISTANCES OF PLACES

ALONG THE ROADS,

WITH REFERENCES TO THE PAGES WHERE NOTICED.

	Miles.	Page.
Sheffield [*Set out from*]	—	2
Barnsley	13	5
Wakefield	10	7
Leeds	8½	8
Kirkstall Abbey	3	11
Bradford	6	12
Halifax	8	13
Return to Bradford	8	—
Bingley	6	18
Keighley	4	18
Skipton	10	19
Malham	13	21
Settle	7	26
Ingleton	10	32
Yorda's Cave	4	35
Ingleton to Weathercote Cave	4½	40
Ingleton to Kirkby-Lonsdale	7	55
Kendal	12	57
Haws-water, through Long-Sleddale	15	62
Penrith, by Bampton and Lowther	12	72
Ulls-water foot	5	—
Patterdale, or head of Ulls-water	9	—
Ambleside, over Kirkstone	9	162
Keswick, from Ulls-water foot	15	90
Lodore Water-fall	3	—
Grange	1	—
Bowderstone, Castle-hill	1	—
Rosthwaite	1	—
Seathwaite	2½	—
Wast-water, over Stye-head	4½	—
Keswick, by Watenlath	13½	90
Armathwaite, down the East Side of Bassenthwaite-water	8	—
Keswick, up the other Side	9	90
Keskadale	5	—
Buttermere	3	129
Scale-force	1½	135
Lorton, from Buttermere, down Crummock-water	6	—
Keswick	7½	99
Castle-rigg	1	—
Leaths-water	4	153
Dunmail-raise-stones	4½	—
Grasmere	2½	154
Rydal	2	155
Ambleside	2	162
Bowness	6	—
Ferry-house, across Windermere	1	—
Hawkshead	4	180
Coniston-water head	3	181
Coniston-water foot	6	181
Lowick-bridge	2½	—
Penny-bride	2	—
Booth	2	187
Newby-bridge	3	187
Newton	3	—
Witherslack	4	—
Levens	4	189
Milnthorp	2	191
Burton	4	—
Bolton	7	—
Lancaster	4	221
Ulverston, from Lowick-bridge	5	196
Furness Abbey, by Dalton	6	197
Carter-house, from Ulverston	1	—
Holker	3	211
Cartmel, or Flookborough	2	211
Carter-house	2	—
Hest-bank, over Sands	9	—
Lancaster	3	221

Rydal

Hawkshead

Coniston

Naddle

Naddle Forest

Bampton

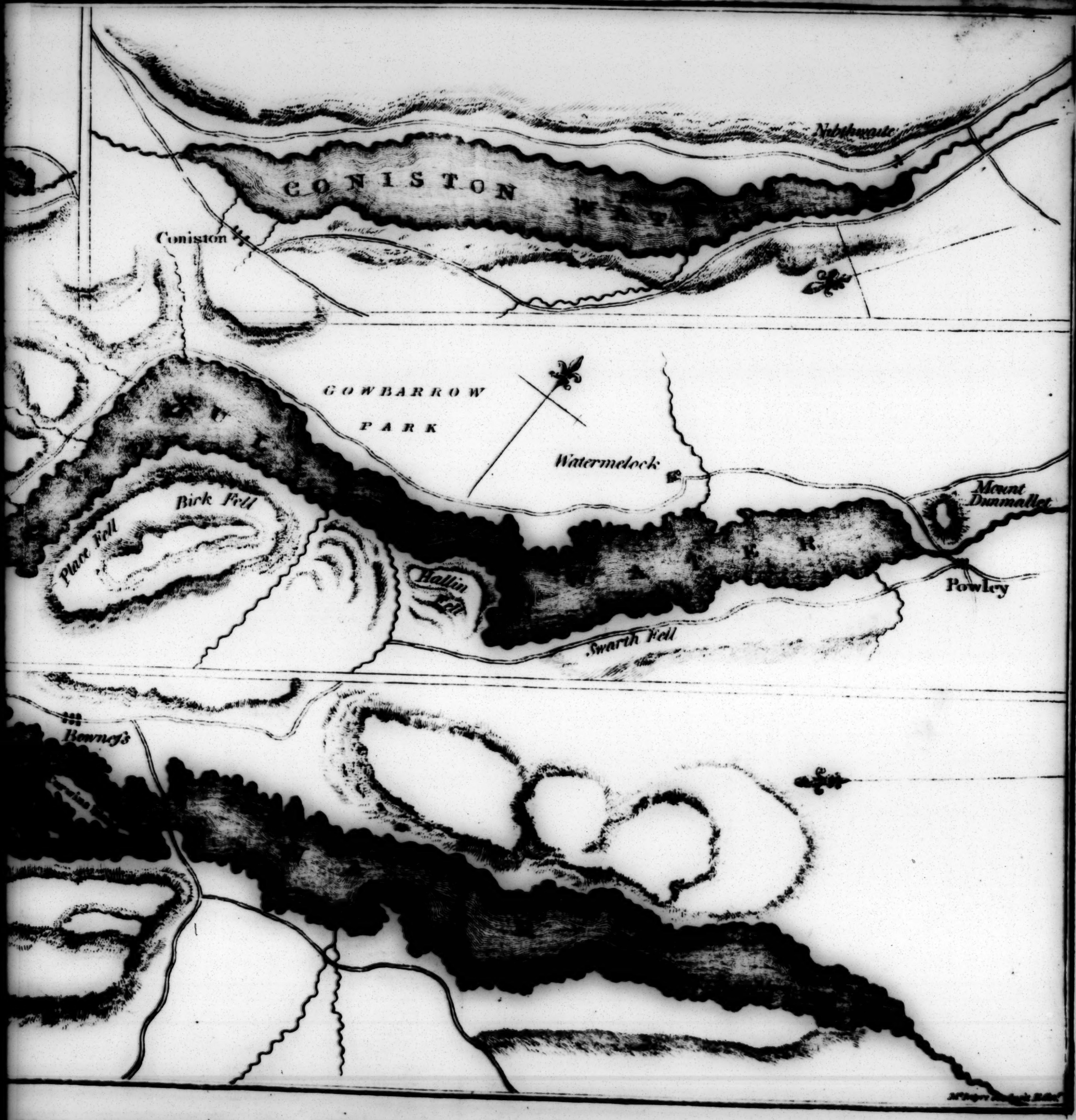
Patterdale House

Birk Fell

Place Fell

Ambleside

LAKES IN LANCASHIRE & WESTM



NCASHIRE & WESTMORELAND

A DESCRIPTIVE TOUR;

OR

GUIDE TO THE LAKES.

IN reſpect to the mode of viſiting the Lakes, Mr. WEST thinks, and perhaps with good taſte, that Coniſton lake ought to be firſt ſeen, and afterwards Windermere-water, Rydal-water, Graſmere-water, Leathes-water, and thoſe in the neighbourhood of Keſwick, in ſucceſſion; as, by this courſe, we are led from the ſimple and pleaſing to the grand and ſublime works of nature. This route will, indeed, be found moſt convenient to thoſe who come by way of Lancaſter, and return from Keſwick by Ulls-water, Penrith, and Haws-water, to Kendal; but for ſuch as arrive firſt at Kendal, or Penrith, and more particularly the latter place, it will be found moſt commodious to take them in the following ſucceſſion, viz. Haws-water, Ulls-water, Derwent-water, Baſſenthwaite-water, Buttermere-water, Crummock-water, Lowes-water, Ennerdale-water, and Waſt-water: return to Keſwick, and from thence to Leathes-water, Graſmere-water, Rydal-water, Windermere-water, Eſthwaite-water, and Coniſton-water: thence proceed to ſee the curioſities in Furneſs, and return, by Newby-bridge, to Kendal, or croſs the Sands to Lancaſter.—Touriſts from Scotland or Northumberland will find it moſt convenient to proceed

from Carliſle to Ouſe-bridge, at the lower end of Baſſenthwaite-water. After viſiting that lake, they may either go directly to Keſwick, or firſt viſit Buttermere-water and the adjacent lakes. From Keſwick proceed to Ambleſide; and, having viewed the beauties of Windermere-water, croſs the ferry to Coniſton lake, by way of Hawkſhead. The traveller might ride immediately from thence to Kendal, by way of Newby-bridge, or purſue his route ſtill further, to Ulverſtone and Furneſs, and viſit the antiquities there, and afterwards enjoy the pleaſure of a new ſcene, in a journey from Ulverſtone to Lancaſter, over the Sands. Return from Lancaſter by Kendal, Haws-water, Ulls-water, and Penrith, to Carliſle.

The caves in Yorkſhire may be viſited either before or after the lakes, as it may ſuit the convenience or inclination of the touriſt; in this work, however, they come firſt under our obſervation.

We ſhall commence our remarks at the ſouthern point of the diſtrict, and join company with the traveller at SHEFFIELD. This town is remarkable for its flouriſhing manufacture of hardware, and its conſequent rapid increaſe of population and buildings. Sheffield ſeems to have been the ſtaple for iron manufactures from the year 1297, particularly for falchion-heads, arrow-pikes, and an ordinary ſort of knives called *whittles*: afterwards other articles of cutlery were invented and manufactured in the town and neighbourhood, ſuch as ſheers, knives, ſciſſars, ſcythes, and ſickles. About the year 1600, an ordinary ſort of iron tobacco-boxes began to be manufactured, and a gewgaw called a Jew's-trump. In 1638, razors and files began to be made. In 1630, claſp or ſpring knives were firſt manufactured with iron handles, which, in a ſhort time, were covered with horn, tortoiſe-

ſhell, &c. The inhabitants of this town, however, for near a century afterwards, appear to have diſcovered more induſtry than ingenuity: their trade was inconſiderable and precarious, and none preſumed to extend their traffic beyond the bounds of this iſland; nor did they think of ſending out people in ſearch of orders: there are perſons ſtill living who remember that the produce of the manufactory was conveyed weekly, by pack-horſes, to the metropolis. About fifty years ago, Mr. JOSEPH BROADBENT firſt opened an immediate trade with the continent; maſter manufacturers began to viſit London in ſearch of orders with good ſucceſs; and ſeveral factors now eſtabliſhed a correſpondence with various parts of the continent, and engaged foreigners as clerks in their compting-houſes. Thus the trade and manufacture of Sheffield arrived gradually to that perfection which now renders it famous throughout Europe.

The principal articles manufactured in this town, are, knives, razors, files, and ſciſſars; there are, likewiſe, ſaucepans, tea-urns, coffeepots, cups, tankards, candleſticks, &c. &c. made here, beſides a great quantity of ſilver and plated goods.

Two ſmall rivers, which form a junction at the town, aſſiſt in turning the machinery; and plenty of coals being at hand for the working of fire-engines, all the heavy work has of late years been performed by machines. In ſhort, the manufacturers of Sheffield have made ſuch improvements in the manufacturing of their ſeveral articles, that they are now able to underſell every other market in the world.

It has been remarked, that, before the introduction and uſe of machinery in forging iron and ſteel, the neceſſity of performing ſuch hard and heavy work by the hands of men, occaſioned Sheffield to abound in cripples,

and in weak deformed people; but this is by no means the caſe at preſent. The nature of the manufacture, however, gives to the manufacturers, as well as the town itſelf, a very dark complexion.

Notwithſtanding the very low prices at which Sheffield wares are ſold to retailers, the meaneſt knife paſſes through the hands of five cutlers, in different branches of cutlery, before it is finiſhed. The workmen can earn great wages, but are much addicted to drinking, the origin of every vice and exceſs.

The population of this town is ſaid to be about 28,000, but including the adjoining villages about 30,000 or 31,000 inhabitants. From the Regiſters it appears, that, on an average of ten years, between the years 1561 and 1571, there were 108 baptiſms, 71 burials, and 23 marriages, annually; between 1661 and 1671 there were 208 baptiſms, 226 burials, and 58 marriages, annually; between 1761 and 1771 there were 888 baptiſms, 755 burials, and 255 marriages, annually. In the year 1793 there were 1732 baptiſms, 1482 burials, and 444 marriages; and in 1794 there were 1582 baptiſms, 1473 burials, and 402 marriages. The population of Sheffield has rather decreaſed ſince the year 1793, on account of the great number of its inhabitants who have entered into the army.

The ſcite of Sheffield is irregular; it ſtands principally on an oblong hill, but extends over the adjoining valleys, and again riſing the hills at each end. Its three churches, which are erected on the hill, have a fine effect; their ſpires overtop the whole town, and are rendered ſtill more majeſtic, at a ſmall diſtance, by the intervening atmoſphere being almoſt continually thickened with the ſooty exhalations.—Sheffield is a modern well-built town; the ſtreets are clean, and many of them ſpacious. A new

infirmary, upon a liberal plan, is juſt finiſhed, which ſtands a little out of the town. Here are three churches and one chapel of the eſtabliſhment, beſides a great number of chapels belonging to the different ſects of Diſſenters. In 1786 a new market-place was opened, containing extenſive and commodious ſhambles, and other conveniences, erected by his Grace the Duke of NORFOLK, whoſe eſtate in this town and neighbourhood is ſaid to produce him 30,000*l.* per annum.—Here are alſo a number of genteel public buildings, viz. an aſſembly-room, a theatre, town hall, cutlers' hall, &c. beſides ſeveral charitable inſtitutions for the clothing, education, and maintenance of the poor.

The ſoil in the neighbourhood of Sheffield is a deep clay, and the land chiefly in meadow, paſture, and garden ground: the ſurface is irregular, and the face of the country rather naked. The climate is moderate: about thirty-three inches of rain fall in a year.

Leaving Sheffield, we proceed northwards to Barnſley. The road tolerable, with a flagged cauſeway on one ſide for foot paſſengers; the ſoil ſtrong, and mixed with a white ſandy clay; buildings good, partly of brick, and partly of white freeſtone; and the population great. At four miles diſtance, paſs through Ecclesfield, a village flouriſhing in the manufactory of hardware; and, ſoon after, the road viſits ſeveral iron forges and founderies. Towards Barnſley we begin to leave the rough manufacture of iron, and approach the country where the ſofter one of wool is carried on. Here two elegant ſeats preſent themſelves, viz. Wentworth-houſe, and Stainmore-hall; the former belonging to Earl FITZWILLIAM, and the latter to Lord STAFFORD. Several pieces of woodland, and trees on hedge-rows, adorn the face of the country, which is here pretty level.

BARNSLEY is a ſmall market-town, ſurrounded with coal pits, and ſome iron works. It carries on a conſiderable linen manufactory. The yarn is procured from Holland, and the cloth chiefly exported. Here is alſo a trade in wire, and ſome branches of hardware.

We proceed to WAKEFIELD, ten miles. The ſoil becomes more light, in general, but in ſome places cold, wet, and ſterile. The ſurface of the country riſes in gentle ſwells, though not hilly. The chief objects of culture are corn and graſs, in a due proportion, and the land ſeems pretty well cultivated. A new canal, between Barnſley and Wakefield, accompanies the road. This canal extends from Barnſley to the navigable river Dun, which empties itſelf into the Humber. Approaching Wakefield, we find ourſelves entering the country of woollen manufactories, where the increaſing population is diſtinguiſhed by the number of new houſes and cottages placed on the ſides of the road. On the left we have HUDDERSFIELD, at the diſtance of about twelve or fourteen miles. It is a modern middle-ſized town, containing about 7500 inhabitants, who are almoſt wholly ſupported by the woollen manufactories. That town (a few houſes excepted) is the property of Sir JOHN RAMSDEN, who grants leaſes for building, renewable every twenty years, on payment of two years' ground rent. The population has increaſed more than two-thirds ſince the year 1710. Sir JOHN built a good cloth hall ſome years ago, where the fineſt broad and narrow cloths are ſold; as well as fancy cloths, elaſtics, beaverettes, &c.; alſo honleys and kerſeymeres. The qualities run from 10d. to 8s. per yard, narrows, and broads as high as the ſuperfines in the weſt of England. The fineſt broads in Yorkſhire are made at Saddleſworth, and ſold at Huddersfield market. The goods are made from all ſorts of ſhort

Engliſh wool, worth from 6*l.* to 35*l.* per pack; and from Spaniſh wool. The loweſt priced Engliſh wool is chiefly ſhort, ſorted from large fleeces of combing wool, bought in Lincolnſhire, Leiceſterſhire, Nottinghamſhire, and the neighbouring counties. The fineſt Engliſh wool is from ſmall fleeces in Herefordſhire, Shropſhire, and other weſtern counties; and alſo from Kent, Suſſex, and their neighbourhood.

Sir JOHN RAMSDEN made a navigation from Huddersfield to the Calder, of which we have before given an account. A canal alſo from that town joins the Manchester and Aſhton canal.

We now croſs the navigable river Calder over a bridge (on which ſtands an ancient chapel, with Gothic ſculptures, ſaid to have been built by EDWARD IV.) and enter the opulent and handſome town of WAKEFIELD. The ſtreets are generally clean, with flagged walks on each ſide; its buildings good, and increaſing in number. The lofty ſpire of the old church is conſpicuous at a great diſtance. The cloth manufactories in this neighbourhood are numerous, but the cloth is chiefly ſold at Huddersfield. Some tammies, camlets, and a few white cloths, are, however, ſold here; but its principal market is for wool, which is ſent to the factors here in large quantities from all parts of England, who diſpoſe of it among the manufacturers in the different diſtricts around.

The river Calder was made navigable to this place by authority of Parliament in 1698. The ſurrounding country is pleaſant, particularly towards Pontefract, where the ſoil is more dry and fertile.

About two miles from Wakefield ſtands the village of HEATH, which is univerſally allowed to be one of the moſt beautiful in England. It is ſituated on an eminence above the river Calder, commanding an extenſive and

delightful view of the rich and populous country around. This village is built by the ſide of a green, and the houſes are all of ſtone found on the ſpot: many of them are very elegant, and belong to people of quality.

We continue our northern route towards Leeds, eight miles and a half. The country pretty level and pleaſant; the ſoil contains a great proportion of clay; fields and farms ſmall, and principally in graſs; hedges planted with quickſet; and the farmers continue to uſe the long team of three or four horſes in a line yoked to a plough.—The roads are but indifferent.—Houſes and buildings good, modern, and extremely numerous on all ſides; and the manufactories of cloth and ſtuffs engroſs the attention of the whole country on every ſide.

LEEDS, at a little diſtance, ſeems to ſpread to a great extent, and the churches and other buildings bear a modern aſpect. On entering the town we find ourſelves not deceived; every thing has the appearance of vaſt and increaſing wealth, as well as population. This town, from an inconſiderable place, has, by the manufacture and ſale of cloth, been augmented in its ſize, riches, and population, to a wonderful extent. It is ſuppoſed to contain 32,000 inhabitants, almoſt double the number it was calculated to contain thirty years ago. Houſes, nay whole ſtreets, are building almoſt every year. The ſtreets in the old parts of the town are narrow; but thoſe occupied by the merchants, manufacturers, and ſuperior tradeſmen, are broad and ſpacious; the houſes are uniform, elegant, and ſo clean, even externally, that ſcarcely a ſpeck is to be ſeen on the broad foot pavement. In a conſiderable portion of Leeds, the inhabitants enjoy at once the ſocial pleaſures of the town, and the fine air and chearful proſpects of the country; the modern houſes being either built in a line, with an open view

into the fields, or in large ſquares, the areas of which are covered with graſs and ſhrubs, and kept in the neateſt order. The town, taken generally, is kept clean, every ſtreet having a flagged walk on each ſide. The buildings are chiefly brick (the clay for making which is frequently dug up in the new intended ſtreets), and covered with white ſlate.

Leeds is the little metropolis for the woollen trade: cloth is expoſed for ſale there on Tueſdays and Saturdays, an hour and a half each day; and, by a rule among the manufacturers, the merchants are not allowed to buy, nor even to look at cloth, except at theſe appointed hours. The times of ſale begin and end by the ringing of a bell; and if a merchant is found in the hall after the bell has ceaſed, he forfeits 5s.—There are two cloth halls, the one for coloured, and the other for white cloth; but the coloured cloth hall is the principal: it is a quadrangular building, incloſing an open area, one hundred and twenty-ſeven yards and a half by ſixty-ſix; and was erected at the expence of the manufacturers in 1758. This hall is divided into ſix covered ſtreets, each of which contains two rows of ſtands, the freehold property of ſeparate manufacturers, who are in number about 1750. Theſe have all ſerved a regular apprenticeſhip to the making of coloured cloth, which is an indiſpenſable condition of their admiſſion into this hall.

The white cloth hall was built in 1775; it is ninety-nine yards by ſeventy, and divided into five ſtreets, each with a double row of ſtands, the number of which is 1210.

The whole number of broad cloth manufacturers in the Weſt Riding of Yorkſhire was calculated in 1794 to be 3240, not one of whom is to be found more than one

mile eaſt, nor two north of Leeds; nor are there many in the town, and thoſe only in the outſkirts.

The cloths are ſold in their reſpective halls rough as they come from the fulling mills. They are finiſhed by the merchants, who employ dreſſers, dyers, &c. for that purpoſe: theſe, with dryſalters, ſhopkeepers, and the different kinds of handycraftſmen, compoſe the bulk of the inhabitants of Leeds. The diſperſed ſtate of the manufacturers, in villages and ſingle houſes, over the whole face of the county, is highly favourable to their morals and their happineſs. They are generally men of ſmall capitals, and often annex a ſmall farm to their other buſineſs. Some of them have a field or two to ſupport a horſe and cow; and are, for the moſt part, bleſſed with the comforts, without the ſuperfluities, of life. There are however ſome inſtances of theſe manufacturers becoming independent; and the merchants frequently accumulate very large fortunes, if we may judge from their many and elegant ſeats, with which the nighbourhood of Leeds is ſtudded. Upon the whole, the trade and manufacture of this town, if we may hazard another conjecture from external appearances, ſeem in their effect almoſt equally lucrative to a Peruvian mine.

In this town there are two carpet manufactories; ſeveral ſmall potteries for coarſe ware in the neighbourhood; and a large one for finer ſorts of pots, the flint and clay for which are brought from different other parts of England. Many of theſe pots are exported to the continent.—Coal is plentiful in the vicinity of Leeds. The river Air, which viſits this town, is navigable for ſmall craft to the Humber, from whence there is an eaſy paſſage to the ſea. By the ſame route ſmall veſſels from London can navigate to Leeds. Among other public buildings, are four churches; ſeveral chapels for Diſſenters

of every denomination; a very fine infirmary, ſupported by public ſubſcription in a liberal manner; a workhouſe, well conducted, but which is a rather mean and ill-ſituated building.

In the neighbourhood of this town the ſoil is generally a rich loam, and the ſurrounding country chearful.

We now proceed from hence to Bradford, nine miles. The road leads through a fine pleaſant country for three miles, when it croſſes a fertile vale, through which runs the river Air, accompanied with the Leeds and Liverpool canal. In this ſweet valley, a little below the road, ſtands the remains of that venerable pile, Kirkſtall Abbey, embowered in groves of old oak trees. This noble ſtructure is now almoſt wholly in ruins.—A few cloiſters, ſome high walls and gateways, and part of a very high tower, of fine Gothic architecture, are yet ſtanding, which ſufficiently evince its former magnitude and importance. This once famous place is viſited by moſt ſtrangers who travel through this part of the country. It belongs to Lord CARDIGAN, who allows a maſon 10*l.* a year for keeping it in repair. It was a religious houſe of the Ciſtercian order, founded in 1157 by HENRY DE LACY.

From Kirkſtall to Bradford the ſurface of the country is pretty level; the ſoil various, but generally a black mooriſh earth, with a ſubſtratum of red ſand intermixed with clay. A great part of the country ſeems to have been formerly common, and has not even yet acquired a very fertile appearance. The fields are large, and a conſiderable proportion of corn land is here obſervable.—The farms alſo ſeem more extenſive than thoſe in the diſtricts hitherto deſcribed.—Houſes and cottages are numerous, and well built. Ramifications from the neighbouring manufacturing towns occupy all this

country.—Roads here are bad, being formed of ſoft materials. Towards Bradford the land is chiefly in graſs, divided into ſmall farms, and occupied by manufacturers, who depaſture their cows thereon.

BRADFORD is a neat, middle-ſized, manufacturing town, which, in 1781, contained 4200 inhabitants; and at preſent is ſuppoſed to afford reſidence to 5000 people, two-thirds of whom, it is calculated, are employed in the different manufactories, in ſome or other of their various branches. The manufactures of this place are tammies, calimancoes, ruſſets, broad and narrow cloths, cards for carding wool, combs, and leather boxes. In the three laſt branches about 300 hands are conſtantly employed.

In the vicinity of Bradford is a very capital iron foundery and forge, which has the advantage of coal and iron ore procured on the ſpot. Cannon have lately been caſt there for Government, and are ſaid to have anſwered the moſt ſanguine expectations.

Coals abound in the neighbourhood, and large quantities are ſent by means of the canal (which is a branch from the Leeds and Liverpool canal) into Craven, from whence limeſtone is brought in return. Bradford is well built with freeſtone got in its vicinity; the ſurrounding grounds riſe gently from the town on almoſt every ſide; and the ſloping, irregular, green fields, intermixed with a few trees and neat houſes, have a good effect, as ſeen from ſome parts of the town, and other points of view.

We turn weſtwards from hence to Halifax, 8 miles. The road not good: a flagged path on one ſide accommodates foot travellers. The country is naked, and the ſoil generally rather light, but not fertile. Stone walls divide the fields, wherein we frequently obſerve furze or whins growing plentifully—a circumſtance which marks a neglected ſtate of agriculture. The ſurface is

rather high and hilly; and ſome black-looking commons appear near Halifax.

The population of this country, notwithſtanding the ſterility of the ſoil, is incalculable: houſes and cottages are every where in great numbers, as far as the eye can reach; and little is attended to by the inhabitants beſides the woollen manufacture, for which this diſtrict is particularly noted: it affords labour and bread to innumerable families, who quit their own counties in the hopes of finding an increaſe of wages here. How far their expectations are anſwered is uncertain; but, if one may judge from their conduct and appearance, poverty ſtill too generally prevails: almoſt every village exhibits ſtrong marks of abject miſery: the children, cloathed in rags and dirt, run in troops after the traveller, begging halfpence, as long as they can keep pace with him. Does not this indicate inattention either in the police or pariſh officers? Begging, in every ſhape, ought to be diſcouraged; it is the ſure concomitant of idleneſs, and often of ſomething worſe.

HALIFAX is ſurrounded by a rather bleak country; ſtands low, and on the declivity of a hill, the foot of which is waſhed by a ſmall brook. It is a place of ancient note in the woollen manufactory. The pariſh covers about 150 ſquare miles, and contains thirteen chapels of eaſe—theſe are proofs of the ancient wildneſs, thinly inhabited, and deſert-like ſtate of the country. It appears from an old manuſcript, that in 1443 there were no more than thirteen houſes in Halifax; which number, in 120 years, was increaſed to 520 houſeholders. It is probable that about this period trade was introduced: in 1520, one of the three great clothiers of the north of England lived at Halifax. WRIGHT, the hiſtorian of Halifax, affirms, that the woollen trade was brought

here from Rippon, for the ſake of the advantage of coals and water. There is a tradition that it firſt came into Yorkſhire out of Devonſhire, where it had been eſtabliſhed by ſome workmen from Flanders. About the 17th EDWARD IV. two fulling mills were erected at Raſtrick, within this pariſh; but the reign of HENRY VII. has by ſome been mentioned as the principal period of the introduction of the woollen manufacture in theſe parts.

The manor of Halifax is parcel of the very extenſive one of Wakefield. Great part of it was anciently called the Liberty of the Foreſt of Sowerbyſhire, or of Hardwick. Within this Liberty a very ſingular cuſtom long prevailed, called *Halifax-gibbet law*. It conſiſted in a ſummary mode of trying, and capitally puniſhing, felons (apparently thieves only) taken within the liberties, with the goods found about them, or upon their own confeſſion; and the mode of execution was beheading, by means of an inſtrument called a gibbet, conſiſting of two upright pieces of timber joined by a tranſverſe piece, within which was a ſquare block of wood ſliding in grooves, worked in the uprights, and armed below with an iron axe: this being drawn up, was let fall ſuddenly, either by pulling out a pin, or cutting a cord that ſupported it; and thus the maleſactor's head was at once ſtruck off.—An engine exactly of the ſame kind was for ſome time in uſe at Edinburgh, under the name of *the maiden*; but whether this was the original, or only a copy, is diſputed. It has lately been revived, with improvements, in France, under the name of the too-famous *guillotine*; which appears, however, to have been an original invention of the perſon whoſe name it bears. With reſpect to this at Halifax, it ſeems to have been pretty freely uſed, eſpecially after it became a manufacturing town, againſt the robbers of tenter grounds. The laſt executions by it

were in 1650; the practice was then put a ſtop to, the bailiff being threatened with a proſecution if he ſhould repeat it. Forty-nine perſons had ſuffered by it, from the firſt entries in the regiſter in the year 1541. A raiſed platform of ſtone on which the gibbet was placed is ſtill remaining in Gibbet-lane.

Mr. PENNANT gives the following account of this remarkable cuſtom:

"The time when this cuſtom took place is unknown; whether Earl WARREN, lord of this Foreſt, might have eſtabliſhed it among the ſanguinary laws then in uſe among the invaders of the hunting rights, or whether it might not take place after the woollen manufactures at Halifax began to gain ſtrength, is uncertain. The laſt is very probable; for the wild country around the town was inhabited by a lawleſs ſet, whoſe depredations on the *cloth tenters* might ſoon ſtifle the efforts of infant induſtry. For the protection of trade, and for the greater terror of offenders by ſpeedy execution, this cuſtom ſeems to have been eſtabliſhed, ſo as at laſt to receive the force of law; which was, 'That if a felon be taken within the liberty of the Foreſt of Hardwick, with goods ſtolen out or within the ſaid precincts, either *hand-habend*, *back-berand*, or *confeſſion'd*, to the value of thirteen pence halfpenny, he ſhall, after three market-days or meeting-days within the town of Halifax next after ſuch his apprehenſion and being condemned, be taken to the gibbet, and there have his head cut from its body.'

"The offender had always a fair trial; for as ſoon as he was taken he was brought to the Lord's bailiff, at Halifax; he was then expoſed on the three markets (which here were held thrice in a week), placed in a ſtocks, with the goods ſtolen on his back; or, if the theft was of the cattle kind, they were placed by him:

and this was done both to ſtrike terror into others and to produce new informations againſt him. The bailiff then ſummoned four freeholders of each town within the Foreſt, to form a jury. The felon and proſecutors were brought face to face; the goods, the cow or horſe, or whatſoever was ſtolen, produced. If he was found guilty he was remanded to priſon, had a week's time allowed for preparation, and then was conveyed to this ſpot, where his head was ſtruck off by this machine.

"This privilege was very freely uſed during the reign of Elizabeth: the records before that time were loſt. Twenty-five ſuffered in her reign, and at leaſt twelve from the year 1623 to 1650; after which, I believe, the privilege was no more exerted.

"This machine of death is now deſtroyed; but I ſaw one of the ſame kind in a room under the Parliament-houſe at Edinburgh, where it was introduced by the Regent Morton, who took a model of it as he paſſed through Halifax, and at length ſuffered by it himſelf.—It is in the form of a painter's eaſel, and about ten feet high. At four feet from the bottom is a croſs bar, on which the felon lays his head, which is kept down by another placed above. In the inner edges of the frame are grooves; in theſe is placed a ſharp axe, with a vaſt weight of lead, ſupported at the very ſummit with a peg; to that peg is faſtened a cord, which the executioner cutting, the axe falls, and does the affair effectually, without ſuffering the unhappy criminal to undergo a repetition of ſtrokes, as has been the caſe in the common method. If the ſufferer is condemned for ſtealing a horſe or cow, the ſtring is tied to the beaſt, which, on being whipped, pulls out the peg, and becomes the executioner."

The ſtreets of Halifax are narrow, but have flagged

walks on each ſide. It is well built of white ſtone, and is increaſing in buildings and population. The wealth of the place is evident from the number of neat ſeats in the neighbourhood, built by the merchants and manufacturers, and decorated with groves of trees, walks, gardens, &c. The market-houſe, or piece-hall, lately erected, is an elegant building, nearly ſquare; the outſide 112 yards by 100, and the inſide 100 yards by 88. It has three floors on the lower part, and two on the higher, and contains in all 315 different rooms or apartments for the reception and ſale of manufactured ſtuffs. Each of theſe rooms belongs to a different manufacturer, and coſts him 28*l.*; and it is reckoned that not leſs than 50,000*l.* worth of goods are expoſed for ſale therein at a time. There is a covered walk before every tier of ſhops, by means of which the merchants can go from one ſhop to another, without inconvenience, in the wetteſt weather This houſe is only open on the market days.—The church is a fine Gothic building of good appearance, and with a high tower. Being found too ſmall for the congregation, an Act of Parliament has lately been obtained for the erection of a new church. The churchyard is wholly covered with flat tombſtones, laid on the ſurface. Houſes which open into the churchyard, form the wall about a great part of it; but they are certainly not calculated for people of nice feelings, graves being daily opened within a few yards of the doors, and human bones tumbling about on every ſide.—The preſent population is eſtimated at 7,600 inhabitants.

The principal fabrics in this town are tammies, calamancoes, ruſſets, and broad and narrow cloths. They are generally woven by poor manufacturers, and ſold in an unfiniſhed ſtate to the merchants, who dye and prepare them for foreign and home conſumption.

Halifax enjoys the benefit of a water carriage from Sowerby-bridge, in its vicinity, along the Calder, to Hull; the Act of Parliament for which navigation was obtained in 1757. Its communications by water will be much extended by the Rochdale canal, connecting the Calder at Sowerby-bridge with the Duke of BRIDGEWATER's canal at Manchester. Coals are found in various parts of its neighbourhood, as is excellent white freestone, in great abundance: this freestone is cut into very large flags, which bear a fine polish, and are sent, by water carriage, to pave the streets of London, and for several other uses in the south of England.

Return to Bradford, and from thence proceed to Skipton, by way of Bingley and Keighley, 20 miles.—From Bradford to Bingley, 7 miles: the road bad; face of the country hilly, and a whitish clayey soil prevails. The country, after leaving Bradford, has a naked appearance. Manufactures continue; and the population great, and increasing.—BINGLEY is a large village on the banks of the river Air, and is visited by the Leeds and Liverpool canal. A very pleasant and fertile valley here commences, and extends, with the river, to Keighley, about three miles. The soil a strong loam, and well adapted for the production of wheat, though little of that grain is cultivated. The husbandry is, in general, wretched. A great number of trees and pieces of woodland in this valley: the fields are small, and hedges neat. Fine white flags are got so plentifully in this district, that even footpaths through corn fields are paved therewith. Heathy topped hills, with rocky fronts, now hover over the vale.—KEIGHLEY is a small market-town, near which is a large cotton manufactory. The canal and river Air pass by this town. From hence to Skipton (10 miles) the road leads along a winding vale about

half a mile broad; and accompanies the Leeds and Liverpool canal the greateſt part of the way. The ſurface of the country is rather uneven, and the general appearance ſomewhat barren. The houſes look old, and are more thinly ſcattered—an indication of our departure from the manufacturing diſtricts.

SKIPTON is a ſmall market-town, containing 2100 inhabitants. The ſtreets are rather narrow, but buildings good. No manufacture, except a few cotton works at a ſmall diſtance.—Mountains appear at various diſtances on every ſide.—The Leeds and Liverpool canal touches this town.—The pariſhes in this diſtrict are extenſive, and the churches have generally large ſquare towers.

We continue our route towards Settle, by way of Gargrave, till we reach the village of Coniſton, ſeven miles. There a road turns to the left, through a thinly-inhabited grazing country, to Colne, on the edge of Lancaſhire; and another leaves the main road on the right, to Malham, by way of Kirkby. During the firſt four miles from Skipton we travel through a beautiful, level, and fertile country; the ſoil is a pretty ſtrong loam, and moſtly in paſture: the road croſſes the canal twice.—From Coniſton to Settle the ſoil is generally more heavy and cold, the ſurface of the country hilly, and moſtly divided into pretty large grazing farms. The vale of the Ribble, which the road ſoon enters, is, upon the whole, not unpleaſant. If we take a view of the country from Coniſton to Colne (about ten miles), we ſhall find a fine rural grazing country; farms and fields very large, and the ſurface hilly. Several ſeats, parks, and pleaſure grounds appear at various diſtances from the road, as do a great number of trees, particularly aſh and ſycamore, not only in hedge-rows, but in ſmall collections. After-

wards the manufacturing of cotton commences, and the clack of the loom is perpetually heard: new buildings have been erected, and old ones converted into weaving ſhops. This ſcene increaſes as we approach Colne. In ſhort, the cotton manufacture, like the flowing of the tide, ſeems creeping into this part of Yorkſhire with irreſiſtible force. The road very crooked, often bad; and, from the number of croſs-roads, ſometimes difficult to find. The canal croſſes the road different times, and is frequently ſeen winding along the valley: it perforates a riſing ground in an arched tunnel for near one mile.—Buildings in this diſtrict are good. Freeſtone is got in great quantities towards Colne. Diſtant high mountains appear on every ſide, and ſome black heathy topped moors approach the road on the Lancaſhire borders; while other hills are incloſed, and cultivated almoſt to their very ſummits.

From Coniſton it will be convenient to proceed eaſtwards, in order to view the caves, and other natural curioſities, in the neighbourhood of Malham; from whence we may go northwards, by way of Settle and Ingleton, and viſit the ſurpriſing works of Nature in their neighbourhood.

The diſtance from Coniſton to Malham is about ſix miles, along a pleaſant valley, waſhed by the river Air. High irregular grounds appear on each ſide, the declivities of which, as well as the vale below, are interſperſed with thinly-ſcattered farm-houſes, large paſture fields, well wooded, and ſome regular-built villages. This is wholly an agricultural country, but graſs is much more attended to than corn. The cattle are excellent, being the beſt breeds of the Lancaſhire long-horned ſort. The ſheep are horned, white-faced, fine-wooled, and pretty large, ſomewhat reſembling the Dorſetſhire breed: they are

rather peculiar to this diſtrict, and other hills in theſe parts of Yorkſhire; and are eſteemed a profitable ſort. The roads are generally bad, and little frequented, as they principally lead into the mountainous parts of this county, among the ſequeſtered dales inhabited only by farmers and ſhepherds.

MALHAM (provincially called *Maum)* is a ſmall but pretty well-built village, ſituated at the head of the vale (which is here contracted), near the ſource of the river Air, with high mountains, and riſing grounds on every ſide.

Happening to arrive at Malham during the fair, we were unfortunate in not being able to procure tolerable accommodations at the inn, which was ſo fully occupied with farmers and dealers in cattle, that it was with the greateſt difficulty that either a ſeat near the fire, or any comfortable refreſhment, could be procured.—Cattle and ſheep of excellent ſorts, and in great numbers, were expoſed to ſale in the village by a ſet of jolly, healthy-looking farmers. On the afternoon, as ſoon as the ſheep and cattle are diſpoſed of, the old people return homewards: when the young of both ſexes, from all the neighbouring dales, come to Malham, and ſpend the evening in dancing to the muſic of a village minſtrel.—A little ſtall, placed among the mud, with a little hardware, and a few baubles thereon, attended by an old man, and ſurrounded with a gaping crowd of wondering ruſtic boys, formed the only ſigns of traffic (ſheep and cattle excepted) obſervable at this rural fair.—The perpetual clack of tongues, and the frequent repetition of "*Not a farthing leſs*," "*Not one halfpenny more*," continually ſtruck the ear, at the ſame time being almoſt ſuffocated with the fumes of tobacco and punch iſſuing from every quarter. We ſoon became diſguſted with our inn (which,

at any other time, would, perhaps, afford the traveller very comfortable accommodations), and procured a guide as ſoon as poſſible to ſhew us the curioſities in the vicinity.

Malham tarn is a circular-formed lake, of about a mile in diameter, and remarkably ſituated on a high moor at a little diſtance from the village. The ſurrounding objects form no very intereſting ſcene, but the lake itſelf is of fine clear water, and contains trout in abundance, and of very great weight. Mr. LEICESTER, the proprietor of this water, is very ſtrict in the preſervation of the fiſh. The river Air takes its riſe in this lake; but does not proceed far before it deſcends through a ſubterraneous paſſage, and again appears iſſuing from the foot of a rock of immenſe height, called Malham Cove. During heavy rains this ſubterraneous paſſage is too confined to admit the neceſſary diſcharge of water, the remainder of which makes its way along the ſurface till it reaches the top of the rock, and then tumbles down, in a majeſtic caſcade, with a fall of about 60 yards.

Malham Cove is a perpendicular limeſtone rock of 288 feet high, whoſe front wears the grizzly tint of age. Near its top are two ſhelves, one above the other, covered with a carpet of graſs, and a few ſhrubs, which take root in the crevices. On theſe frightful ledges, which would ſeem almoſt ſufficient to make a goat tremble, we were told, the nymphs and ſwains of the village, and adjoining dales, frequently ſit and amuſe themſelves during part of a fine Sunday afternoon, without the leaſt accident having ever happened in conſequence: the danger indeed, though conſiderable, is not ſo great as it appears to be from the bottom. This rock is chiefly remarkable for its perpendicular and very extraordinary height, and its fine colour, which gives it the appearance of an old wall of prodigious ſtrength: it forms the baſe of a moun-

tain of conſiderable elevation, whoſe feet and ſides, particularly towards the weſt, are fringed with ſhubberies and bruſhwood.

Gordale Scar is the principal object of moſt travellers who viſit Malham. This extraordinary work of nature lies about a mile and a quarter ſouth of the village: we proceed one mile along a good carriage road, with a deep dell on the right, to the bottom of which the waving green fields ſlope irregularly; on the left is a ridge of hills which runs on, and, with a grim countenance, ſeems to turn acroſs the direction of the road. We leave the road, turning to the left near a new farm-houſe, and follow the courſe of a ſmall murmuring brook through ſome meagre fields, incloſed with ſtone walls; while a monſtrous chaſm in the diſmal looking mountains ſtares us in the face. The craggy ridges on each ſide riſe to a terrific height, and approach each other; while the deſolate glen contracts in proportion, and, a little further, ſeems totally ſhut up by a cloſe embrace of theſe monſters.—The brook rattling along its ſtony channel, brings a yellow ſubſtance along with it, which tinges all the pebbles with that colour, and even forms a thin coating over them. We now ſeem to approach the end of our excurſion; the grey rocks on each hand, intermixed with ſmall evergreen ſhrubs and verdant turf, aſcend, *ſtratum ſuper ſtratum*, in a pretty regular ſloping poſition, to the height of 300 or 400 feet perpendicular from the baſe.—Purſuing the dim path, and cautiouſly directing our ſteps over fragments of rocks towards a rent in the mountain immediately before us, with the brook on our left, we ſuddenly turn an acute angle of a perpendicular rock to the right, when a ſcene at once opens in full view, which excites the greateſt aſtoniſhment. We perceive ourſelves juſt entering the apparent ruins of a huge caſtle,

whoſe walls are moſtly entire to the height of about 120 feet. The gloomy manſion ſtrikes us with horror; and a lively fancy would readily place before us the maſſy form and ſurly looks of its ancient gigantic inhabitants. What greatly adds to the ſenſations of fear and amazement, which every one muſt feel, in ſome degree, on his firſt entering herein, are the ruſhing cataracts at the farther end, and the hanging walls, particularly that on the right, which projects conſiderably over its baſe, and threatens to cruſh the trembling viſitant. The form of this chaſm is ſomewhat elliptical, quite open at the north end; but the ſouth end, through which the water pours, although partly open, is ſufficiently barred up by immenſe fragments of rocks ſo as to prevent all further progreſs. It conſiſts of two apartments, or areas; the firſt is about 100 yards by 40; the other is inacceſſible, and appears to be about 20 yards by 10; its area probably a pool of water. At the farther end, a ſtream iſſues from the top of the rock, and falling 8 or 10 yards at one leap, diſappears in the upper apartment, till, reaching its confines, it again tumbles down in a broken ſheet of foam into the greater area, and hurries down a rough channel to the river Air. The walls are black; and, as before obſerved, project frightfully over their baſes: buſhes of ivy and ſome ſmall aſh trees appear on the tops of theſe rocks, from the pores of whoſe horrid front large drops of water continually diſtil. No roof ſeems ever to have covered this gaping wonder of Nature. Part of the rock, over which the brook forms the latter caſcade, is a ſoft, yellow, calcareous ſubſtance, and extremely porous: it waſtes away continually by the waſhing of the water, and adheres to the ſtones, occaſioning the curious appearance before noticed. Our guide related to us the following dreadful accident, which occurred near the ſcene juſt deſcribed, not many months

before our viſit.—As two men traverſed theſe wild mountains, they were benighted, and unfortunately miſſing their way, they came to this horrid precipice, when one of them ſtepped over its brink, and inſtantly diſappeared, without time to utter a ſyllable as a warning to his companion. The companion, however, alarmed and terrified at the accident, dared no longer to walk erect, but creeping on his knees, and examining with his hands, he was ſo fortunate as at laſt to regain the road in ſafety. The body of the unhappy traveller, which had pitched on ſeveral rocky ſhelves in its fall, was found next morning lodged in a buſh of ivy, more than half way down the dreadful precipice.

We now proceed from Malham to Settle, ſeven miles. The road (where it can be called ſuch) leads us over a wild hilly country, and extenſive tracts of moors.—Aſcending a ſteep hill from Malham, we come upon a rocky common, and preſently loſe almoſt every veſtige of a path.—Here are ſeveral pits, from which calamine (a kind of foſſil bitumenous earth) is dug, cloſe to the road. We continue to traverſe a high elevated country, till at length we deſcend rapidly to Settle, in the vale of the Ribble. Excepting the moors, we ſee little beſides large grazing farms, with ſtone walls dividing the fields.—It is wholly a limeſtone ſoil, the rocks of which ſtone are peeping up above the ſurface very frequently, and in ſome places hang upon the ſides of the hills in awful precipices. The road is no where good, and ſome of it almoſt impaſſable, notwithſtanding the abundance of excellent materials every where at hand: but its being not much freqented is probably the reaſon that ſo little labour and care are beſtowed upon it. On the moors, the traveller has no other guide than ſome diſtant mountain to direct his ſteps, of which he is deprived in miſty weather,

which is frequent in this country.—When we croſſed this mountainous paſs, a thick miſt ſurrounded us in darkneſs, and would certainly have cauſed us to deviate from the right path, had not the tracks of a cart, which had paſſed that morning from Settle to the fair at Malham, acted as a guide, and conducted us in ſafety. This road between Settle and Malham is, by no means, to be recommended to ſtrangers, except in clear weather; and even then with every neceſſary direction and precaution: that by way of Long-Preſton, though tolerably good, is a circuitous route of about 15 miles.

SETTLE is an inconſiderable market-town, containing about 900 inhabitants. It is ancient, and was once famous for its manufacture of, and trade in, leather and hides, which are now in the decline: a fair, however, is ſtill kept here, once a fortnight, for the ſale of theſe articles, and alſo of fat cattle. Its ſituation, with reſpect to the neighbouring country, is low, and the vale before it extenſive and pleaſant. It ſtands near the baſe of a white limeſtone rock, called Caſtlebar, which ſome travellers ſay reſembles that of Gibraltar, and is 300 feet above the level of the town. The inhabitants have lately been at the expence of cutting an eaſy winding path to the top of it, from whence there is a fine proſpect of all the vale below, and the long range of craggy hills on each hand, which ſhew a mixture of grey rock and luxuriant verdure. In cutting ſtones from this rock fragments of great magnitude have ſometimes rolled down, breaking through the garden walls, which ſtand on a ſloping ground at the foot of the hill, forcing their way into the ſtreet, and ſometimes even damaging houſes.

This diſtrict enjoys a fine air, and plenty of excellent water. Land is generally applied to the purpoſes of

grazing, to which the ſoil ſeems peculiarly adapted, being a fine hazel mould upon a ſtratum of limeſtone. —On climbing to the top of a high mountain near Settle, we found fat bullocks feeding on remarkably long, rich, and thick graſs, which we thought the moſt ſingular inſtance of the luxuriance of mountain paſturage. We were told that moſt of the neighbouring hills have an equal propenſity to the production of graſs. From a want of trees (ſtone walls being univerſally the fences), the country has a naked appearance.

The pleaſant village of GIGGLESWICK ſtands about a mile from Settle, on the road towards Ingleton: it was formerly a market-town, while Settle was only a hamlet, and it ſtill contains the pariſh church to that place.—Giggleſwick now principally conſiſts of a few genteel houſes.

Attermire Cave is a remarkable cavern, on the high moors, near two miles eaſt from Settle. The approach to it is not without ſome danger, the only path leading along a ledge of a rocky precipice, which turns into the cave by an opening of about two yards by four. It then continues to vary its dimenſions for near 20 yards, where the roof drops at once from 12 yards high to 18 inches, and riſes but little for near 20 yards further, when it ſuddenly opens into a ſpacious apartment of about 15 yards high. This gloomy manſion contains numberleſs chinks and receſſes, fluted pillars and hanging petriſactions. Sometimes you may aſcend ſeveral yards, and ſometimes deſcend a few paces. Frequently this ſubterraneous paſſage turns ſuddenly at right angles; and then ſhuts cloſe, ſo as ſcarcely to admit of a perſon to creep along; and afterwards enlarges again to a great extent.—About 20 yards within this cavern a well of fine water ſprings up, and iſſues out of its mouth. At the fartheſt end a deep

hole drops down with an irregular inclination, which may be deſcended a little way without much danger. A ſtone thrown down is heard for ſome time with a rumbling noiſe.

In a field, near the town of Settle, we are told a noiſe is always heard, like the diſtant clacking of a mill. No orifice in the ground, nor any external cauſe, appears: it is, however, ſuppoſed to be occaſioned by a waterfall in one of thoſe natural ſubterraneous perforations in the limeſtone ſo common in this rocky country.

The mountains in this neighbourhood afford many curious petrifactions.

We proceed from hence to Ingleton, 10 miles, along the turnpike road, which is the moſt eligible route for people unacquainted with the country. From Ingleton a good road conveys us directly to Chapel in the Dale, in the midſt of thoſe natural curioſities we are ſuppoſed to be in queſt of; having Ingleborough and its ſingular caves on the right, and Whernſide, with its caverns, and the famous Yordas Cave, on the left. Some travellers, however, prefer going up the ſide of the Ribble, by way of Horton and the baſe of Pennygant, and croſſing the mountains to Chapel in the Dale. By that latter track they meet with ſeveral things worth notice; the firſt of which are two caſcades—the one in the Ribble, near Stainforth, not far from the road, of about ſix or eight yards high; and the other a little above that village, of more than double that height.—Dowgill Scar, in the vicinity of Horton, is a high precipice of limeſtone rocks, from the top of which a grand fall of water is precipitated in rainy weather, but on other occaſions it is received by a ſubterraneous paſſage. The ſcene is heightened by a romantic rocky gallery on the north.—Hulpit and Huntpit Holes, on the declivities of Pennygant, about two miles from Horton,

are two awful orifices: the former looks like the ruins of an enormous Gothic caſtle, with the roof fallen in, and the walls left ſtanding; the latter reſembles a deep funnel, and its approach is dangerous. Horton beck runs through the one of theſe pits, and Branſil beck through the other: each of theſe brooks paſſes under ground for about a mile; Horton beck emerging again at Dowgill Scar, and Branſil beck at Branſil-head. But what is moſt extraordinary, theſe ſubterraneous brooks croſs each other in the bowels of the earth without mixing their waters, the bed of the one being on a ſtratum above the other; which circumſtance was diſcovered by the muddy water after a ſheep waſhing going down the one paſſage, while the huſks of oats were ſent down the other.—Pennygant is a towering and elegant mountain, ſtanding pre-eminent among ſeveral leſſer fells.

In our propoſed route from Settle, we leave Giggleſwick on the left, and ſoon have a piece of ſhallow water on one ſide, and a high ridge of prominent limeſtone rocks on the other. The hoary fronts of theſe precipices are ſoftened towards the ſouth with a covering of trees, which ſpread conſiderably up their ſides; but afterwards, for upwards of a mile, the grizzly naked rock increaſes in height and grandeur, till its top is near 200 feet perpendicular upon the large ſloping baſe. —Ivy and yew ſpring out of its crevices: the former creeps up and ornaments its aged brows with continual verdure, while the nodding plumes of the latter add ſtill more beauty to the ſcene. This rock accompanies the road for ſome miles, like an immenſe wall, and contains different chaſms which are ſeen from thence: one of theſe exactly reſembles a large gateway, but does not penetrate above ſeven or eight yards into the rock: in another, called Kalecow Hole, the opening extends a

conſiderable way, but ſo low, and narrow, that it is not explored without ſome difficulty.

Under the higheſt part of this ſcar, about two miles from Settle, and cloſe by the road, is that remarkable ebbing and flowing, or rather reciprocating, well, which is deſervedly noticed by all travellers who paſs that way. A ſtone trough, of about a yard ſquare, is placed over the ſpring, with openings at different heights to admit the iſſuing of the water at different times. Its reciprocations ſeem very irregular, and are ſaid almoſt to ceaſe in times of very great rains or long continued droughts. Sometimes it will riſe and fall near a foot in this reſervoir every ten or fifteen minutes. In October 1797, about one o'clock P. M. this ſingular well roſe and fell twice in ten minutes, but very irregularly. Juſt after our arrival the water began to ſink, and in three minutes it fell five inches; it then continued ſtationary for about half a minute, and afterwards roſe almoſt to the ſame height in leſs than one minute, boiling up violently in different places, and throwing out a quantity of ſand. It afterwards fell one inch and a half, and then only roſe an inch. The boiling, or emiſſion of water from the ground, ſeems to ſtop almoſt inſtantly, and to reſume its operations, when it begins to flow again, with equal abruptneſs.

Mr. JOHN SWAINSTON, of Kendal, viſited the well in 1796, and took the following note:

"*Giggleſwick Well*, 7th *April*, 12½ *P. M.* — Settled 11 inches in about 4 minutes; it flowed to the ſame height in 2 minutes. Next time did not go ſo low by 2 inches. When at low ebb it begins to riſe immediately. There ſeemed no interval between its low ebb and riſing, nor betwixt its being full and beginning to ebb again."

This ſingular phenomenon is difficult to account for; nor has it ever yet been ſatisfactorily done. That conjecture, however, which ſuppoſes it to be occaſioned by a natural ſyphon in the bowels of the earth, though liable to ſome objections, ſeems the moſt plauſible: *Drunken Barnaby*, who wrote his Itinerary upwards of a hundred and fifty years ago, mentions this well, and obſerves that it puzzled the learned of his age:—

"Near to the way, as a traveller goes,
A fine freſh ſpring both ebbs and flows;
Neither know the learn'd that travel
What procures it, ſalt or gravel."

We purſue our journey, and find the road pretty good. The ſoil is, in general, a brown gravelly loam. The vale is incloſed by high hills on each ſide, but of unequal breadths, from one to four miles, and conſiſts of irregular ſwells. The farms are ſmall, and fields divided with ſtone walls. Little corn is produced, as the farmers place their chief dependence on their graſs lands; indeed they are wretched cultivators of arable land. Sowing artificial graſſes is a proceſs in huſbandry unknown in this diſtrict, of which the following circumſtance ſufficiently convinced us. In travelling this road we met with a reſpectable-looking farmer, who accompanied us for ſeveral miles: the converſation turned chiefly on the ſtate of agriculture, and, among other ſubjects, that of artificial graſſes being mentioned, he remarked, that no ſuch thing was practiſed here, but that he had heard of graſs ſeeds being ſown in ſome parts of the country; and he wiſhed to know what ſorts would beſt anſwer his purpoſe, and where to pro-

cure them, as he had half an acre of *prawd** potatoe ground, which he meant to ſow with barley, but it being rich, and unuſually clean from old graſs roots, he feared it would be at leaſt two years before a ſufficient quantity of natural graſs would appear.

The village of CLAPHAM, through which the road leads, is well built; as, indeed, are moſt of the houſes in this diſtrict. Several ſmall pleaſant ſeats enliven the country. The round-topt mountain Ingleborough ſoon becomes a prominent object, rearing its majeſtic head as we approach Ingleton, which is ſituated at the extremity of its huge baſe, though at leaſt three miles and a half from its ſummit.

INGLETON is a large well built village, and affords tolerable inns, with good accommodations; particularly at the Bay Horſe. A cotton mill has lately been erected in this village.

Having procured a proper guide, we now make an excurſion to the caves, &c. in this neighbourhood. On our laſt viſit to this place, we found an excellent guide in WILLIAM WILSON, of Ingleton, an old ſoldier, who is furniſhed with the neceſſary apparatus of a lanthorn, long candleſtick, &c. for the purpoſe, and who, without any knowledge of botany but merely from having attended botaniſts, can point out ſome rare and curious plants. This veteran joins an eaſy familiarity in relating the hiſtory of each place we viſit, with due reſpect and attention towards thoſe he conducts. An account of his own adventures fills up the vacant intervals of time.

Much will depend on the weather and time of the day in determining which place ought to be firſt viſited; an intelligent guide will, however, readily decide. The

* *Prawd*, or Proud — extremely rich.

route we took, which we ſhall now point out, is moſt commonly adopted.

Leaving Ingleton on the north, we croſs the bridge, and, if on horſeback, go about by Thornton; but, if on foot, turn over a ſtile to the right, and proceed along a footpath near the brook called Doe beck. We preſently come upon Thornton Scar, a tremendous cliff, partly clothed with wood, and partly exhibiting the bare rock. This Scar is about 100 yards high, and runs up a conſiderable way, varying its elevation, into the mountains, along with one not quite ſo perpendicular on the other ſide. Theſe unite ſo cloſely at the bottom, that the frightful chaſm ſcarcely leaves room for the hurrying brook to eſcape by a precipitate flight over a ſucceſſion of ſmall caſcades. Here is a ſtratum of that ſpecies of rock of which the blue ſlate is formed, and from which great quantities are got. Following the courſe of this romantic dell a little way, along a dim path on the borders of the green hills, we gain the view of Thornton Force, a curious fall of water, which appears more grand on a nearer approach. This fine caſcade is formed by the Doe, which iſſues out of Kingſdale; it partly ruſhes from an aperture of the rock, having entered it 50 or 60 yards above, and falls at one leap near 30 yards; and partly from the top of a rocky ledge 30 yards high, over half of which it falls in one unbroken ſheet of 4 yards wide, and then tumbles over a bulging rock into a deep black pool below. A ſpray, like a miſt, riſes from this cataract, which continually ſprinkles the ground for ſeveral yards around. The tops and ſides of the rocks are beautifully fringed with ivy and other ſhrubs. They are a few yards higher than the caſcade; and the whole, viewed from the baſon below, forms a fine picture, leaving little for the imagination of the artiſt to ſupply.

Here our guide, with a degree of vanity, obſerved that he once had the honour of walking, arm in arm, with a lady on the rocks immediately above the caſcade, while a gentlemen, her huſband, ſat by the pool below drawing a view of the waterfall, and included them in the picture. The gentleman, however, inſiſted that he ſhould wear his uſual accoutrements, viz. a lanthorn ſlung over his ſhoulder, a long ſtick in his hand, and a ſhort tobacco-pipe in his mouth, with its head inverted. This rock is limeſtone upon a layer of blue ſlate.—Purſuing the courſe of the brook for about 200 yards further, we reach Raven-ree, a rocky promontory 40 yards high, and ſpotted with ivy, yew, and other evergreen ſhrubs.—Aſcending the mountains a little further, we ſoon enter Kingſdale, which is a remarkably level, and, conſidering its high elevation, a fertile valley, about a mile in length, and 300 yards broad; with the mountain Greg-roof on the north; Whernſide, one of the higheſt mountains in England, on the ſouth-eaſt; and a high ridge extending from thence on the ſouth. Towards the head of this ſecluded vale, under the northern ſkirts of a mountain, ſtands a ſolitary farm-houſe, called Breada-garth, ſurrounded with a few meagre looking fields, while all the ſurrounding country has the appearance of a wild unfrequented deſert; with, here and there, two or three ſheep peeping from among the rocks. The lime-ſtone here aſſumes the moſt fantaſtic appearance, particularly on Greg-roof, where the mountain ſeems, at ſome time, to have undergone a ſort of anatomical operation; when the coating of earth or muſcular parts have been taken away, and the rocky bones of this huge monſter left to the inſpection of the naturaliſt and philoſopher. Seven tiers of perpendicular naked rocks, with ſloping intervals (exhibiting ſcanty portions of earth) one above another,

like the ribs of a ſkeleton, run along the ſides of this mountain; but, contrary to the direction of ribs in animal nature, they run parallel to the ſpine.—We purſue our journey along the north ſide of the vale, with the winding brook on the right, till the path leads us cloſe by Keldhead, where the rivulet emerges from a ſubterraneous paſſage, which it enters at Yordas Cave. This ſecond ſource of the brook is a deep circular baſon, which, our guide informed us, lately proved fatal to an unfortunate tailor, who, having been working at Breadagarth, and returning home in the night, had ſtepped half a yard out of the road, as he paſſed Keldhead, and tumbled upwards of 15 yards down a ſloping height into the pool below, where he was found drowned the next day. We warily and ſlowly purſued our directed route, while our guide went acroſs the vale to Breadagarth to procure a light, and his large candleſtick, which he always leaves there to be in readineſs. The road before us, though little frequented, is the only one in or near this valley: it croſſes the hills, on the north ſide of Whernſide, into the pleaſant vale of Dentdale.

Having travelled about four miles from Ingleton, we find ourſelves at Yordas Cave, one of the principal objects of this excurſion. It is ſituated near the eaſt end of the vale, under the mountain Greg-roof, and to which we turn a little out of the road, on the left, over a carpet of bent graſs interſperſed with fragments of grey rock.—The cave does not appear till we get through ſome ſheepfolds, and are within a few yards of its entrance, which is rather alarming; for we no ſooner deſcend gently through a rude arched opening, four yards by ſeven, like the gateway of ſome ancient caſtle, than we ſee ſtones of enormous weight pendent from the roof, apparently looſe, and ready to fall down upon our heads.

From theſe ſurpriſing objects our attention is directed to the ſolemn and gloomy manſions which we now enter, when the noiſe of a waterfall is heard at a diſtance. The roof riſes to a height concealed in darkneſs, and large drops, diſtilling therefrom, falls among the ſtones at the bottom with a ſolemn ſound: this, added to the flowing of an inviſible ſtream, heard juſt before us, and the ſlipperineſs of the looſe ſtones under our feet, rouſes our apprehenſions for perſonal ſafety, and we ſtop ſhort.—Our guide now places himſelf upon the fragment of a rock, and ſtrikes up his lights, conſiſting of ſix or eight candles, put into as many holes of a ſtick, with which, by the help of a long pole fixed therein, he can illuminate a conſiderable ſpace. His tobacco-pipe, being prepared and lighted, is held in his mouth, with his flambeau in one hand, and a ſtaff in the other, the cock of his hat being placed before, he gives us the ſignal of a march by, "Now come along."—Though under the conduct of ſuch an experienced leader, and aſſured that the danger is merely imaginary, we journey on with cautious ſteps. The cave opens into an apartment ſo ſpacious and extenſive, that, with all the blaze of our elevated candles, we could ſcarcely ſee either its roof or its walls. On turning to the right, we immediately loſe ſight of day; the noiſe of the cataract increaſes, and we ſoon find ourſelves on the brink of a ſubterraneous rivulet.—No cave in romance, no den of lions, giants or ſerpents, nor any haunts of ghoſts or fairies, were ever deſcribed more frightfully gloomy and diſmal than this now before us.—After paſſing the brook, and cautiouſly proceeding 30 or 40 yards further, we are under the neceſſity of climbing over a rugged heap of huge rocks, which had, ſome time or other, fallen from the roof or ſides of the cave; but now are incruſted over with a ſmooth calcareous ſubſtance.

Being at length more habituated to darkneſs, our lights had a better effect; the high ſmooth roof and walls were ſeen diſtinctly, as well as the curious petrifactions hanging therefrom. On the right, we obſerved, among ſeveral other curiouſly incruſted figures, a projecting one, which our guide called the Biſhop's Throne, from its great reſemblance to that appendage of a cathedral; on the other ſide, a ſeemingly emblematical monument ſprings from the wall, about three yards above the floor, with various uncouth repreſentations, of which that of a lion's head is the moſt conſpicuous. Another confuſed maſs of incruſted matter bears ſome reſemblance to a large organ.—We now enter a narrow paſs of five or ſix yards, where the roof is ſupported by ſeven pillars: there is only room for one perſon in breadth; but the height is very conſiderable. The internal brook puſhes along this crevice, which renders it the moſt difficult part of our ſubterraneous excurſion, and which, after great rains, effectually excludes a paſſage. The ſlipperineſs of the ſtones had nearly occaſioned an unpleaſant event during our viſit to this cave; our guide, with his collection of luminaries, tumbled into the brook, and had nearly left us in darkneſs; but when he fell, we were more particularly afraid leſt he ſhould drop into ſome deep chaſm of the rock, which might have proved fatal. However, he aroſe without receiving much injury; and, reſuming our journey, we ſoon reached the caſcade which we had heard for ſome time at a diſtance: it iſſues from an opening in the rock, and falls about four or five yards into a circular apartment, roofed with a fine dome. This apartment ſome viſitants have named the Chapter-houſe. —The broad ſheet of water, the ſpray ariſing from the fall, and the beautiful petrifactions, all illuminated with the light of the candles, produce effects in this natural

edifice which the puny efforts of art may attempt to imitate, but in vain. Near the Chapter-houſe, there is an opening, through which a perſon may creep, and arrive at other large apartments; but we did not attempt the experiment. The colonnade affords a number of curious receſſes: its pillars are broad, extremely thin, rudely indented, and perforated in ſeveral places. On our return, we could diſcern the nature and dimenſions of this ſpacious cavern more diſtinctly. Its walls are a ſort of black marble, the roof pretty ſmooth, and beautifully veined with red and white; the floor is ſtrewed with ſtones and pieces of rock. The whole length of this ſingular cavern is between 50 and 60 yards; its breadth 13 yards; and height 47 feet.—On entering this cave its area enlarges every way, and we reach the oppoſite wall, after walking about 23 yards: the principal part, juſt deſcribed, lies to the right; but it extends alſo on the other hand, and unfolds ſome wonderful cloſets, called Yordas Bedchamber, Yordas Oven, &c. Here alſo the brook buries itſelf ſtill deeper, and proceeds under ground to Keldhead, before mentioned. This brook riſes in the mountains above Yordas, and falls in among the rocks juſt before it reaches that cave.

We leave the dark excavations with redoubled ſentiments of gratitude towards the Almighty, for the bleſſings he affords us in the light of the ſun, which, after being buried for ſome time in theſe murky regions, we now enjoy with ſtill greater pleaſure.

Our guide ſeriouſly remarked to us, that this place had formerly been the reſidence of a giant called *Yordas*; from which circumſtance he accounts for its name. The hiſtory of this cave records two remarkable facts.—About half a century ago, a lunatic eſcaped from his friends at or near Ingleton, and lived here upwards of a

week in the winter ſeaſon, having previouſly provided himſelf with cheeſe and other proviſions. Snow being on the ground, he was ſagacious enough to pull the heels off his ſhoes, and ſet them on inverted at the toes, to prevent being traced. Since that time, a poor woman, big with child, travelling alone through this inhoſpitable vale, to Dentdale, was taken in labour, and found dead in this cave.

On the upper ſide of Yordas Cave is a quarry of black marble, from which elegant monuments, chimney-pieces, ſlabs, and other ornaments, are dug.

Near a mile to the north-weſt of Yordas, upon the ſame mountain, but conſiderably higher, is Gingling Cave, ſituated on a green plain, by the ſide of a brook, looking down into the vale. This natural orifice is of a circular ſhape; narrow at the top, but probably dilating its dimenſions below to a great extent. Stones thrown down are heard gingling along, in different tones, from one tier of rocks to another: ſometimes there are intervals of ſilence; then deeper and more diſtant ſounds again ſtrike the ear, till they are either out of the reach of our hearing, or are plunged in ſome pool of water at the bottom. It is dangerous to approach the margin of this abyſs; and animals ſeem to diſcover the ſame fearful trepidations, on hearing ſtones tumbling down, which they feel during the ſhock of an earthquake. No one has hitherto been hardy enough to deſcend into this vaſt hiatus by the means of ropes, for the purpoſe of making ſubterraneous diſcoveries.

Some other openings of the ſame kind, but of inferior ſize, are found in this mountain.

Returning to Kingſdale, we croſs the valley near the farm cottage, and proceed about three miles over the mountain, to Chapel in the Dale, but without any path, or other mark whereby to direct our ſteps, except the

top of Ingleborough and other prominences. The moors are partly covered with peat-moſs, and partly with lime-ſtone rock, ſo curiouſly diſpoſed that it ſeems as if it had been originally poured upon it in a liquid ſtate, ſpread itſelf into large plains, and afterwards opened and cracked into the moſt whimſical forms. Sometimes we meet with circular funnel-like holes, ſmooth and regular. Large ſtones, quite detached, are often obſerved lying, as if placed by art, on the rocky plain, and might be tumbled about thereon, did not their immenſe weight render it difficult for any contrivance of art even to move them. — Ingleborough, with his ſteep rocky ſides and hoary front, boldly rears his round highly-elevated head in full view before us, while Whernſide lies on the left: though nearly as high as Ingleborough, the far-extended baſe of this ſurly mountain has a much more humble appearance than his frowning neighbour. The long naked vale of Chapel le Dale lies at our feet, like a green ſtrip of ſilk connecting two webs of the coarſeſt cloth.—We preſently deſcend the hill, winding our way among ſome ſmall ſtraggling farms and humble cottages. The little fields are ſeparated with ſtone walls, with ſometimes an occaſional tree, which greatly enlivens the ſcene.

On our approach to a noiſy brook, the guide announces our arrival near Weathercote Cave, one of the moſt ſingular and ſurpriſing cataracts in the iſland of Great Britain. In viſiting this cave, it is neceſſary to make ſome application to the farmer in whoſe grounds it is ſituated, not far from the farm-houſe, and who, with a good-natured affability, attended our party to the door of the cave, which he unlocked, and modeſtly waited without till we had ſatisfied our curioſity.

Weathercote Cave is ſeated in a rather low field, where no ſuch phenomenon is expected, and where no

rude ſtrokes of nature indicate any thing extraordinary. The green turf is only interrupted by ſome ſtone walls bordering a grove of ſmall trees and ſhrubs, from whence iſſues the deep-toned hollow ſound of a tremendous cataract, informing us, in very intelligible language, where the cave is to be found. The door is no ſooner thrown open, than we ſee, through a groteſque arch of rugged rocks, a large body of water ruſhing from a ſquare hole, and daſhing down, among the rocks at the bottom of a vaſt craggy baſon, about 60 feet perpendicular, with a roar that aſtoniſhes the moſt intrepid. This furious river, as if aſhamed of expoſing its ſtreams to the open day, no ſooner makes this frightful leap, than, in a moment, it diſappears; when, running under ground for about a mile, it again ſhews itſelf on the ſurface, in a more calm and peaceful ſtate. From the gate at the entrance we deſcend about fifteen yards, along a rocky ſteep. A little to the right, there is a cavity of about twenty yards in length, with a low roof, in which there is a petrifying ſpring, and a natural ſeat and table, where the philoſopher, the recluſe, or the poet may ſtudy without interruption. Theſe curioſities would be peculiarly engaging, were they placed in any other ſituation, but here our whole attention is engroſſed by the uniform and terrible daſhing of the caſcade before us.—Reſuming our journey down this ſingular cave, and crawling from rock to rock for about fifteen yards, we find ourſelves under the natural arch. A deſcent of about thirty yards further, down a ſimilar path, conveys us to the margin of the foaming pool, where, if poſſible, our amazement is increaſed. The high fall of ſuch a body of water raiſes a ſpray which fills the cave with watery particles, like miſt; a white foam boils in the moſt turbulent manner at the bottom, and the violent concuſſion ſeems to

ſhake the very foundations of the rock. From 10 to 12 o'clock in the forenoon, when the ſun ſhines, a beautiful rainbow is generated in this cave; which, however, is a ſight we did not enjoy.—On the left, a ſmall quantity of water comes daſhing down an opening, as if poured down the chimney of an old ruinous building.—The rocky walls of this cave, which are almoſt perpendicular, and on the north ſide upwards of an hundred feet high, are partly covered with a black moſs. The loweſt and largeſt part, and where the water falls, is ſomewhat circular, and quite open at the top.—One of the moſt ſtriking features of this ſurpriſing ſcene, is a ſtone of an enormous magnitude, ſuſpended over the hole from whence the water iſſues by its oppoſite angles touching the ſides of a crevice. This ſtone has certainly remained in its preſent ſituation for ages, and, however it may threaten the aſtoniſhed ſpectator with impending danger, may probably continue till the end of time.—During long-continued, heavy rains, this gaping wonder of Nature is ſometimes unable to contain the water received into its rocky jaws, when it diſcharges itſelf copiouſly at its mouth. This, however, ſeldom happens; for though frequently near full, yet, before it overflows, a large ſtream burſts forth, and iſſues from the well near Weathercote-houſe.—At the bottom there is a crevice, through which, when the water is low, a perſon may deſcend, and accompany the river a conſiderable diſtance, till a deep pool precludes any further advances. It is reported, that the owner of this cave, returning from an exploratory ramble in this part of his premiſes, miſtook his road, and went a little way up the channel of another ſubterraneous river, which meets this directly underneath the caſcade; but remarking that the noiſe of the cataract decreaſed, he perceived his error, and returned.—At ſome diſtance

there is another narrow paſſage, along which a perſon may crawl to where the caſcade iſſues, and afterwards ſtand and walk erect; but no one has ever yet been hardy enough to explore this opening much farther.—A rugged winding path leads to the top of a groteſque arch of ſolid limeſtone, fringed with trees and ſhrubs, from whence the whole ſcene appears in a new and intereſting point of view.—After the ſight of this great natural curioſity, no one will think the trifling gratuity of a ſhilling to the farmer ill beſtowed, in compliance with the requeſt expreſſed upon a board placed over the door of the cave.

Proceeding about one hundred and twenty yards down this vale, we arrive at Ginglepot, a natural chaſm in the rock, about twenty-three yards long, three broad, and ten deep; though at the ſouth end it ſeems to ſink lower, from whence a paſſage extends to an unknown length. A gingling noiſe is heard therein, from the trickling of ſubterraneous water; and when a ſtone is thrown down, it produces hollow tinkling ſounds as it tumbles along from north to ſouth. This oblong pit is filled with water during floods, which then pours out over its edges. Some trees and ſhrubs are growing near it; and, from the general appearance of the ſurrounding ſurface, ſuch a curioſity is by no means expected.

We continue our tour down this glen, proceeding with caution, leſt one falſe ſtep, on this deceitful ground, ſhould plunge us into ſome unknown abyſs. Several curious petrifactions are found among the gravel, and in the fiſſures of the rocks; ſuch as, ſhells, fiſh bones, &c. &c. alſo ſmall ſcrew-like cylinders; all of which, Mr. WALKER obſerves, effervece with acids, and creep in a plate filled with vinegar, like thoſe found near Carrickfergus in Ireland, by the diſcharge of fixed air.

About one hundred yards below Ginglepot an aſh tree ſhoots forth its aged branches from the fiſſures of the rock, and forms an odd concretion with the ſtones and petrified ſhells: fragments of rock, incloſing petrifactions, are peeping from the tree, and juſt loſing ſight of day under the embraces of its bark.

Continuing our route a little further down, we arrive at Hurtlepot, a circular funnel-like hole, with a deep pit of black water at the bottom, which gives the place an awful aſpect: its gloomineſs is conſiderably heightened by the number of trees, with their pendent branches, ſpringing from its ſides; while a dark-coloured moſs covers the ſurrounding rocks. Nothing appears which indicates our approach to ſuch an awful chaſm, nor are we aware of reaching it till juſt upon its brink. A ſteep clayey bank afforded us a ſlippery paſſage to the margin of the pool; which, however, we ſhould by no means have ventured to deſcend, had not our guide led the way, and convinced us that the road was paſſable, but difficult, as neither ſtone nor tree is within our graſp. The rock on the oppoſite ſide is nearly perpendicular, and about thirty yards high, and much elevated on each ſide. This black pool of ſtill water contains about one hundred ſquare yards, and, at the oppoſite corner, extends under the pendent rocks to an unknown length. Its depth is not yet diſcovered; but, if we may judge from the riſing of bubbles after throwing in a ſtone, it muſt be very conſiderable indeed. The awful ſilence is occaſionally broken by large drops diſtilling from the rocks into the water; which, as well as the ſtones thrown in, and every word we utter, cauſes a diſmal hollow ſound: the glutting of the water, alſo, againſt the dark receſſes under the edges of the rock, occaſions a frightful noiſe,

which induces ſome of the neighbouring people to imagine that the place is haunted with ghoſts.

A remarkable circumſtance took place about thirty years ago, which proves that the water of Hurtlepot is immediately connected with that of Weathercote cave:—A woman loſt her bonnet in Weathercote cave, which diſappeared among the rocks, and afterwards was found in Hurtlepot; conſequently a ſubterraneous paſſage, together with the brook, leads from the former to the latter. This channel alſo probably viſits Ginglepot, as, during heavy rains, the water riſes in each of them at the ſame time; but the two loweſt more frequently overflow.

Hurtlepot is not without its finny inhabitants, large black trouts being often caught therein by the neighbouring people. Botaniſts alſo find ſome rare and curious plants here, among the great variety of thoſe which ſeem to delight in occupying the ſides of this murky dungeon.

On our return from this gloomy cave of deſpondency, our guide, from the ſlipperineſs of the clayey path, again embraced the earth, and, ſliding down, had almoſt reached the margin of the black abyſs before he could recover himſelf. This accident, however, alarming us, we crawled more cautiouſly on our hands and knees, and by this means gained the top in ſafety.

Leaving Hurtlepot, we ſoon arrive at the chapel, a plain neat little edifice; and a quarter of a mile further weſtwards is the place where the ſubterraneous river Greta, or Weaſe (which ſhews itſelf at Weathercote, &c.), firſt takes its permanent courſe above ground: it guſhes out of three large fountains, at a ſmall diſtance from each other, and runs along this vale in a narrow glen, about three miles, to Ingleton, tumbling over a variety of high caſcades.

Chapel in the Dale is a long narrow valley, extending eaſtwards from near Ingleton upwards of four miles, and from a quarter to half a mile broad. Only a ſingle patch of corn was obſerved in this vale, the land being generally appropriated to meadow and paſturage. Farm buildings are good; and ſtone walls divide the pretty verdant fields. The rocky ſides of Ingleborough, in ſome places fringed with bruſhwood, riſe pretty rapidly from hence on the ſouth; and a high limeſtone ridge, extending from Whernſide, elevates its rough and craggy front on the north. From Ingleton there is a good carriage road along this dale, which leads over the mountain Cam to Aſkrig and Richmond. Hurtlepot, Ginglepot, and Weathercote caves, are at a ſmall diſtance to the north from this road, and in this ſucceſſion may be conveniently viſited by travellers from Ingleton. In a field about a mile above that village, ſixty yards ſouth of the road, is a large ſtone, ſix feet high and eight yards round, evidently placed in its preſent ſituation by art: it reſts on three points upon the back of another ſtone juſt peeping out of the ground; and, notwithſtanding its great bulk and weight, the places of contact are ſo angular that ſcarcely a ſquare inch of its ſuperfices is hid from the eye.

We now turn to the purſuit of ſome other natural curioſities on the baſe of Ingleborough, and proceeding along the road, meet with Douk Cave on the right, almoſt oppoſite to Hurtlepot. This cave ſomewhat reſembles Weathercote, but much inferior in grandeur, neither being ſo deep, nor the caſcade ſo high; the fall of water about five or ſix yards, which, like Weathercote, ſinks among the rocks at the bottom. The ſubterraneous paſſage from whence it iſſues is ſaid to be curious; but the quantity of water is ſo great as ſeldom

to admit viſitants without their being much wet and bedaubed with dirt, which takes away the pleaſure of the excurſion. This paſſage has been explored upwards of 100 yards.—At about half that diſtance, there is a chaſm, 13 yards deep from the ſurface, through which day-light appears. A ladder is neceſſary to climb up.

We are now in a convenient ſituation for aſcending to the top of Ingleborough, being on its baſe, and greatly elevated above all the weſtern country. Its ſides are very ſteep and rocky, and contain ſeveral pits; but, with a little time and labour, may be mounted without danger. At the time we viſited theſe curioſities, the weather was exceedingly hazy, and a thick fog covering the top of the mountain prevented us from having the pleaſure of that excurſion. The perpendicular height of this mountain above the level of the ſea, as taken by a neighbouring country gentleman, is 3987 feet. The view from its top is deſcribed as very extenſive, comprehending all the country, for 40, 50, and 60 miles diſtance, from the ſouth-weſt to the north-weſt; and diſtinguiſhing its roads, rivers, towns, villages, ſeats, hills and dales, capes and bays, as ſtretched on a map under the eye of the obſerver. To the north-weſt the view is ſhut up by the rugged hills of Lancaſhire, Weſtmoreland, and Cumberland. Weſtwards the Iriſh Sea forms the horizon, except where the Iſles of Man and Angleſea intervene; and to the ſouth-weſt, after tracing the Lancaſhire coaſt, the blue mountains of Wales ſtrike the eye as the fartheſt terreſtrial object. Turning to the eaſt and north, the proſpect is ſoon ſhut up by a chaotic collection of mountains, whoſe ſloping ſides afford a ſcanty ſubſiſtence to a hardy race of ſheep, and whoſe bowels contain valuable mines of lead. This elevated view, like all others of the ſame

kind, reduces the ſmall ſurrounding hills and valleys to one general level.

The top is an horizontal plain, near a mile in circumference, containing the ruins of an old wall, from which ſome imagine it has been a Roman ſtation, and a place of great defence. Formerly horſe races were held on its top; but of late it has been little frequented, except by ſhepherds, and ſome curious travellers. An old beacon, three or four yards high, with a flight of ſteps, ſtands on the weſtern edge, and the ruins a ſmall watch-houſe adjoining. In times of internal commotion, or of Scotch invaſions, a fire was probably lighted here for the purpoſe of alarming the neighbouring country, and to inform them of ſome imminent danger. The ſoil on the top is ſo dry and barren, that it produces little beſides a particular ſpecies of moſs. The ſtones on the ſummit, and for a great way down its ſides, except on the eaſt, where there is a ſtratum of limeſtone, are of the ſandy gritty ſort, but the baſe is one continued rock of limeſtone, and, like the Derbyſhire marble, full of *entroche*. Several ſprings have their origin near the ſummit, particularly one on the north ſide, called Fair-weather-ſike, which runs into the chaſm called Meirgill. Theſe ſprings, when they reach the limeſtone, are ſwallowed up, and after running perhaps a mile under ground, make their appearance again in the ſurrounding vales, and then wind in various directions to the Ribble or the Loyne. Thoſe conical holes, with vortexes downwards, ſo frequently met with in mountainous countries, are numerous about the baſe and ſides of Ingleborough; but the moſt remarkable is that called Barefoot-wives'-hole, which is formed like a funnel, the diameter at its top about 50 yards, and the depth 26. A perſon may deſcend to the bottom in

moſt places without danger; but, on the ſouth ſide, there is a high rocky precipice. The waters emptied therein are ſwallowed up at the bottom. A variety of marbles, ſtones, and foſſils, as well as lead ore, are found on this mountain; which, to deſcribe particularly, is the province of the naturaliſt.

There are ſeveral other curioſities of a nature ſimilar to thoſe already deſcribed, not only about the baſe of Ingleborough, but that of Whernſide, well worth the notice of touriſts who have a taſte for ſuch uncommon works of nature, and which may be viſited in ſuch ſucceſſion as beſt ſuits their convenience. The principal curioſities on the former, not already noticed, are Meirgill and Hardraw-kin on the north ſide, and Alumn-pot and Long-Churn on the ſouth: thoſe on the latter are Gatekirk Cave on the ſouth, and Greenſide Cave on the ſouth-eaſt.

Meirgill is a dreadful chaſm, about 80 yards long, and ſo narrow, that it may be ſtepped over in ſeveral places; and is no where above two or three yards wide: a natural bridge ſtretches acroſs it in one part. Its depth varies; but in one place it has been found 100 feet, 48 of which was in water.—Trouts of a very large ſize have been caught in this horrible abyſs, which, at one part, admits an active cautious perſon to deſcend to the water's edge.—Its contracted mouth has often beguiled heedleſs ſheep to their own deſtruction; and endangers the ſhepherd's life in times of ſnow, when the chaſm is frequently drifted level with the adjoining ground. The danger is alſo great during thick fogs, which often ſuddenly envelope this lofty hill, and bewilder thoſe who are not well acquainted with every crevice in the ſurface.—Our guide related to us a ſtory of a gentleman whom he conducted to the top of Ingleborough on a fine clear day.

Having ordered his ſervant to wait at a certain place on the ſummit of the mountain, till he and the guide made an excurſion round it, a thick fog ſuddenly ſet in, and having wandered beyond their intended route, when they arrived at the place appointed, no ſervant could be found. They ſought for, and called to him in vain; and at length wearied and alarmed (for they conſidered him as loſt), they judged it ſafeſt to attempt their way down to Ingleton, which our guide, from his knowledge of the mountain, found not difficult to accompliſh. The ſervant, however, to the great joy of his maſter, had fortunately reached Ingleton; for, ſuſpecting that his maſter and the guide had miſſed their way to his ſtation, he took his horſes, and traced back the marks of their feet to the turnpike in Chapel in the Dale, from whence he reached Ingleton ſome time before them.

Hardrawkin is a long, narrow, ſubterraneous paſſage, about 200 or 300 yards from Douk Cave.

Alan or Alumn-pot is a circular hole in the rock, near 30 feet in diameter, and of a tremendous depth, having ſome diſtant reſemblance to Elden-hole, in Derbyſhire. It is ſituated about a quarter of a mile above the village of Selſide, and half a mile from the Ribble. Its margin, which cannot be approached without danger, is fringed with ſhrubs. Stones tumbled down make a terrible and long-continued, hollow, gingling noiſe, which proves the great profundity of this vaſt hiatus. It does not deſcend exactly perpendicular; nor is it eaſy, if at all practicable, to aſcertain its depth: when ſounded, it was found 165 feet deep; and, although at a very dry ſeaſon, contained 43 feet of water. A ſubterraneous rivulet deſcends into this vaſt hole, and cauſes a gloomy ſpray, which adds to the horror of the view. From its bottom the brook continues to run about a mile, and then appears in

open day below the little village of Selside. A low mound of earth furrounds the brim of this dangerous pit, by no means ſufficient to prevent ſheep and cattle from grazing on its margin: to theſe animals it frequently proves fatal.

Long-Churn is another hiatus, not far from Alumn-pot, but a little higher up the mountain, from whence proceeds two long ſubterraneous paſſages, in contrary directions; the one running eaſt, the other weſtwards.—The former is called Dicken-pot, along which the ſubterraneous brook runs to the tremendous Alumn-pot. This paſſage ſlopes, widens, and contracts at intervals for the ſpace of 157 yards, to which diſtance it has been explored; but a perpendicular rock of 12 feet deſcent precludes any further reſearches without the aſſiſtance of a ladder and ropes. At the furtheſt end is an elegant lofty dome, called by the country people St. Paul's. The latter paſſage proceeds towards the ſource of the rivulet, along its ſubterraneous channel, and may be purſued through numerous turnings and windings for near a quarter of a mile, when another orifice appears. The diſtance of theſe chaſms from each other, in a direct line above ground, is not more than about 240 yards.—Near the weſtern extremity is a fine round pool of clear water, ſaid to be from 3 to 12 feet deep, called Dr. Banniſter's Hand-baſon: a high and ſpacious dome is placed immediately over it, correſponding nicely with the hollow receptacle below. A rivulet falls down a ſteep rock, about ſix feet high, into this baſon, which, though very dangerous, it is neceſſary to aſcend before we reach the upper orifice. A ſmall ladder taken with the party will be found very convenient. Theſe caverns ſhould be viſited only in very dry ſeaſons, otherwiſe ſuch a copious flow of water runs along them as renders it difficult, and often impracticable, to ſee them. They contain a greater

variety of curious petrifactions than moſt other caves in this part of the kingdom, which is probably owing to their being leſs frequented. There are ſeveral other caves of a ſimilar nature, but inferior in point of curioſity, all along the baſe of Ingleborough towards Clapham.

Gatekirk Cave is about two yards high at the entrance, but quickly increaſes its dimenſions to ſix: it may be walked along eaſily for 100 yards, when the roof lowers to about four feet high, and therefore cannot conveniently be explored any farther. Here a cleft in the rock admits us again to the ſurface.—The river Greta draws its main ſtream through this cave, running under ground for two miles, but peeps out here, at Weathercote, and two or three other places, during its ſubterraneous courſe.—Another underground paſſage opens juſt over where the water iſſues, and enters this at the diſtance of 24 feet: its height is from 3 to 10 feet.—The pendent petrifactions which decorate this cave are ſingularly curious, repreſenting hams, neats' tongues, heads, and various other portions of different animals. Some parts of this cave appear like dreary vaults, incloſing the remains of departed heroes in huge ſtone coffins; and ſome large petrifactions on the natural ſhelves repreſent children or virgins formed in alabaſter.—As we proceed, ſeveral narrow windings enter the main paſſage, and frequently diſcharge little tinkling rills into the brook. Many of theſe collateral branches are wide enough to admit one to paſs along them to a conſiderable diſtance.

Greenſide Cave is ſituated near the village of Winterſcales, and two miles diſtant from that of Gatekirk. Its entrance is ſpacious, but the dimenſions ſoon become ſo contracted as to render a paſſage difficult and inconvenient.—There are few of thoſe petrifactions to be met with here which are found in the other caves in this

neighbourhood; and for which they are ſo deſervedly admired by the curious traveller. Like other caverns of the ſame kind, however, a trickling brook murmurs at its bottom.

Whernſide may be conveniently aſcended from hence, though the proſpects it affords are ſaid to be not much diverſified with pleaſing objects, but ſurrounded with brown and blue mountains, the ſituation being in the midſt of a vaſt amphitheatre of hills. The ſight of four or five tarns, or ſmall lakes, near the top, will, however, afford ſome amuſement to the curious. Two of them are tolerably large, being 200 or 300 yards in length, and almoſt of an equal extent in breadth. A thin ſeam of coal is found near the ſummit of this mountain; and another is ſaid to correſpond therewith on the top of the lofty hill Colm, on the oppoſite ſide of Dibdale or Dentdale.

Catknot-hole is a remarkable cave on the baſe of the mountain Cam, near the turnpike road between Ingleton and Aſkrig. The entrance is low, not more than three or four feet, but the roof ſoon increaſes in elevation to as many yards. After travelling a little way, a pool of water interpoſes, and obliges the viſitant to wade through it, a depth of at leaſt half a yard. The paſſage then contracts, but is wide enough for a perſon to proceed, except in one or two places, where he will be in danger of getting bedaubed with a red ſlime. Proceeding about a quarter of a mile, the road, though wider, is ſo low as to preclude all further progreſs with convenience or pleaſure, though probably, after creeping a little way, the roof may riſe again to a ſufficient height, and afford a further paſſage. The jutting rocks and pendent petrifactions, in every groteſque and fantaſtic ſhape, and glittering in the richeſt manner, render an hour's wander-

ing along this ſubterraneous paſſage a very delightful excurſion. The rocks are encruſted with ſpar, which ſometimes hang from the roof in various ſhapes, like icicles. Theſe ſtony ſubſtances are, doubtleſs, generated by the calcareous particles among the water which oozes through the rocks, they adhering thereto. The ſmall caſcades and tinkling rills iſſuing from the little openings into the main paſſage, with their ſweet and various tones, conſtitute a pleaſing melody, very different from any ſort of natural muſic heard above ground.

Hardraw Scar, another natural curioſity, is thus deſcribed in "A Tour to the Caves, &c." written by the curate of Chapel in the Dale.

"Hardraw Scar is near the town of Haws, in Winſleydale, and bears ſome diſtant affinity to the tremendous Gordle (noticed before.) The chaſm is pervious at the bottom, and extends above 300 yards in length, fortified with huge ſhattered rocks on each ſide, which are in ſome places 33 yards perpendicular, and the intervallum above 80. At the far end is an amazing cataract, which pours forth a vaſt quantity of water, that falls into a deep baſon. Behind the waterfall is a deep receſs excavated out of the ſolid rock: here the ſpectator may ſtand behind the ſtream, ſecure from its madifying effects, and may go quite round it upon one of the numerous *ſaxa ſedilia*, at the diſtance of ten yards from the water. In the winter of the year 1740, when fairs were held on the Thames, this caſcade was frozen, and conſtituted a prodigious icicle of a conic form, thirty-two yards and three quarters in circumference, which was alſo its height."

This ſurpriſing ſcar is about four miles weſt from Aſkrig.

We now take leave of the caves, and, returning to Ingleton, proceed from thence to Kirkby-Lonſdale, ſeven miles. The road, which is tolerably good, leads along a large irregular vale, with high grounds on each ſide.—The ſoil, in general, a brown gravelly loam, and naturally produces good graſs, to which purpoſe it is almoſt univerſally applied: from the remainder is obtained a little barley and oats, but the culture is wretched.—Buildings are good, and ſeveral Gentlemen's ſeats appear near the road.—Stone walls divide the fields towards Ingleton; but thorn hedges more generally prevail in other parts of this diſtrict, in which alſo ſome ſmall tracts of woodland appear. The ſurface in many places is pretty level, and the general appearance of the country not unpleaſant. The climate, however, is ſaid to be humid.—Coals are plentiful in this diſtrict.—In this part of our itinerary we paſs through a ſmall ſtrip of Lancaſhire, and enter Weſtmoreland a little before we reach Kirkby-Lonſdale, which town appears to great advantage from the road at half a mile diſtance. We paſs an ancient bridge over the river Loyne, cloſe to the weſt end of the town, conſiſting of three very ſtrong ribbed arches; the height of the centre arch, from the ſurface of the water (except in time of floods), is about twelve yards. This bridge is of great antiquity, and built after ſo good a model, that, it is ſaid, when Blackfriars bridge, in London, was about to be erected, the architect came to Kirkby-Lonſdale to examine this bridge, approved of it, and adopted the ſame ſtyle of building.

KIRKBY-LONSDALE ſtands on the banks of the Loyne: it is a ſmall neat market-town, well built, chiefly of white poliſhed freeſtone, and covered with blue ſlate: the number of inhabitants about 1100. Its vicinity affords ſeveral beautiful views, particularly the

various proſpects in the beautifully wooded vale. The church and vicarage houſe ſtand at the eaſt end of the town: the former a decent old ſtructure with a ſquare tower, and the roof covered with lead; the latter is neat, and ſweetly ſituated; but the garden adjoining, with an octagonal ſummer-houſe therein, opens to one of the fineſt proſpects in the country. A good gravel walk leads from the churchyard by the under ſide of this garden wall, and extends along the top of a very ſteep bank of 50 or 60 yards perpendicular height, which is waſhed at the bottom by the large river Loyne. From hence the beautiful and fertile vale, variegated with woodlands, trees, lawns, neat farm houſes, and pleaſant ſeats, with the fine winding river pouring its cryſtal ſtreams over a pebbly channel, with a deep and murmuring noiſe, expands its boſom at our feet. High grounds and diſtant mountains form the back ground of this rural and engaging picture. The ſerpentine windings of the Loyne are ſeen at one view for a conſiderable diſtance. After walking half a mile up its banks the ſcene varies, the river appears an extenſive ſheet of ſtill water; and, at the higher extremity, a range of impending rocks of red freeſtone, about 30 yards high, has an excellent effect in the view. In winter this precipice is ſometimes ſo glazed with ice, from the water trickling down its ſurface, as to give it the appearance of a ſheet of glaſs; and from ſome parts of the impending rocks large icicles hang, greatly reſembling the pipes of an organ.

We now continue our journey towards the Lakes, along a good turnpike road, and reach Kendal, 12 miles. The ſurface of the country is very uneven and hilly, and diſtant high mountains appear on every ſide. About Kirkby-Lonſdale the ground is fertile, but different large moors occupy a great part of the diſtrict from thence to

Kendal; the ſoil generally dry and gravelly, and graſs land chiefly prevails. Some few trees on hedge-rows, and ſeveral coppice-woods adorn the ſides of the hills and banks of rivers, particularly towards the vale of Kendal. We left the coal country ſeveral miles beyond Kirkby-Lonſdale; but limeſtone continues to abound: about a mile weſt from the road is Farlton-knot, a high rock of naked limeſtone, the weſtern front of which extends prominently forward, and, as was before obſerved, reſembles the rock of Gibraltar.

On our approach to the town of Kendal, we were particularly ſtruck with the whitened walls and blue ſlated roofs of its buildings, which give the place a clean and neat appearance. Its ſituation is generally conſidered as greatly ſimilar to that of the city of Bath; which, like Kendal, hangs on the ſouthern declivity of a rocky range of hills, bordering a low vale, which is watered by the Avon as Kendal is by the river Kent. The vale, through which the Kent flows, ſpreads itſelf conſiderably on each hand, varying its dimenſions and winding in its courſe till it reaches the eſtuary at Milnthorp.

KENDAL is a remarkably neat and well-built market and manufacturing town, and ſtands in a pleaſant and healthy ſituation, with the river Kent waſhing its ſouthern ſide. Many of the ſtreets are narrow, even about the market-place, and towards the centre of the town; but thoſe which run from thence to the extremities, in every direction, are more ſpacious. The north road croſſes the Kent over a good ſtone bridge, which was lately widened and rendered extremely commodious; and that to the ſouth, reaching the other end of the town, makes an abrupt turn over an old bridge. Beſides theſe bridges there is a good foot-bridge of ſtone between them, but that is more for private convenience than public benefit.

The church is a large Gothic fabric, with a ſquare tower: it has double aiſles; and at the eaſt end four chapels, or choirs, one of which belonged to the Parrs, another to the Stricklands, a third to the Bellinghams, and the fourth is the proper choir of the church.

Near the church is a handſome houſe, called Abbot-hall, the property of ALEN CHAMBRE, Eſq. one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer. A pleaſant lawn, beautified with a variety of walks, trees, and ſhrubs, extends from thence to the river.

On the oppoſite ſide of the river we ſee the noble ruins of a ſtrong caſtle, ſtanding on a fine green hill, and forming a conſpicuous object from every part of the vale. Moſt of the incloſure wall remains; with four towers, two ſquare and two round, but their upper parts and embattlements are demoliſhed: it is of rough ſtone and cement, without any ornament or arms; round, and incloſing a court of the like form, and ſurrounded by a moat. The preſent ſtructure is generally believed to have been raiſed by the firſt barons of Kendal, and, not improbably, on the ruins of a Roman ſtation.

On the north ſide of this town, oppoſite the caſtle, is a curious artificial mount, called the *Caſtle-law Hill*, which is ſuppoſed to be of great antiquity, being, as it is believed, one of thoſe hills called *laws*, where in ancient times the adminiſtration of juſtice took place. A handſome obeliſk was erected on the top of this hill, by a ſubſcription of the inhabitants of Kendal, in 1788, with an inſcription alluding to the revolution which happened juſt a century before.

A large and commodious workhouſe for the poor was built ſome years ago on a good ſituation at the eaſt end of the town, which contains fifty-five ſeparate rooms, thirty-five of which are lodging-rooms very judiciouſly

diſtributed. A bridewell, or houſe of correction, ſtands near the workhouſe.—Near the middle of the town butchers' ſhambles have lately been erected on an excellent plan.—Here are alſo ſeveral charitable inſtitutions, which are well ſupported.

Kendal, beſides containing many genteel houſes of private gentlemen and manufacturers, affords ſome good inns, with every convenience and accommodation.

The manufacture of this place increaſes the wealth and population of its inhabitants, but the former more than the latter. The number of inhabitants, however, has been conſiderably augmented: in January 1784, and in July 1793, actual enumerations took place, when there were found,

	Families.	Males.	Females.	Perſons.
In 1784, . . .	1859, . .	3267, . .	4304:	in all 7571
— 1793, . . .	1938, . .	3533, . .	4556:	—— 8089

The principal manufacture is the Kendal cottons, for which this town has long been noted. There are now 12 houſes in that trade, which together make about 1200 pieces weekly, each piece containing about 24 pounds of wool. This buſineſs is increaſing, and other houſes are about to be eſtabliſhed.—Here are alſo eight principal linſey manufactures, and ſeveral other manufactures of leſs conſequence are carried on.—There are likewiſe a conſiderable number of hands employed in working and poliſhing marble got in the neighbourhood, which, in the beauty and variety of its colours, is thought by many to be ſuperior even to that imported from Greece and Italy.—Mr. WAKEFIELD manufactures large quantities of gunpowder at his mills a little below this town.

At Kendal there is a Muſeum containing a conſiderable variety of curioſities, eſpecially ſhells and foſſils.

We now leave Kendal, and proceed towards the lake Haws-water, either by way of Shap, or Long-Sleddale. The former is a good carriage road, but a circuitous route of ſeveral miles, and leſs convenient to people going northwards, as it enters the vale at Bampton, upwards of a mile below the lake. The latter is a more direct road, of about 16 miles: it comes in at the head of the lake, and accompanies the water from its ſource; but the paſſage is very difficult, as it is neceſſary to purſue a dim ſerpentine path over a high mountain, impaſſable in any ſort of carriage, and not eaſily traverſed on horſeback. This road, however, was repreſented to us as ſo romantically curious, that we were induced to direct our courſe by that route.

As we proceed along the fine vale of Kent, the town of Kendal aſſumes a new and ſtill more pleaſing appearance. Mr. WAKEFIELD's houſe, to the eaſt, is a prominent object; as are thoſe public buildings, the workhouſe and houſe of correction; while the tenter grounds on the ſide of the mountain, tier above tier, proclaim the induſtry and manufacture of the inhabitants. Soft green hills, with grey crags interſperſed, riſe irregularly before us; and hedges of thorn and hazel bound the little waving fields on each ſide. Every hill we mount affords us a glance into ſome retired glen, and preſents ſome new trait in the great picture of Weſtmoreland.

Continuing the Shap and Penrith road for about four miles and a half, we turn off to the left, and purſue a bye road to Long-Sleddale, which is a long, narrow, and deep vale, incloſed with high ridges of rocky mountains. Soon after our entrance into the valley, we paſs a ſmall chapel, where the inhabitants of the dale, iſſuing from

their cottages, aſſemble to offer up their public devotions to the Almighty. A large brook interſects a ſtrip of meadow ground which runs along the bottom of this vale. The fields on each ſide riſe in irregular ſwells, till the rocky declivity of the mountains precludes all cultivation; where bruſhwood and coppices commence, and often climb almoſt to the top, ſometimes finding ſupport even on the craggy precipices. The ſurrounding mountains continue to aſcend with increaſing grandeur. The dale then contracts a little, and towards its head the rocks become eminently conſpicuous; one of which, on the right, called Crowbarrow, or Backbarrow, is truly awful. Caſcades and cataracts tumble over the precipices in various places, ſome of them from a very great height: the magnificence of this ſcene is greatly augmented after falls of rain. A ſtrong wind, in ſome directions, alſo produces a curious appearance in theſe waterfalls, which we were ſo fortunate as to enjoy when we paſſed through Long-Sleddale. As the water begins to pour over the tops of ſome projecting rocks (upwards of one hundred yards in perpendicular height from the bottom of the vale), it is caught by a ſtrong guſt of wind, and violently forced upwards, exactly in the form of ſmoke, for ſeveral minutes together. So much were we deceived, that, after viewing it with great attention, we concluded that, notwithſtanding the frightful ſituation, the ſmoke muſt proceed from ſome fires below, and we were about to make inquiry of a ſhepherd whom we met, when, again looking to the ſummit in a more calm interval, we were ſurpriſed to ſee little torrents of water where the ſmoke ſeemed to iſſue before. In half a minute after the water again diſappeared, and violently aſcended into the air in the appearance of ſmoky vapour.

The mountains now begin to unite their baſes, and and the road gradually aſcends; while the brook, clear as cryſtal, tumbles with a more violent motion over a ſtratum of beautiful light blue coloured rock. Here, cloſe by the road, on the left, two ſeparate ſtreams, juſt before their junction, form each a beautiful caſcade—the one about twenty, and the other fifteen feet in height—and, after uniting, fall again about ſix feet. Great quantities of the fineſt blue ſlate are got at this place, and conveyed on horſeback to ſome diſtance, till the ground becomes level enough to admit of carts travelling upon it.

The road now contracts into a rugged path, and winds curiouſly half way up the ſide of a ſteep mountain, whence a more eaſy aſcent is had to its ſummit. It then deſcends, in a like ſerpentine manner, down to the vale of Mardale. Notwithſtanding the difficulty of this road, the ſtranger enjoys the ſatisfaction of being aſſured that he cannot poſſibly deviate from the right path.—When we traverſed this Alpine paſs, the broken ſcattered clouds were hurried along before a briſk wind, juſt touching the tops of the mountains, while the ſun ſhone bright through among them. The dark coloured and well defined ſhadows of theſe denſe vapours, ſweeping rapidly over the heathy ſurface in a great variety of figures, like immenſe carpets, occaſioned a very ſingular appearance in this elevated region.

Deſcending into the vale of Mardale, the mountains before us open to a great depth, and diſcover the beautiful lake

HAWS-WATER,

ſhining at their baſe, with the little fields and ſequeſtered cottages along the margin of the lake. Here cataracts

accompany us all the way to the bottom, and others appear at a little diſtance puſhing over rocky ledges.—On the left, Harter-fell towers its lofty head, and ſhews a dark-coloured and almoſt naked perpendicular rock in front; but between the different layers are narrow ſloping patches of ſcanty herbage, whereon the hardy mountain ſheep find a ſcanty ſubſiſtence, and in ſome places appear as if ſtuck to the wall of a huge and immenſely high caſtle. Beyond this rocky eminence, Highſtreet rears his bulky form; and in the ſame quarter, but more northerly, Kidſey-pike ſhews his conical head.—On the right, Naddle Foreſt appears leſs formidable, preſenting a ſurface more ſoft and verdant, though beſtrewed with rocky fragments.

Near the baſe of the hill, two ſtreams are ſeen ruſhing down the mountains on the left, from two elevated lakes ſituated in the breaſts of the hills, the leaſt of which is ſaid to cover about ten acres.

A dreary, deſert-like vale now conducts us, together with the united ſtreams of theſe numerous cataracts, near a mile further, when we turn a rocky hill to the left, and preſently reach the little chapel of Mardale, overhung with mourning yews. The beauty and fertility of the vale gradually increaſe; and, after paſſing ſome huge fragments of rocks, broken and tumbled from the ſurrounding mountains, and ſcattered in the rudeſt order, we reach the head of the lake. The road ſoon approaches, and generally continues along its margin, ſometimes in winding lanes, with high hedges on each ſide, which frequently ſhut out the view of the lake; then opening again, admit a full proſpect of its beauties.—On the oppoſite ſide, a ridge of mountains, forming Naddle Foreſt, riſes quickly from the water's edge, and hardly leaves room for a cultivated farm: its front diſ-

plays a mixture of green herbage, grey rocks, and ſcattered trees. There are ſome ſmall farms, with pretty fields, and hedge-rows of hazel and thorn, creeping gently up the ſides of rocky mountains; while the beautiful ſheet of water contraſts its ſoft and gently heaving boſom with the rugged aſpect of its grizzly guardians.

As we proceed, a low promontory puſhes into the lake, and almoſt ſeparates its waters. This delightful promontory is neatly divided into ſmall incloſures.

Wellow-crag, a huge naked rock, rears its head on the ſouthern ſhore, and overlooks the vale of Mardale. On this ſide, the hills riſe more gradually, and expoſe a mixture of grey rock and ſoft green ſurface. Here alſo Thwaite-force tumbles down among the rocks in a fine and noble cataract.

We continue along the winding borders of this ſweet lake, and find the beauty of its vicinity increaſing. The fronts of Naddle Foreſt and Melkſide, on the eaſt, are cloathed with wood to their very ſummits, and ſometimes a tree, which the great height apparently diminiſhes to a ſhrub, is ſeen proudly overtopping the whole.

This lake is ſuppoſed to be about fifty fathoms deep in the narroweſt part. The ſoil in its vicinity is dry and gravelly. A few neat, ſmall farms, almoſt buried in groves of trees, intervene between the weſtern border and the riſing hills behind. Char, perch, trout, eel, ſkelly, baſs, chubb, and cheven, are caught in this lake. The fiſhery is let to a miller in the neighbourhood, who is ſaid to have greatly deſtroyed the breed of fiſh.

Hence we continue our route to Penrith, by way of Bampton and Lowther-hall, twelve miles. After a pleaſant ride of about two miles, we arrive at BAMPTON, a ſmall village, remarkable only for its ſituation in a fine vale, and the free ſchool there, where ſome very eminent

men are ſaid to have received the rudiments of their education, particularly the Biſhops GIBSON and LAW. The number of ſcholars generally about 70. The maſter's ſalary, which ariſes chiefly from tithes, amounts to about 60*l.* a year, beſides preſents from the parents of his pupils. Here are two public-houſes, where the traveller will meet with more ſincerity than politeneſs; and more cheap and wholeſome, than coſtly and elegant fare; but where he will find accommodations and refreſhment for his more immediate wants.—Below this village a large tract of meadow ground, interſected with the river Lowther, calls aloud for agricultural improvement.—The vale, as we proceed, becomes contracted; but the aſpect of the country is very agreeable. The river Lowther runs along the middle, from which ſmall fields of graſs land, divided either with ſtone walls, or hedge-rows of hazel, riſe gently to the feet of the hills, which aſcend to a moderate height, and are in many parts likewiſe ſpread over with incloſures.

At the diſtance of five miles from Bampton we we reach the little village of ASKHAM, ſituated on the banks of the river Lowther, oppoſite to Lowther-hall.—Aſkham-hall is a ſmall, but neat, and pretty well placed old houſe, the property and reſidence of —— BOLTON, Eſq. with a ſmall deer-park adjoining. From Aſkham a road leads to Pooley-bridge, at the lower end of Ullswater. The river Lowther, in this part of its courſe, runs along a deep rocky channel, overhung with trees and thickets: a ſtratum of baſtard marble appears at the bottom, and above that is a rock of red freeſtone. The rectory houſe at Lowther is a good modern building, at the foot of the hill, on the left of the road from Aſkham. At a ſmall diſtance, Lowther-hall, or rather the remains

of that once elegant manſion, appears in an excellent ſituation. The body of the houſe was burnt down many years ago, and the wings only now remain, which, however, ſufficiently ſhew the ancient magnitude and grandeur of this formerly noble ſtructure. Lord LONSDALE, the preſent owner, it is ſaid, has long had it in contemplation to rebuild this family manſion, the timber having been cut and made ready for the purpoſe ſeveral years; but from the age and growing infirmities of his Lordſhip, it is hardly to be expected that he will ever undertake the projected building. The church ſtands a little to the north from the hall, and is juſt ſeen from the road, half buried among trees: it is a neat modern edifice, and appears to have been built after the model of St. Paul's, in London. The deer park runs up from the hall, and adjoins the river: it contains upwards of 600 acres of land, with ſome valuable plantations of oak, aſh, elm, &c. &c. and is well ſtocked with deer.—A terrace extends half a mile along the upper border of the park, and commands a charming and extenſive view to the weſt; this terrace the preſent Noble Owner has conſiderably lengthened; and is alſo beautifying and greatly improving the adjoining pleaſure grounds. From the hall we ſoon approach a large white building of ſeveral ſtories, called the College, having formerly been a place of education, particularly for the LOWTHER family; it is now converted into a manufactory houſe, where carpets are made, the private property of Lord LONSDALE. Theſe carpets, made in the manner of goblins, are in ſtrength and beauty little inferior to thoſe of Perſia; ſome of which have been ſold for from 60 to 100 guineas each.—Lowther new village was built many years ago, by the preſent Lord LONSDALE, with a deſign of eſtabliſhing a linen manufactory: it is on a regular and commodious plan; but

the deſign failing, few of the houſes are completely finiſhed: it affords, however, a comfortable reſidence to his Lordſhip's labourers.

We come here upon one of the great roads leading from London, by way of Lancaſhire, to Edinburgh. Turning to the left, after a ſhort and pleaſant ride, at the diſtance of two miles ſouth from Penrith, we approach Brougham-hall, the delightful manſion of HENRY BROUGHAM, Eſq. on a fine wooded eminence to the eaſt from the road.—As this is a ſituation that cannot but arreſt the eye and engage the attention of all travellers, whether on the great York road, or that from Kendal to Penrith, we ſhall briefly notice ſome of its moſt ſtriking objects, referring the more curious reader to that beautiful deſcription drawn by Mr. HUTCHINSON, in his Hiſtory of Cumberland, vol. i. p. 305.

Not only from its elevated ſituation, but alſo from its extenſive and various proſpects, Brougham-hall has, not improperly, been ſtiled the *Windſor of the North*.—The houſe has a long front to the weſt, with a terrace of conſiderable breadth running from north to ſouth. The views from this terrace, both for variety and extent, are ſeldom to be equalled, and the ſcenery around exceeds all deſcription. It is obſerved, that "there is one uncommon advantage which this place enjoys from theſe varied landſcapes at each point of view, viz. that the whole is taken in (the view to the north only excepted) from every room in the houſe."

The ſhrubberies and pleaſure grounds are extenſive; the firſt of the kind, we believe, in the north of England.

Within the ſhrubberies, in a receſs adapted to the purpoſe, and near a fine ſpring, is a *hermit's cell*, a ſmall circular building covered with thatch, and lined with moſſes of various kinds: the ſeats around are matted, and

the windows of painted glaſs, with the uſual characteriſtics of a hermit in his retirement, viz. the *hour-glaſs*, *croſs* and *beads*, and a *ſkull*. On the table ſome appropriate lines are painted from *Il Penſeroſo* of *Milton*; and in another part of the building is a ſcroll, with theſe lines:—

"Beneath this moſs-grown roof, this ruſtic cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, ſequeſter'd dwell:
Say, you who dare our hermitage diſdain,
What drawing-room can boaſt ſo fair a train?"

An adjoining wood of ſeveral acres contributes greatly to the beauty of the ſcene, and is ſo much in character, as to be conſidered a neceſſary member of the whole.

On the brink of the river Lowther ſtands a thatched building of two rooms; one of which contains a collection of curious prints, and ſpecimens of natural hiſtory, with a gallery for the convenience of angling in the river beneath; the other is the reſidence of a perſon who feeds the poultry, and takes care of the pleaſure grounds, &c.

A little lower down the banks of the Eamont is Brougham-caſtle, a ſpacious ruin.—"This caſtle is ſituated on the north ſide of the Roman ſtation *Brovoniacum*, which has formed an area and outwork 120 paces ſquare, defended by the vallum and an outward ditch, both at this time very diſcernible."

Before we croſs the river Eamont in our way to Penrith, it will be neceſſary to obſerve, that this diſtrict contains ſome curious antiquities, which have been thus deſcribed by Mr. HUTCHINSON, in his Excurſion, &c. page 90—"From thence we went to view a place by the inhabitants called *Arthur's Round Table*, near to Eamont bridge, and about half a mile from Penrith.—This is ſaid

to be of great antiquity, but there is no tradition when, by whom, or for what purpoſe it was made. It is cut in a little plain near the river, of an exact circular figure, ſave to the eaſtern and weſtern ſides an approach is left to the common level of the plain:—the trench by which it is formed is near ten paces wide; the ſoil which has been thrown up on the outward ſide making a kind of threatre:—the approaches are ten paces wide, and the whole circle within the ditch is 160 paces in circumference.—We were induced to believe this was an ancient tilting ground, where juſtings had been held: the approaches ſeemed to anſwer for the career, and the circle appears ſufficient for the champions to ſhew their dexterity in the uſe of the lance and horſemanſhip; the whole circus being capable of receiving 1000 ſpectators on the outer ſide of the ditch.—It is not probable that this was an intrenchment or fortified camp, it being too ſmall for ſuch purpoſes; and more particularly it is overlooked by an adjoining riſing ground, from whence it might be annoyed by miſſile weapons. Another reaſon for the ſame opinion, given by a learned author, is, that the ditch is on the inner ſide*.

"It is ſaid of the order of Knights of the Round Table, that it was inſtituted by King Arthur, to the end there might be no queſtion about precedency, and to teach heroic minds not to be ambitious of place, but merit.

"At a little diſtance from the Round Table, and nearer to Eamont bridge, is another circular ditch, with a very low rampart, but of much greater ſize, being 70 paces diameter, without any apertures or advances.—If

* "Magna Britannia."

we preſume the other was intended for feats of chivalry, this may be ſuppoſed calculated for pedeſtrian exerciſes.

"At about half a mile's diſtance we viewed a place called *Maybrough*, a hill, which ariſes gradually on every ſide about 140 paces from the level of the lands below, forming the lower ſection of a regular cone;—the aſcent is on every ſide grown with oaks and aſhes, and ſeems, from the reliques of the ax, to have been covered in former ages with wood, though no very ancient trees now remain ſtanding.

"The ſummit of the hill is fenced round, ſave only an opening left to the eaſt, 12 paces wide;—the fence is very ſingular, being compoſed of an immenſe quantity of looſe pebble ſtones, which ſeem to have been gathered from the river, by their quality, and the ſimilarity there is between them and the gravel of the bed of the Eamont. —No kind of mortar appears to have been uſed here, the ſtones lie uncemented, and in a heap, the foot is near 20 paces wide, riſing to an edge, in height about eight feet from the level of the interior plain.—Here and there time has ſcattered a few trees and bruſhwood over the pebbles; but in other places they are looſe and naked, both on the out and inſide of the fence.—The ſpace within conſiſts of a fine plain of meadow ground, exactly circular, 100 paces diameter. Inclining a little to the weſtward from the centre, a large maſs of unhewn ſtone is ſtanding erect, placed with the ſmaller end in the earth, on which ſome little aſh trees have taken their growth, by ſtriking their roots into the natural fiſſures of the ſtone;—this ſtone is in circumference, near its middle, 22 feet and ſome inches, and in height 11 feet and upwards; it is a ſpecies of the freeſtone, and appears to have been gathered from the ſurface, and not won in any quarry or bed of ſtone.—The inhabitants in the neigh-

bourhood ſay, that within the memory of man two other ſtones of ſimilar nature, and placed in a kind of angular figure with the ſtone now remaining, were to be ſeen there, but as they were hurtful to the ground, were deſtroyed and removed.

" The traditional account given of this place is in no wiſe to be credited: " That it was a Roman theatre, where criminals were expoſed to wild beaſts; and that thoſe ſtones were placed for the refuge and reſpite of the combatant in his unhappy conflict."

" The name of Maybrough induced us to believe, that this was a Britiſh fortification, and its name a corruption of Maiden Burg*, a title given to many fortreſſes which were eſteemed impregnable, and which were boaſted never to have known a conqueror;—but the large ſtone placed within the plain, and thoſe ſaid to have been defaced within the memory of man, confounded this conjecture, and prompted an idea, that the whole was a druidical monument, and the name of it Mayberie†, or Maleberge‡. The elevated plain, the ſurrounding woods, and this rude pillar, render it probable that it was a temple of the

---

* " The word Maiden has gained an acceptation for Military, as the Maiden Ways in Northumberland, &c.——WALLIS'S ANTIQUITIES OF NORTHUMBERLAND."

† " Antiquarians have frequently confounded BURY for BERIE;—the one implying the tomb of ſome great or remarkable perſonage; the latter, Berie, being the name of a plain, or vale, ſurrounded with groves and foreſts, and held ſacred by the ancient Britons.——LORD COKE."

‡ " MALEBERGE, Mon's Placiti;—a hill where the people aſſembled at a court like our aſſizes, which by the Scotch and Iriſh are called Parley Hills.——DU CANGE."

" Collis vallo plerumq; munitus in loco campeſtri, ne inſidius exponatur, ubi convenire olim ſolebant centuriæ aut vicimæ inculæ ad lites inter ſe tractandas et terminandas. Scotis reorq; Grith hail, mons pacificationis cui aſyli privilegia concedebantur.——SPELMAN."

Druids, where, under the ſolemn ſhade of the conſecrated grove, they exerciſed their religious rites, and taught the multitude; and alſo held thoſe convocations in which they determined the rights of the people, and adminiſtered public juſtice.—Perhaps when they were driven out of Mona, and fled before the Roman ſword, they might fortify their ſacred places, and gather their people into ſuch ſtrong holds, to reſiſt the power which had avowed their extirpation."

Carlton-hall, on the Cumberland ſide of the Eamont, is a good, plain, and modern building, the ſeat of THOMAS WALLACE, Eſq. ſweetly ſituated in a rich and beautiful vale, incloſed with wooded high grounds of various aſpect, but always pleaſing. The lawn in front is extenſive, and irregularly interſected with the river Eamont, while the Lowther winds round its weſtern extremity, and then pours its waters into the Eamont.—Weſtwards, the vale of Eamont opens to a conſiderable diſtance, and diſcovers the elevated and rugged barriers of Ulls-water.—Eaſtwards, we ſee the high mountain Croſs-fell peeping over inferior hills, and looking into this valley. In the vicinity of the houſe, walks are formed in various directions, from which the beauty and richneſs of the country is ſeen in different points of view.

PENRITH ſtands at the foot of a conſiderable eminence, in a pleaſant, open vale. The country for ſeveral miles to the ſouth, eaſt, and weſt, is fertile, and well cultivated: the ſurface, however, is ſomewhat uneven. Incloſures, as well as farms, are rather ſmall in this neighbourhood. On the north ſide of the town an extenſive common darkens the proſpect for eight or nine miles, gathering up at the middle in a long ridge of high barren hills; at the head of which, above Penrith, a

beacon is erected, from whence there is a remarkably extenſive proſpect on every ſide. This view has been already painted by the deſcriptive pen of Mr. HUTCHINSON.—"The northern window of the beacon houſe affords a proſpect of Croſs-fell, with the pikes of Dufton, together with a chain of mountains extending from eaſt to weſt near 30 miles, the weſtern point ſinking in the ſpacious plain where the city of Carliſle lies. The utmoſt bounds of this view are formed by a ridge of Scotch mountains.—Some faint appearance of St. Mary's church marks to the eye the ſite of Carliſle.

"The eaſtern window preſented a view of the country we had paſſed, bounded by the hills of Stainmore, and that lofty promontory Wilbore-fell, with its neighbouring mountains above Kirkby-Stephen.

"The ſouth window preſented to us a view of Brougham Caſtle, with its plains of paſture ground.—The ſpreading woods of Lowther, intermixed with rich cultivated lands, formed the riſing grounds.—Some parts of the lake of Ulls-water were ſeen; whilſt the mighty rocks and mountains which hemmed in the lake lifted up their heads in rude confuſion, and crowned the ſcene.

"The weſtern window afforded a new and not leſs pleaſing proſpect;—the town of Penrith lay before us, and here and there the river Eamont ſhewed its windings through the woods.—The hill which riſes above the town is crowned with the awful remains of a royal fortreſs;—time has deſpoiled its grandeur, but its honours ſtill ſurvive to its noble owner, the Duke of PORTLAND*, who therewith holds the honour of Penrith, formerly a royal franchiſe.—Beyond theſe objects, amidſt a range of mountains, at the diſtance of 18 miles, Skiddaw is ſeen,

* Now belonging to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.

whoſe majeſtic front ſurmounts all the high lands that terminate the view.

"The whole proſpect from the beacon hill, as you turn every way, preſents you with a vaſt theatre, upwards of 100 miles in circumference, circled with ſtupendous mountains."

The town of Penrith is well built, with its principal ſtreet running north and ſouth. The houſes are of red freeſtone, and, in general, covered with blue ſlate. The town contains ſome good and commodious inns; and the market is well ſupplied with proviſions. The population at preſent, is about 4000 ſouls. There is no manufacture of much conſequence in or near this town, the bulk of the inhabitants being farmers, innkeepers, ſhopkeepers, mechanics, and labourers. In the church-yard there is a remarkable monument, apparently of great antiquity. It conſiſts of two upright ſingle ſtone pillars, about 10 feet in height, and 15 feet apart, in a direction of eaſt and weſt; and on each ſide of the tomb, two ſtones of a ſemicircular form are placed edgewiſe in the ground. This is doubtleſs a ſepulchral monument, but whether Britiſh, Roman, Saxon, or Daniſh, is difficult to determine. Many ſtrange traditional tales retain credit among the common people reſpecting this ſingular monument; viz. that it is the burial place of a giant 10 or 12 feet in height, who was famous for killing wild boars in the Foreſt of Inglewood, &c. &c.—The ruins of a ſtrong caſtle, on a riſing ground near the town, forms a prominent object. It has been formed on a parallelogram, fortified with a rampier and a very deep outward foſſe, or ditch: the only approach was on the ſide next to the town, where an opening through the works ſtill appears, which is ſuppoſed to have been kept by a drawbridge. Nothing is obſervable about the fabric which indicates a date much prior to the reign of King Ed-

ward V. Some writers ſuppoſe it to have been repaired out of the ruins of Maybrough; and others with materials from Old Penrith, a Roman ſtation at a few miles diſtance; but Mr. HUTCHINSON can ſee no probability of either from the ſtones with which it is formed. He is inclined to ſtate its riſe after Penrith was granted to Nevill, and thinks it was firſt erected by that family. But be that as it may, it is the general opinion that Richard Duke of Glouceſter reſided here, that he might be more at hand to oppoſe the Scots, who were inceſſantly turbulent; as alſo to keep the adjacent country in awe, the inhabitants being chiefly attached to the Lancaſtrian party.

We now turn towards

ULLS-WATER,

about five miles ſouth-weſt from Penrith, and to which a good road leads along each ſide of the Eamont, through a delightful country. That on the north purſues a pleaſant fertile part of the vale along the borders of the river, and leads paſt the front of Dalemain, the ſweetly ſecluded manſion of EDWARD HASELL, Eſq. ſurrounded with woody eminences. The other road from Penrith croſſes the Eamont at Eamont-bridge, and paſſes Arthur's Round Table on the left, and Maybrough on the right, running through the village of Yanwith, with Yanwith-hall, a pleaſant modern ſeat of JOSEPH BOAK, Eſq. at a little diſtance to the north, and continuing through a fine wooded, fertile, and rural country to the lake. The tall hedges on each ſide of this road almoſt totally ſhut out the proſpect, except at intervals, when we gain a peep through the trees over the delightful vale below. The mountains are ſeen towering to the clouds in the rudeſt

order, increaſing in awful grandeur, and ſeeming to threaten the intruſive ſtranger with deſtruction, ſhould he venture to approach them.

Travellers who viſit this lake will find every neceſſary accommodation at a ſmall inn (the ſign of the Sun) in the little village of Pooley, which is ſituated at the foot of the lake; as alſo a good boat, guide, and proper apparatus for rouſing the ſurpriſing echoes from the ſurrounding mountains. Accommodations of this nature may likewiſe be procured at DOBSON's, in Patterdale, and at other places adjoining the lake.

From Pooley, aſcend the beautiful conic-topped mount, Dunmallet, which ſtands at the outlet of the lake, as if intent on ſtopping its paſſage. On the ſummit of this hill a fine view opens up the firſt reach of the lake, for about the ſpace of three miles, and diſcovers all its little capes, bays, and promontories. The mountain called Haller-fell then intervenes, and ſeems almoſt to ſhut up the vale. A little to the right a large collection of ſtill higher and more rugged mountains preſent their frowning aſpects, awful and intimidating to the fearful ſtranger.

Dunmallet is covered with young trees of various ſorts; but the broad direct avenues which lead from the baſe to the ſummit, are formal, glaring, and unpleaſant: narrow winding paths would have been much more eaſy and natural. On its top are the veſtiges of a Roman fort of 110 paces by 37, ſurrounded with a foſſe.

After enjoying the view from Dunmallet, either take a boat and navigate the lake, landing occaſionally as fancy may direct; or firſt take the pleaſure of a walk or a ride along the margin of the water to Patterdale, which is about eight or nine miles.—From Pooley there is a

pleaſing excurſion of three miles on the ſouthern ſide of the lake through a ſhady lane, which ſometimes recedes from and ſometimes draws cloſe to the water's edge; and the riſing ground affords a variety of fine proſpects over the lake and the adjoining country. The land here is remarkably fertile, and lies in gentle declivities, till, approaching the mountains, it aſcends abruptly, and burſts out in awful rocky fronts. Before we reach the firſt turn of the lake, the mountain deſcends quickly to its margin, and denies any further paſſage. The principal road, however, leads along the northern ſhore, winding cloſe by the margin of the lake, having Soulby-fell, a ſmooth verdant mountain, on the right, which riſes from the very edge of the water, and juſt leaves a ſpace for the road. After paſſing this hill, we leave the lake at a little diſtance, and, mounting over a ſmall common, ſoon reach Watermillock, the ſeat of Colonel ROBINSON—a delightfully ſituated reſidence.—From hence we direct our courſe, for about a mile further, to Gowbarrow-park, through ſhady lanes and ſmall incloſures. The oppoſite ſhores diſplay a pleaſant ſtrip of cultivated land; above which Swarth-fell raiſes his lumpiſh back, and, with Hallen-fell, forms a fine and ſpacious bay. This laſt-mentioned mountain ſteps boldly forward into the lake, and confines it to a ſpan, giving it a more northerly turn. The middle reach opens upon us all at once, and diſcovers a fine ſheet of water, three miles long, and in ſome parts upwards of three quarters of a mile broad, with all its winding ſhores and numerous little inlets. The rugged mountains to the weſt riſe in terrific grandeur, and, above all, the broad ſhoulders of huge Helvellin forms the diſtant back ground of this wild ſcene. The road leads, for about three miles, through Gowbarrow-park, keeping in a line with the ſhore, and

generally through groves of trees and brushwood, which form the most delightful vistas and glades. The waters of the lake, shining like a mirror, appear doubly beautiful, when partially seen through these openings of the groves. Sometimes the thickets dilate so far as to afford a full view. The opposite mountains of Birk-fell and Place-fell present craggy, uneven, and generally naked surfaces, and rise rapidly from the very water's edge.—On this side the mountains ascend more gently, and leave a space of low ground along the border of the lake. This extensive park belongs to the Duke of NORFOLK, and is said to contain 1800 acres of land, and 600 head of deer, besides great numbers of sheep and cattle. Many of the old oaks, which once contributed to ornament the scene, have been cut down.—The scenery now increases in beauty as we advance: yawning rocks, "silvered o'er with age," with trees and evergreen shrubs springing from their crevices, stare across the lake. Again, nothing but broken rough woodlands appear; and now shelving rocky knolls strike the eye. Here Lyulph's Tower, at a little distance from the road, is a pleasing object: it is a square, grey edifice, with turreted corners, battlements, and windows in the Gothic style, erected by the present Duke of NORFOLK in a most delightful situation, abounding with views of the grand and sublime. Not far from that structure there is a fine cascade, worth the notice of those who delight in natural curiosities of this nature.

We now reach the second bend of the lake, and see the last stretch, of about a mile and a half in length, with a view into the gorge of Patterdale. This, with its environs, is the most picturesque arm of the lake. It is spotted with three or four small rocky islands, making a noble sweep round Place-fell, which mounts abruptly from the opposite shore to an immense height. On this

ſide the woody knolls project from the ſides of the adjoining mountains, rocky cliffs hang over the road, and, at intervals, we gain a peep into a ſweetly retired dell, overhung with impending woods and darkened with towering mountains.—Glencoyn, a ſmall triangular farm, and one of the moſt delightful retreats we have ſeen, appears on the right. The farm houſe, buried in a grove of trees, ſtands near one of the angles, under the ſhade of high wooded rocks on each ſide, which form a ſtriking contraſt with a few beautiful level fields ſtretching to the lake, and affording, through ſtraggling trees, a complete view of its middle reach. The road now winds gently over a rocky promontory, when the view becomes ſo extended as to comprehend the whole lake, except the loweſt arm. The water laves the rocks below, while the ponderous cliffs above, crowned with trees, hang over our heads in terrific grandeur. We continue our route through woods, groves, and meadows, with a continued diverſity of ſcenery, to the head of the lake, where the mountains cloſe in, and apparently leave no more than a narrow glen above. Here we ſee the church of Patterdale, and a few ſtraggling farm houſes peeping out in the moſt romantic ſituations. Patterdale-hall, the reſidence of J. MOUNSEY, Eſq. ſtands pleaſantly at the mouth of the dell which opens near the head of the lake. The anceſtors of this reſpectable gentleman (who is an active magiſtrate for the county of Weſtmoreland), have, for ages, obtained the diſtinguiſhed appellation of *Kings of Patterdale*; probably on account of their poſſeſſing more property than any of their neighbours in this ſequeſtered dale. From a rock immediately behind the little inn called the King's Arms, there is a fine view over the firſt reach of the lake; having Gowbarrow Park in the back ground; a moſt beautiful range of

rocky ſteeps, generally covered with trees, forms the ſide ſkreen on the left; while the naked breaſt of Place-fell conſtitutes that on the right.

From hence the road, which leads to Ambleſide, about 10 miles, is truly an Alpine paſs, winding in a contracted vale, with a high and naked mountain on the left. The valley is pleaſingly undulated, and abundantly ſcattered over with trees.—The rocky hills on the right contain quarries of fine blue ſlate, which is conveyed down the lake in boats to Pooley, &c.—Brooks as clear as cryſtal puſh down from the ſurrounding eminences into a little river called Goldrill Beck, which iſſues from a ſmall lake called Broad-water, which, at no great diſtance, ſpreads out its waters at our feet.—The road runs along the eaſtern ſide of this lake up to the head of the vale, which is cloſed in by mountains on every ſide, except that which we have juſt explored. Here every thing around aſſumes a barren and forbidding aſpect, exchanging the mild climate of the peaceful vale for the wild and inhoſpitable regions before us.—A ſteep and rugged path aſcends to the heights of Kirkſtone, meeting the noiſy waters of an angry brook tumbling over its rocky channel.—The road on each ſide is ſtrewed with the large fragments of rocks that have from time to time been ſevered from the frowning cliffs above. About half way up the mountain we find an opening, which admits a paſſage to the other ſide; from thence we deſcend for ſome miles, through a dreary and mountainous country, to Ambleſide. The contraſt between this deſolate region, which we have juſt traverſed, and the delightful vale and lake of Windermere, which, from the higher part of the road, preſent themſelves to our view, is agreeable, and wonderfully ſurpriſing.

But, as we ſhall have occaſion, in the ſucceeding

pages of this work, to notice the picturesque scenery in this district, and as this is a route we would by no means recommend to those who wish to make a complete tour, we will conduct the traveller back from Patterdale to Pooley; and, for the sake of variety, recommend him to take a boat and navigate the lake, when the various objects, with which he was before so much delighted, will appear in equally pleasing, but different points of view.

Before we quit Ulls-water, we must mention those surprising echoes, which the report of a swivel will excite.—Of these Mr. HUTCHINSON, in his Excursion to the Lakes, page 65, gives the following description:—Having landed on the shores of a bay opposite to Watermillock, he proceeds thus:—"Whilst we sat to regale, the barge put off from shore to a station where the finest echoes were to be obtained from the surrounding mountains.—The vessel was provided with six brass cannon, mounted on swivels;—on discharging one of these pieces, the report was echoed from the opposite rocks, where, by reverberation, it seemed to roll from cliff to cliff, and return through every cave and valley, till the decreasing tumult gradually died away upon the ear.

"The instant it had ceased, the sound of every distant water-fall was heard; but for an instant only; for the momentary stillness was interrupted by the returning echo on the hills behind, where the report was repeated like a peal of thunder bursting over our heads, continuing for several seconds, flying from haunt to haunt, till once more the sound gradually declined;—again the voice of water-falls possessed the interval,—till, to the right, the more distant thunder arose upon some other mountain, and seemed to take its way up every winding dell and creek, sometimes behind, on this side, or on that, in wonderous speed, running its dreadful course. When the

echo reached the mountains within the line and channel of the breeze, it was heard at once on the right and left, at the extremities of the lake. In this manner was the report of every diſcharge re-echoed ſeven times diſtinctly.

"At intervals we were relieved from this entertainment, which conſiſted of a kind of wondrous tumult and grandeur of confuſion, by the muſic of two French horns, whoſe harmony was repeated from every receſs which echo haunted on the borders of the lake;—here the breathings of the organ were imitated; there the baſſoons with clarinets;—in this place, from the harſher ſounding cliffs, the cornet;—in that, from the wooded creek, amongſt the cavern and the trilling water-falls, we heard the ſoft-toned lute, accompanied with the languiſhing ſtrains of enamoured nymphs; whilſt in the copſe and grove was ſtill retained the muſic of the horns. All this vaſt theatre was poſſeſſed by innumerable ærial beings, who breathed celeſtial harmony.

"As we finiſhed our repaſt, a general diſcharge of the guns rouſed us to new aſtoniſhment. Although we had heard with great ſurpriſe the former echoes, this exceeded them ſo much, that it ſeemed incredible; for on every hand the ſounds were reverberated and returned from ſide to ſide, ſo as to give the ſemblance of that confuſion and horrid uproar, which the falling of theſe ſtupendous rocks would occaſion, if by ſome internal combuſtion they were rent to pieces and hurled into the lake."

Charr is ſometimes caught in this lake, but in no great quantities. It, however, abounds with a variety of other fiſh. Trout of 30 pounds weight and upwards, of a particular ſpecies, are frequently caught; and alſo eels of a large ſize, and of the fineſt quality.

From Pooley, either return to Penrith, or rather take

the nearer and more direct road to Keſwick, by way of Dacre, having Dacre Caſtle on the right, and enter the Penrith road near Hutton John, an old caſtle-like manſion on the left, about ten miles from Keſwick.—From Dacre to Penruddock, the country is pleaſing, with a good road, through winding lanes, and a variety of proſpects, particularly to the north, where, at a few miles diſtance, the caſtle, church, and village of Grayſtock, with an extenſive deer park, are ſtriking and conſpicuous objects.

Leaving Penruddock, we croſs a dreary moor of conſiderable extent, and deſcend through the peaceful vales of Griſdale and Threlkeld, having Saddleback on the right, and, on the left, a heavy, dull mountain, branching from huge Helvellin, whoſe top is ſeen rearing into the airy regions.

As our route now ſkirts the baſe of Saddleback, we preſume the following pleaſing deſcription of that mountain, inſerted by Mr. HUTCHINSON in his Hiſtory of Cumberland, will here be acceptable to our readers:—"A friend has indulged us with the following deſcription of his view of Saddleback, and the curious crater and lake there, where the lava of a volcano is unqueſtionably to be found in large quantities.* His tour was made in 1793.

"He ſpeaks with great reſpect, in the firſt inſtance, of one Mr. JOHN GRAVES, who gave him the earlieſt deſcription of thoſe ſcenes, and excited his curioſity to viſit them; and of Mr. THOMAS CLEMENT, a reſident of the ſkirts of the mountain, who attended him and his party on the view. It was remarked to our friend, that travellers who made the tour of the lakes generally

* "Near Crummock-water is a place which bears the name of *Crater*, evidently the crater of a volcano."

viſited Skiddaw, and left Saddleback unexplored, whence they might indulge the eye with as extenſive and pleaſing proſpects as they could by aſcending the ſifter mountain; beſides the curious view of Scales tarn, which is herein after deſcribed.—He adds, he had, at ſome diſtant time, ſeen Scales tarn deſcribed in ſome periodical publication, but diligent ſearch had not reſtored the deſcription to him. He ſays Mr. CLEMENT lives about a mile and a half eaſtward of Threlkeld, at the foot of the mountain, from whoſe houſe the party proceeded about one o'clock, p. m.—That they made their paſſage in an oblique direction up that part which is called Scales-fell: and he proceeds in his deſcription thus:—'When we had 'aſcended about a mile, one of the party, on looking 'round, was ſo aſtoniſhed with the different appearance 'of objects in the valley, ſo far beneath us, that he de-'clined proceeding. We had not gone much further, 'till the other companion (of the relator) was ſuddenly 'taken ill, and wiſhed to loſe blood, and return. I was 'almoſt ready (adds he) to give up my project, which I 'ſhould have done with great reluctance, as the day was 'remarkably favourable, and exhibited every ſcene to the 'greateſt advantage.—Mr. CLEMENT aſſured us, if we 'proceeded a little way, we ſhould find a reſting place, 'where the ſecond defaulter of our party might recover 'the effects of his journey. After labouring another 'half hour, we gained the margin of an immenſe cavity, 'in the ſide of the mountain, the bottom of which formed 'a wide baſon, and was filled with water, that from our 'ſtation looked black, though ſmooth as glaſs, covering 'the ſpace of ſeveral acres.† It is ſaid to be ſo deep,

† "Some viſitors, as well as Mr. GRAVES, have ſaid that the lake contains 35 acres: our correſpondent apprehends that it is not leſs than 20 acres in dimenſion."

'that the ſun never ſhines upon it, and that the reflection
'of the ſtars may be ſeen therein at noon-day; but that
'was a curioſity we did not enjoy. From our ſtation
'there was a gentle declivity to a ſmooth and verdant
'lawn, ſeveral yards in breadth, which was the ſituation
'our guide had promiſed us; and the deſcent thereto led us
'about half way to the lake: a like eaſy deſcent would
'have led us to the edge of the lake, round which there
'appeared a broad green walk; but our leader informing
'us of the danger of paſſing that ſlippery path, we did
'not proceed. We now contemplated the ſcene with
'*aweſtruck wonder*.—We ſtood directly facing the middle
'of the mountain, the form of which gives it the name of
'*Saddleback*: and to the lake a perpendicular rocky pre-
'cipice preſented itſelf, extending to the north-eaſt ſide
'of the mountain, called Foul-crag. To the right hand
'the ſteepneſs of the rocks gradually declined; above us,
'and on the left, they were ſtupendous and perpendicular;
'ſo that in one half of the circle the rocks were lofty and
'precipitous, whilſt in the other half they gradually de-
'creaſed. My fellow traveller would proceed no further;
'and, with my guide, I was left to explore the other parts
'of the mountain. Winding round, and keeping the
'cavity on our right, we attained the ridge or ſummit of
'the rock, where we found a paſſage three or four yards
'broad: on the right, the deſcent to the lake looked
'truly awful; whilſt the ſteep rocks on the other ſide
'were lofty, and not to be climbed by human ſteps.
'This paſſage, ſome hundred yards in length, may be
'compared to a bridge covered with graſs. Having
'reached the ſummit, we went to the point neareſt to
'Keſwick vale, and there enjoyed a moſt delightful
'proſpect; from thence we paſſed to the next point,
'being Foul-crag, with Skiddaw on the left; from

'whence we looked down into a dreadful abyſs, the 'bottom of which the eye could not penetrate: ſheep 'frequently periſh in this place, as the number of dead 'carcaſſes and ſkeletons evinced.—We walked back by 'the ſide next to the lake; but to look down from thence 'was ſo terrible, I could not endure it a moment. We 'perceived from thence, that my companion, whom we 'had laſt left, was laid upon the ground; I preſſed the 'guide to haſten to him, but he refuſed, alleging that a 'fog was riſing, and it would be very hazardous for me 'to explore my way alone down the mountain: in a 'ſhort time we were enveloped in a very denſe vapour, ſo 'that we were obliged to keep near to each other; the 'ſudden change was almoſt incredible. It was with 'difficulty my guide regained the paſſage, or dry bridge, 'which we miſſed on ſeveral attempts; and one incau-'tious ſtep would have plunged us in the horrid abyſs. 'The fog ſoon afterwards diſperſed, as precipitately as it 'came on, and left us again under a ſerene ſky. We 'paſſed to the foot of Foul-crag, to view its wonderful 'precipices from their baſe; and again ſafely reached 'Mr. CLEMENT's houſe, after a laborious travel of four 'hours.

'On the ſide of the mountain we found ſeveral large 'plots of the *Lycopodium Clavatum*, or club-moſs; the 'creeping branches of which were cloſely matted and 'interwoven, and formed a carpet that ſeemed to ſurpaſs 'the workmanſhip of the fineſt artiſts.'"

Nothing very intereſting is obſerved, till, paſſing the village of Threlkeld, the beautiful vale of St. John opens obliquely to the view. Here a curious caſtle-like rock preſents itſelf, which has been deſervedly admired, and deſcribed by ſeveral touriſts. Mr. HUTCHINSON ſpeaks of it thus (Excurſion to the Lakes, page 121):

—" We now gained a view of the vale of St. John's, a very narrow dell, hemmed in by mountains, through which a ſmall brook makes many meanderings, waſhing little incloſures of graſs ground, which ſtretch up the riſings of the hills. In the wideſt part of the dale you are ſtruck with the appearance of an ancient ruined caſtle, which ſeems to ſtand upon the ſummit of a little mount, the mountains around forming an amphitheatre. This maſſive bulwark ſhews a front of various towers, and makes an awful, rude, and Gothic appearance, with its lofty turrets and ragged battlements;—we traced the galleries, the bending arches, the buttreſſes. The greateſt antiquity ſtands characterized in its architecture; the inhabitants near it aſſert it is an antediluvian ſtructure.

" The traveller's curioſity is rouſed, and he prepares to make a nearer approach, when that curioſity is put upon the rack, by his being aſſured that, if he advances, certain genii who govern the place, by virtue of their ſupernatural arts and necromancy, will ſtrip it of all its beauties, and by inchantment transform the magic walls. The vale ſeems adapted for the habitation of ſuch beings;—its gloomy receſſes and retirements look like haunts of evil ſpirits. There was no deluſion in the report; we were ſoon convinced of its truth;—for this piece of antiquity, ſo venerable and noble in its aſpect, as we drew near, changed its figure, and proved no other than a ſhaken maſſive pile of rocks, which ſtand in the midſt of this little vale, diſunited from the adjoining mountains, and have ſo much the real form and reſemblance of a caſtle, that they bear the name of *The Caſtle Rocks of St. John's.*

" The deluſion afforded us matter of laughter, till we deſcended towards the vale of Keſwick."

The ſame learned author alſo mentions a remarkable

thunder ſtorm which took place there in Auguſt 1749 (page 122):—"On 22d of Auguſt, 1749, by impetuous rains, a remarkable flood happened in the vale of St. John's:—the clouds diſcharged their torrents like a water-ſpout;—the ſtreams from the mountains uniting, at length became ſo powerful a body, as to rend up the ſoil, gravel, and ſtones to a prodigious depth, and bear with them mighty fragments of rocks;—ſeveral cottages were ſwept away from the declivities where they had ſtood in ſafety for a century; the vale was deluged, and many of the inhabitants with their cattle were loſt.—A ſingular providence protected many lives:—a little ſchool, where all the youths of the neighbourhood were educated, at the inſtant crowded with its flock, ſtood in the very line of one of theſe torrents;—but the hand of God, in a miraculous manner, ſtayed a rolling rock, in the midſt of its dreadful courſe, which would have cruſhed the whole tenement with its innocents; and, by its ſtand, the floods divided, and paſſed on this hand and on that, inſulating the ſchool-houſe, and leaving the pupils, with their maſter, trembling, at once, for the dangers eſcaped, and as ſpectators of the horrid havock in the valley, and the tremendous floods which encompaſſed them on every ſide.—I received this account on my journey from one of the people then at ſchool; but ſince that have met with the following deſcription of that inundation:—'It began 'with moſt terrible thunder and inceſſant lightning, the 'preceding day having been extremely hot and ſultry; 'the inhabitants, for two hours before the breaking of 'the cloud, heard a ſtrange noiſe, like the wind blowing 'in the tops of high trees. It is thought to have been a 'ſpout or large body of water, which, by the lightning 'inceſſantly rarefying the air, broke at once on the 'tops of the mountains, and deſcended upon the valley

'below, which is about three miles long, half a mile 'broad, and lies nearly eaſt and weſt, being cloſed on 'the ſouth and north ſides with prodigious high, ſteep, 'and rocky mountains.—Legbert Fells, on the north 'ſide, received almoſt the whole cataract, for the 'ſpout did not extend above a mile in length: it chiefly 'ſwelled four ſmall brooks; but to ſo amazing a de-'gree, that the largeſt of them, called *Catcheety Gill*, 'ſwept away a mill and other edifices in five minutes, 'leaving the place where they ſtood covered with frag-'ments of rocks and rubbiſh three or four yards deep, 'inſomuch that one of the millſtones could not be found. 'During the violence of the ſtorm, the fragments of 'rocks which rolled down the mountain choaked up the 'old courſe of this brook; but the water forcing its way 'through a ſhivery rock, formed a chaſm four yards 'wide, and about eight or nine deep.—The brooks lodged 'ſuch quantities of gravel and ſand on the meadows, 'that they were irrecoverably loſt.—Many large pieces 'of rocks were carried a conſiderable way into the fields; 'ſome larger than a team of ten horſes could move, and 'one of them meaſuring nineteen yards about.' "

About a mile and a half from Keſwick a druidical temple is ſituated, in a field on the left, adjoining the road. This remarkable piece of antiquity conſiſts of a rude circle of large ſtones, ſome ſtanding upright, ſome fallen down, and others leaning obliquely. The ſtones are in a natural and unhewn ſtate, moſt of them a ſpecies of granite, and are 50 in number. The diameter of the circle, or oval, is 30 paces by 32.—At the eaſtern end, a ſmall incloſure is formed within the circle by 10 ſtones, making an oblong ſquare, in conjunction with the ſtones of that ſide of the circle, ſeven paces in length and three in width, within, where, it is conjectured, the altar was

erected.—Not far from hence, we gain a view of the enchanting vale of Keſwick, widely extended between the lakes of Derwent and Baſſenthwaite, a ſmall portion of each being now in ſight. The former appears much diſtended, and beautifully ſpotted with iſlands; while the latter has yet only the ſemblance of a large river. This ſcene is greatly heightened by a back ground of Alpine mountains, thrown into the rudeſt order imaginable.—The road from hence deſcends rapidly to the town of Keſwick, leaving the beautifully ſmooth and verdant mountain Latrigg on the right, above which lofty Skiddaw lifts his brows in ſullen and majeſtic grandeur.

KESWICK is a ſmall but neat and pleaſant market-town, and, in general, well built; with ſome good inns for the accommodation of travellers; and a weekly market on Saturdays, chiefly for woollen yarn (ſpun in the adjacent dales), a variety of fiſh from the lakes, and the fineſt mutton in the kingdom.—A cotton factory has lately been eſtabliſhed here; and coarſe woollen goods, kerſeys, and ſome linen, are alſo manufactured.—The town is pleaſantly ſituated on the eaſtern ſide of an extenſive and fertile vale, near the lower end of Derwent lake; and, from its central ſituation, is much frequented by ſtrangers, on their tour to the lakes and other curioſities in this neighbourhood.—The diſtant proſpect of the beauties of Keſwick muſt naturally excite the curioſity of every traveller, and render them impatient to take a nearer view of thoſe romantic ſcenes around the matchleſs lake of

DERWENT-WATER,

which is about three miles long, and a mile and a half over in the broadeſt part, forming an irregular figure.—

Gudder Scale
Swinside
Low Door
Water end
Ullock
Ashness
Portingscale
Crow Park
KESWICK
Crofsthwaite
Lissick
West ward
Red Pike
Melbreak
Buttermire
Wood Ho
Chap
High Ho
Buttermere Hose
Parks
HELVELLIN
Oak
Fisher Place
Threspal
Dale head
Brow
Waterhead
Stanwick
Wasthead
Armbath
Dakerend

LAKES in CU

Hall
Riggs
Routen Beck
Crag
Brathahill
Ouse Bridge
Peat Wick
Woodhouse
Chap
BASSENTHWAITE WATER
Derwent River
Church
Little Crosthwaite
Bowness
Braidness
Scarness
Long Close
Mire house
Armathwaite
North Row
High Nook
Watergate
Mill hill
Castle
Thrush Bank
Cross
Church
Foul sike
Godfred
Gill
Whins
Hollins
Bouderdale
Wasdale Head
Vester Field
DEVOCK LAKE
Woodend
SCREES

CUMBERLAND.

Its beauties may be ſeen to advantage either by ſailing on its boſom, or traverſing its borders; there being an excellent road on each ſide, which, in ſome parts, is conſiderably elevated, and in others nearly on a level with the ſurface of the water.

Firſt walk to Crow-park, a gentle eminence, once a grove of oaks, but now a beautiful paſture, ſwelling gently from the adjacent grounds. From the ſummit of this hill, which is ſcarcely 200 yards from the town of Keſwick, and adjoining the lake, we have one of the fineſt views of this delightful vale. Before us a beautiful ſheet of water, as tranſparent as cryſtal, diſtends its ſides to a great width: its boſom is variegated with wooded iſlands, and the whole guarded with legions of mountains rearing their heads to the ſkies, and hovering over the lake in the moſt groteſque figures. Turning to the left, towards the head of the lake, we look full into the frightful jaws of Borrowdale; and on the right, majeſtic Skiddaw, with ſmoother ſides, is ſeen arreſting every cloud that paſſes.

Near this place is Cockſhut-hill, which, till lately, was a celebrated ſtation for a general view, and from whence the lake appeared to great advantage; but the young oaks and growing plantations have now almoſt ſhut up every proſpect.

Caſtle-hill, a woody rock of conſiderable elevation, at a little diſtance from thence, affords a complete view over the vale, including the lake, &c. Every bay, creek, and promontory, is delineated before us: the woods of Lord WILLIAM GORDON, Mr. POCKLINGTON, and others, on the oppoſite ſhore, riſe from the borders of the lake, and climb conſiderably up the ſides of the mountains.—The extenſive plain from hence to Baſſenthwaite water is ſpread out in full view, and the lake itſelf is ſeen winding towards the loweſt point of land in front.—A

great number of white houſes, ſweetly ſituated at the foot of the ſurrounding mountains, are ſeen on every ſide.—Lyſick, a neat houſe of Mr. FISHER's, ſtands like a white point at the very baſe of Skiddaw: Croſthwaite church appears prominently above the plain, with the vicarage a little to the right. The little town of Keſwick, with whitened walls and blue roofs, appears at our feet; and the ſmall intervening fields are as diſtinctly ſhewn as the beds in a garden; while the cattle feeding therein ſeem quite diminutive.—POCKLINGTON's Iſland, juſt before us, emerges from the water in a ſpheroidical form; near its centre is a modern-built dwelling-houſe, from which the ſmooth ſurface of the ground, clad in richeſt verdure, ſlopes regularly on every ſide to the pebbly-bottomed lake. Clumps of trees in different parts ornament the iſland; and on the the eaſtern ſide, a little tower and fort, provided with cannon, ſeem to defend it from the invaſion of the obtruſive ſtranger. According to the modern taſte, too much formalty ſeems to have been employed in beautifying this enviable ſituation: the houſe has been regularly planted on the ſummit, and ſhews ſomewhat the appearance of a light-houſe.—Lord's Iſland, a beautiful retirement, a little to the left, near the ſhore, is covered with wood: it was formerly a ſeat of the Earls of DERWENTWATER; the ground work and ruins of which ſtill appear.—St. Herbert's Iſland is ſeen towards the middle, in form like a large boat ſteering obliquely acroſs the lake. This iſland is alſo wholly covered with various ſorts of trees.—Ramps-holm, a ſtill ſmaller iſland, and without wood, appears likewiſe in nearly the ſame point of view.

The proſpect from this elevated rock gives a good general view of the beauties of the lake, though perhaps lower ſtations may afford more pleaſing landſcapes of particular parts.

Returning to the road, we purſue it along the eaſtern ſhores, keeping almoſt on a level with the water, and winding through pleaſing fields, and thick groves of trees. The rocky mountains on the left now begin to riſe in awful grandeur; and, though nearly perpendicular, are generally covered on their fronts with trees and ſhrubs growing from the crevices in the moſt pictureſque manner.—Wallow-crag, an enormous rock of aſtoniſhing height, thruſts forward his maſſy head frightfully over the lake.—After paſſing a little wood, we enter a ſmall rocky common: juſt without the gate, on the left, there is a ſort of knoll, with a collection of large fragments of rock pitched into the ground: from thence we look down upon the lake, and ſee the ſame objects in a new and very intereſting point of view. On the oppoſite ſide of the lake, a rural ſeat, or lodge, of Lord WILLIAM GORDON, called Water-end, appears on the very margin of the water, in a fine bay, as if emerging from the receſſes of a deep wood.

We continue to ſkirt the lake through another little wood, where the rocky cliffs, wooded to the top, and ſounding with the noiſe of falling rills, are juſt deſcried on the one hand, with partial views of the lake on the other.—Caſcade-houſe, the principal reſidence of Mr. POCKLINGTON, now appears by the ſide of the road, ſituated romantically under ſhaggy hills, with buildings in various antique figures adjoining. A ſmall caſcade plays from the rocky ſylvan ſkreen which almoſt half ſurrounds the houſe, and ſparkles over a pebbly bed to the lake. The wild beauty of the ſcenery increaſes as we proceed, though viewed with a ſort of pleaſing horror: huge fragments of rocks, that have been occaſionally tumbling from the impending mountains, lie ſcattered in

various positions on each hand, and others apparently hanging loose, ready to precipitate themselves upon the unwary traveller below.—The celebrated waterfall of Lodore, rushing from a rock of great height, now presents itself. The mountain here forms a rude curve, inclining towards the road; its sides are rugged beyond description, displaying rocks, trees, and shrubs, in the most fantastic shapes, and its top ragged and broken. This stupendous cataract first appears issuing through an incisure of the scalloped ridge before us, and tumbles over a collection of enormous projecting crags, which oppose its fall, concealed by the stretching arms of trees on each side. After heavy rains, the noise and violence of this waterfall are truly grand and astonishing; but in dry seasons there is only an inconsiderable stream, when its grandeur is lost. An opening in the grove, directly above the mill, is the most convenient station for viewing this cataract to advantage.

As we proceed from hence, past the inn at Lodore, the scenery becomes more wild, the lake almost discontinued, and we perceive the river Derwent, the principal feeder of that large body of water, serpentising thereto through low, swampy meadows.—We approach the village of Grange, romantically situated at the foot of Castle-crag, which stands in the gorge of Borrowdale: the rocky hills close, and, with angry looks, seem to dispute all further progress. But, notwithstanding the threatening aspects of these awful barriers, we find a narrow zigzag passage among the tremendous rocks, now assuming a countenance which strikes the astonished stranger with surprise. The verdure of grass, and foliage of trees, now give way to the terrific glare of naked rocks, which overspread the surface with horrid grandeur, and burst out in various huge distorted figures, as if, in this corner of

the univerſe, old Nature had depoſited her rubbiſh during the formation of ſome happier diſtrict.

This narrow winding valley, ſo juſtly termed the Straits of Borrowdale, and replete with hideous grandeur, is waſhed by the Derwent, which hurries in its romantic courſe, from rock to rock, often in very acute angles. In one of the receſſes formed in this vale is that wonderful ſtone, or fragment of rock, called *Bowder-ſtone:* this maſſy body, which is a little mountain of itſelf, has in ſome former age, probably by ſome great convulſion of Nature, been detached from the rock above. Its ſhape bears ſome reſemblance to that of a large ſhip lying upon its keel, or of a houſe reſting upon its roof. That it ſhould ſtop in this poſition, after the violence of its motion in its deſcent from the mountain, is ſurpriſing; and to place it in its preſent poſture, or even to move it by any power of art, ſeems utterly impoſſible. The road winds about the eaſtern ſide of this ſtone, towards which it projects 10 or 12 feet over its baſe, forming a good ſhelter for ſheep and cattle; and the proprietor of the ground adjoining, taking advantage of this circumſtance, has walled in the other ſide for a ſheepfold. On its top, a little earth affords nouriſhment to a quantity of heath, and one or two ſmall trees. It is aſcended without much difficulty; but to return is attended with conſiderable danger.

Caſtle-crag, a ſomewhat detached mountain of rock, the ſides of which are adorned with various ſorts of trees and ſhrubs hanging from the fiſſures, ſtands nearly oppoſite, on the right, in the very paſs of Borrowdale. The view from its top will amply repay the labour of climbing thereto, which may be done up the narrow paths cut in the ſide of the hill for carrying down the ſlate quarried on its top. From hence the lake and vale of

Keſwick are ſpread out before us in the moſt picturesque manner: the village of Grange ſtands romantically below us, at the foot of the rock, beyond which every bend of the river, as it ſerpentiſes through a range of marſhy meadows to the lake, may be diſtinctly traced: the ſides of the lake ſeem diſtended, and its length contracted; while the little iſlands, like ſo many gems, decorate its boſom in a beautiful manner. The ſtrip of low ground along the line of ſhore on each ſide is nearly loſt in the vaſtneſs of its circumſcribing neighbours; thoſe ſurly guardians, with all their beautiful accompaniments of projecting rocks, and hanging woods coloured in various tints, drop down almoſt perpendicularly to the lake, and form a barrier infinitely more ſtrong and grand than the famous Wall of China. At the lower end of the lake, the cultivated vale, interſperſed with villages, ſeats, farm houſes, cottages, and the church of Croſthwaite almoſt in the centre, forms an intereſting part of the picture; beyond which, Skiddaw, with a mild countenance, riſes majeſtically to the ſkies, ſmiling over his more ſavage neighbours, and forming an excellent back-ground to the whole.

Turning to the other hand, the ſcene becomes ſublimely terrible, the rocky mountains ſtrangely interſect each other, and are huddled together in the moſt extraordinary arrangement, as if juſt emerging from, or returning to the wildeſt chaos: rock riots over rock, and mountain triumhps over mountain. Among the numerous crags of immenſe height and magnitude, many of which are nameleſs to all except a few ſhepherds, is Eagle-crag, ſo called from the bird of Jove having his annual neſt thereon. Theſe neſts are generally plundered by the neighbouring ſhepherds, who, taking advantage of the abſence of the parent birds, let down one of their companions from the

ſummit of this dreadful rock to the neſt, about twenty fathoms, by means of a rope. The carnage made among the lambs by theſe birds of prey, during the breeding ſeaſon, is conſiderable, viz. about a lamb a day: conſequently we need not wonder that the ſhepherds venture ſo far to effect the deſtruction of the young eagles.

Before we leave the ſummit of Caſtle-crag, we muſt notice the remains of a fort, which, from ſome articles found thereon, appears to have been of Roman origin; erected, perhaps, to guard the paſs, or, more probably, to ſecure the treaſure contained in the boſom of theſe mountains. The Saxons, and, after them, the monks of Furneſs, are ſaid to have maintained this fort for the ſame purpoſe; and as all Borrowdale belonged to that religious body, they are ſuppoſed to have laid up, at Grange, near the foot of this mountain, their grain, their tithe, and alſo their ſalt, made at a ſalt ſpring in the neighbourhood.—The dimenſions of the caſtellum are about 70 yards by 40.—If the viſitor is already ſatisfied with the rugged ſcenes of nature, and his curioſity prompts him not to proceed further into the vale of Borrowdale, let him deſcend to the village of Grange, and return down the contrary ſide of the lake, through the woods of Lord WILLIAM GORDON.—Oppoſite to the head of the lake, a ſtation, on a woody rock near the road, ſhews its beauty and grandeur in a new and ſurpriſing point of view. Not far from this, we enter upon an excellent new road, made by Lord WILLIAM GORDON, and juſt finiſhed: it is eaſy, ſmooth, and perfectly ſafe, and, from its elevation, commands a complete view of the lake and its various accompaniments.—We firſt wind through a wood to a naked rocky mountain, along the ſide of which the road aſcends gently and regularly to the upper corner of Brandelow-park, with an open view to the

lake. Here we find ourſelves among lead-mines, which, however, are not at preſent very productive. The road, after running parallel to the upper wall of Brandelow-park to another open diſtrict, proceeds on a level for a conſiderable diſtance along the verdant breaſt of a high and ſteep mountain, winding into the dells, and around ſome gentle protuberances, with a pleaſing variety of proſpects. Here nothing obſtructs our view of the various beauties of the ſcene. Above us, the mountain, on whoſe ſkirts we are now treading, riſes abruptly into the cloudy regions, the very ſummit of which is ſpotted with a hardy breed of ſheep, that ſupport themſelves thereon. On the oppoſite ſide of the lake the white foam of Lodore cataract is diſtinctly ſeen, together with Lodore-houſe, the little white inn, and other prominent objects, as if ſtuck to the baſe of the mountain; but the beauty of the ſeveral parts is deſtroyed by the diſtance. On one hand we have Brandelow-park, and on the other Foe-park, with Water-end, the little romantic ſeat of Lord WILLIAM GORDON, peeping from the wood, at our feet, opening to the wideſt part of the lake, at the extremity of a fine bay, which waſhes its very walls.—With an eaſy deſcent we enter the vale of Newlands, which opens into that of Keſwick; and, winding round Foe-park, we approach the foot of Swinſide, a little green-ſided mountain which interſects the vale. Aſcend this hill, and from its ſide there is a full view of Baſſenthwaite and Derwent lakes, with their indented ſhores, monſtrous ſide ſkreens, and all the intervening vale. If this place is viſited in the evening, when the departing rays of the ſetting ſun tinge the tops of the mountains, the proſpect is doubly intereſting. After enjoying this ſcene, return to the road, which leads paſt one of Mr. POCKLINGTON's houſes to the village of Portinſcale, and, croſſing the river Derwent, we

travel about two miles obliquely acroſs an extenſive level vale to Keſwick.

Should this laſt route, however, be reſerved for ſome future excurſion, and the viſitor wiſh to explore the very fartheſt receſſes of theſe mountainous regions, let him proceed from Caſtle-crag up the chaſm of Borrowdale, which ſoon becomes ſo wide as to admit a ſtrip of cultivated ground; while many of the rocky fronts of the hills are ſoftened with hanging woods. The village of Roſthwaite is ſeated in a moſt ſecluded corner; and, a little beyond, we reach Borrowdale chapel, where the vale divides to the right and left, with a narrow road up each valley: that on the left leads to Hawkſhead and Ambleſide, over a high mountain, called Stake.—This Alpine paſs is one of the wildeſt imaginable for about eight miles; but in ſeaſonable ſummer weather it affords much amuſement. The dale ſoon becomes ſo narrow as to exclude entirely all cultivation; the ſkirts of the mountains are clad in verdure, with pleaſing ſylvan ſcenes from the chapel to the Stake. A ſerpentine path then winds up the mountain, with a variety of cataracts in view, and afterwards deſcends in the ſame zigzag manner into the vale of Langdale, accompanied by a ſucceſſion of ſounding waterfalls.—Langdale Pike, an inacceſſible pyramidal rock, and other pointed eminences, here preſent themſelves.—Paveyark is a hanging rock, ſaid to be 600 feet in height, in whoſe boſom is a large baſon of water, called Stickle tarn, which empties itſelf in a cataract at Mill-beck.—A little lower down, a dreadful yawning chaſm opens to the centre of Whitegill-crag.—After paſſing Langdale chapel, the vale becomes more pleaſing, with a good road to Hawkſhead, or Ambleſide, by Scalewith-bridge.

The road from Borrowdale chapel, on the right,

leads over Styhead to Waſtdale, Waſtwater-lake, Ravenglaſs, &c. In this route, we ſoon come oppoſite the famous wad, or black-lead mine, which is ſeen opening about half way up the mountain on the right: below the mouth of the mine, the brown earth thrown out in the workings ſtreams down the hill, and ſhews the ſituation of this ſingular mineral.—The vale now becomes more contracted, bleak, naked, and leſs pleaſing: it is waſhed by a principal branch of the Derwent, which here marks its courſe with deſolation occaſioned by the torrents, poured down in rainy ſeaſons, carrying away hedges, roads, and every thing that obſtructs its paſſage.—Here we paſs the little village of Seathwaite, deeply intrenched in mountains, and on which, it is ſaid, the ſun never ſhines in the depth of Winter; conſequently, when his rays gild the chimney tops at noon day, it is a welcome ſignal of the approach of cheerful Spring. The laſt veſtiges of human induſtry now diſappear, and we ſee the termination of the vale cloſed in by a mountain running acroſs, down the ſides of which the Derwent pours in a long, ſteep, and roaring cataract. A dim ſhepherd's track conducts the traveller up this mountain with a painful and difficult aſcent. As we mount the hill, the Derwent tumbles down on the right; and reaching the top, we again meet it in a more calm and peaceful mood. After travelling a little further, we reach a ſmall lake, called Sparkling tarn, which is one principal ſource of the river Derwent. We afterwards meet with a ſmall brook running in a contrary direction; following the courſe of which, we ſoon gain a view into Waſtdale, which forms a remarkable contraſt with the vale we have juſt left. The mountains on each ſide riſe to an immenſe height, and almoſt meet at their baſes: ſome of them lean their rocky heads towards each other from the op-

poſite ſides of the vale, as if wiſhing to embrace; while others riſe perpendicularly, with their ſides covered with looſe ſtones, which ſhiver down in long ſtreamers of different colours, ſomewhat reſembling, in appearance, the Aurora Borealis. The vale appears a moſt delightful receſs, but, from hence, ſeems ſunk much below the common level of the earth. The road now deſcends, ſometimes over rocks, ſo rapidly, that it is travelled on, not only with difficulty, but with danger, and continues uneven till we reach the pleaſing, unfrequented vale of Waſtdale, where every thing is rural, and every ſcene in the true ſtyle of paſtoral beauty and ſimplicity.—The road here becomes good, running along the north ſide of the lake, which is about three miles in length, and three quarters of a mile in breadth in the wideſt part. The Screes, a very high ridge of mountains, runs along the ſouthern ſhore, and the looſe rocks on its ſides are in an almoſt conſtant motion, ſhivering down into the water. On the north, a ſmall tract of cultivated country intervenes between the lake and the mountains, divided into ſmall farms.—Upon the whole, the lake and vale of Waſtdale, with their encircling mountains, though perhaps not reckoned among the moſt pictureſque, preſent an appearance very different to thoſe already deſcribed. About the north end of this valley the mountains begin to lower, and afterwards diminiſh by degrees, till they terminate in an open country towards Ravenglaſs and the coaſts of the Iriſh Sea.

As travellers, in general, in their tour to the lakes, ſeldom proceed farther in this track than the black-lead mines in Borrowdale, we will return back from thence to Keſwick; not, however, by the ſame road we have already traced, but, for the ſake of variety, aſcend from Roſthwaite, over an Alpine paſs, into the vale of Waten-

lath, which is thus accurately deſcribed by the elegant pen of Mr. GILPIN:—

"Watenlath is that tract of mountainous country (itſelf ſurrounded by mountains ſtill higher) which, coming boldly forward, breaks down abruptly from the ſouth, upon the vale of Keſwick. The ſtream which forms the fall of Lodore adorns firſt the ſcenes of Watenlath.

"Which way to Watenlath?" ſaid one of our company to a peaſant, as we left the vale of Borrowdale. "That way," ſaid he, pointing up a lofty mountain, ſteeper than the tiling of a houſe.

"To thoſe who are accuſtomed to mountains, theſe perpendicular motions may be amuſing; but to us, whoſe ideas were leſs elevated, they ſeemed rather peculiar. And yet there is ſomething unmanly in conceiving a difficulty in traverſing a path, which we were told the women of the country would aſcend on horſeback, with their panniers of eggs and butter, and return in the night. To move upwards, keeping a ſteady eye on the objects before us, was no great exerciſe to the brain; but it rather gave it a rotation to look back on what was paſt—and to ſee our companions below *clinging*, as it appeared, to the mountain's ſide; and the riſing breaſts and bellies of their horſes ſtraining up a path ſo ſteep, that it ſeemed as if the leaſt falſe ſtep would have carried them rolling many hundred yards to the bottom.

"We had another apprehenſion—that of miſtaking our way. If a miſt had ſuddenly overſpread the mountain, which is a very common incident, we might have wandered all night; for we had not the precaution to to take a guide. The queſtion we aſked of the peaſant, at the bottom of the mountain, "Which *way* to Watenlath?" we found was a very improper one. We ſhould have aſked, in what *direction* we were to ſeek it? For

way there was none, except here and there a blind path, which being itſelf often bewildered, of courſe ſerved only to bewilder us. The inhabitants pay little attention to *paths:* they ſteer along theſe wilds by *land-marks* which to us were unknown.

"At length, however, after a painful perpendicular march of near two miles, and many a breathing pauſe, which our horſes required, we gained the top. Here we expected at leaſt to be rewarded by an amuſing proſpect over the neighbouring country. But in this too we were diſappointed. We found ourſelves in the midſt of a bog, with ſtill higher grounds around us; ſo that, after all our toil, we had a view only of a vile circumſcribed waſte.

"It was our buſineſs now to get out of this unpleaſant ſcene as ſoon as we could, which was a matter of no great difficulty. An eaſy and ſhort deſcent, on the other ſide of the mountain, brought us quickly to Watenlath. Here our labours were amply rewarded. We fell into a piece of ſcenery, which, for beauty and grandeur, was equal, if not ſuperior, to any thing we had yet ſeen.

"The firſt object we found was a ſmall lake, about two miles in circumference, through which flows the Lodore, and, after a courſe of three miles farther, forms that noble caſcade, which we had ſeen in the morning at the head of the Derwent-water.

"The accompaniments of this river, from the lake of Watenlath to its fall, make the ſcenery of which we came hither in queſt.

"It is a valley ſo contracted, that it affords room for little more than the river, and a path at the bottom; while the mountains, on each ſide, are ſo perpendicular, that their ſummits are ſcarce more aſunder than their baſes. It was a new idea. Many mountains we had ſeen hanging over the ſides of valleys; but to be immured for

a ſpace of almoſt three miles, within a chaſm of rifted rocks (for that was in fact the idea preſented by the ſcene before us), was a novel circumſtance, though we had now been two or three days the inhabitants of mountains.

"The form of this valley was very different from the valley of Borrowdale. The one led us through a winding route: the other is nearly a viſta. Each hath its mode of grandeur. The valley of Borrowdale has more variety; but this is certainly the more majeſtic ſcene. The whole is only one vaſt effort. In point of immenſity indeed it yields to the viſta at the entrance into Cumberland. It is not ſo vaſt a *whole*; but being contracted within a ſmaller compaſs, we examine its limits with more eaſe: and with regard to the grandeur and variety of the ſeveral *objects*, it loſes nothing. As we ſtood *under* the beetling cliffs on each ſide, they were too near for inſpection: their harſh features wanted ſoftening: but we had noble views of them all in order, both in *proſpect* and *retroſpect*. Not only the deſign and compoſition, but the very ſtrokes of Nature's pencil might be traced through the whole ſcene; every fractured rock, and every hanging ſhrub, which adorned it, was brought within the compaſs of the eye: each touch ſo careleſs, and yet ſo determined: ſo wildly irregular; and yet all conducing to one whole.

"When we arrived at the cloſe of the valley, the grandeur of the ſcene increaſed. It opened into an amphitheatre, the area of which, like the valley that led to it, was contracted; ſcarce containing the circumference of a mile: but the mountains which environed it were grand and beautiful.

"In moſt of the ſcenes we had paſſed, we were obliged to look for contraſt in the different modes of deſolation: but here barrenneſs was contraſted with all the tints of vegetation. The mountains in front, and

on the left, were covered with wood, which mantled from the top to the bottom. Thoſe on the right were barren; yet broken ſo variouſly, as even in themſelves to make a contraſt. We admire the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre: but what are the moſt magnificent of the works of art compared with ſuch an amphitheatre as this? Were the Coloſſeum itſelf brought hither, and placed within this area, the grandeur of the idea would be loſt; and the ruin, magnificent as it is, would dwindle into the *ornament of a ſcene.*

"At the entrance of the amphitheatre, another bright mountain-torrent joins the Lodore from the eaſt, and forms it into a more conſiderable ſtream. With increaſed velocity (the ground growing every ſtep more declivous), it now pours along with great rapidity; and throwing itſelf into the thickeſt of the woods, which cloſe the ſcene, diſappears. The imagination purſues its progreſs. Its roar is heard through the woods; and it is plain from the ſound, that it ſuffers ſome great convulſion. But all is cloſe; impervious rocks and thickets intervene, and totally exclude the ſight.

"We indeed had been behind the curtain, and knew we were at that inſtant upon the ſummit of the fall of Lodore: but the imagination of a ſtranger would be held in ſtimulating ſuſpenſe. The grandeur of the ſound would proclaim the dignity of the fall; and his eye would wiſh to participate of what his ear alone could inadequately judge.

"Though we had ſeen the fall of Lodore from the bottom, we had a curioſity to ſee how it appeared from the top; and, diſmounting, we contrived, by winding round the thickets, and clinging to the projections of the rocks, to get a dangerous peep down the abyſs. There was nothing picturesque in the view, but ſomething

immenſely grand. We ſtood now above thoſe two cheeks of the chaſm, through which the water forced its way; and which in the morning, when ſeen from the bottom, appeared towering to a great height, and were the moſt intereſting parts of the view. But, amidſt the greatneſs of the objects, which now ſurrounded them, they were totally loſt; appearing leſs than warts upon thoſe vaſt limbs of nature, to which they adhered.

"In our paſſage through the valley of Watenlath, we met with many fragments of rocks, in which the ſeveral component ſtrata were very ſtrongly marked.—In ſome they could not have been more regularly formed by a rule and chiſſel: and in a few (whoſe ſofter luminæ the weather had decayed), as perfect cornices remained, as art could have produced."

Sailing round the lake has been generally thought the beſt means of ſeeing its beauties and accompaniments: ſome, however, are of a contrary opinion, though each mode has its peculiar advantages.—Embark oppoſite to POCKLINGTON's Iſland, which, with the other iſlands, viſit in ſucceſſion.—POCKLINGTON's Iſland, containing about five or ſix acres, has lately undergone much alteration, at a great expence, and is certainly a moſt beautiful ſpot: but, as before obſerved, its ornaments are, by many, thought too glaring.—Mr. POCKLINGTON lately ſold this iſland to a gentleman in the ſouth of England.—Here was held annually, from 1781 to 1791, that ſpecies of amuſement called a *Regatta*. One, which took place on the 6th of September, 1782, was thus deſcribed in the Cumberland Pacquet, a weekly paper publiſhed at Whitehaven:—

"At eight o'clock in the morning, a vaſt concourſe of ladies and gentlemen appeared on the ſide of the Derwent lake, where a number of marquees, extending

about 400 yards, were erected for their accommodation. At twelve, ſuch of the company as were invited by Mr. POCKLINGTON, paſſed over in boats to the iſland which bears his name; and, on their landing, were ſaluted by a diſcharge of his artillery. This might properly be called the opening of the Regatta; for, as ſoon as the echo of this diſcharge had ceaſed, a ſignal gun was fired, and five boats, which lay upon their oars (on that part of the water which runs neareſt the town of Keſwick), inſtantly puſhed off the ſhore, and began the race.

"A view from any of the attendants' boats (of which there were ſeveral) preſented a ſcene which beggars all deſcription. The ſides of the hoary mountains were clad with ſpectators, and the glaſſy ſurface of the lake was variegated with a number of pleaſure barges; which, tricked out in all the gayeſt colours, and glittering in the rays of a meridian ſun, gave a new appearance to the celebrated beauties of this matchleſs vale.

"The contending boats paſſed POCKLINGTON's Iſland, and, rounding St. HERBERT's and Ramps-holm, edged down by the outſide of Lord's Iſland, deſcribing in the race almoſt a perfect circle, and, during the greateſt part of, in full view of the company.

"About three o'clock, preparations were made for the ſham-attack on POCKLINGTON's Iſland. The fleet (conſiſting of ſeveral barges, armed with ſmall cannon and muſquets) retired out of view, behind Friar-crag, to prepare for action; previous to which, a flag of truce was ſent to the Governor, with a ſummons to ſurrender upon honourable terms. A defiance was returned; ſoon after which, the fleet was ſeen advancing, with great ſpirit before the batteries, and inſtantly forming into a curved line, a terrible cannonade began on both ſides, accompanied with a dreadful diſcharge of muſquetry.

This continued for ſome time, and being echoed from hill to hill, in an amazing variety of ſounds, filled the ear with whatever could produce aſtoniſhment and awe. All nature ſeemed to be in an uproar, which impreſſed on the awakened imagination the moſt lively ideas of the "war of elements," and "cruſh of worlds."

"After a ſevere conflict, the enemies were driven from the attack, in great diſorder. A *feu-de-joye* was then fired in the fort, and oft repeated by the reſponſive echoes. The fleet, after a little delay, formed again, and, practiſing a great variety of beautiful manœuvres, renewed the attack. Uproar again ſprang up, and the deep-toned echoes of the mountains again joined in the ſolemn chorus, which was heard to the diſtance of ten leagues to leeward, through the eaſtern opening of that vaſt amphitheatre, as far as Appleby.

"The garriſon at length capitulated, and the entertainments of the water being finiſhed (towards the evening), the company moved to Keſwick; to which place, from the water's edge, a range of lamps was fixed, very happily diſpoſed, and a number of fire-works were played off.

"An aſſembly room (which had been built for the purpoſe) next received the ladies and gentlemen, and a dance concluded this annual feſtivity;—a chain of amuſements which, we may venture to aſſert, no other place can poſſibly furniſh, and which wants only to be more univerſally known, to render it a place of more general reſort than any other in the kingdom.

"To thoſe whom nature's works alone can charm, this ſpot will, at all times, be viewed with rapture and aſtoniſhment; but no breaſt, however unſuſceptible of pleaſure, can be indifferent to that diſplay of every beauty which decks the ancient vale of Keſwick on a *Regatta-day*."

Latterly that ſort of diverſion has been diſcontinued, not being ſuited to the rural ſimplicity of theſe peaceful and ſequeſtered vales.

St. HERBERT's Iſland, the property of Sir WILFRID LAWSON, contains about four acres, planted with fir and other trees: its ſituation in the lake is more central.—A curious octagonical grotto, or cottage, built with unhewn ſtones, moſſed over, and thatched, is juſt finiſhed here: its ſite is near that of an ancient hut ſaid to have been occupied by St. HERBERT, the ruins of which are left untouched. From the veſtiges remaining, it ſeems to have been divided into two apartments, with a little garden adjoining. Reſpecting this religious recluſe, Mr. HUTCHINSON ſpeaks thus:—

"We landed at St. HERBERT's Iſland, which contains about four acres of land, now covered with young trees, famous for being the reſidence of St. HERBERT, a prieſt and confeſſor, who, to avoid the intercourſe of man, and that nothing might withdraw his attention from unceaſing mortification and prayer, choſe this iſland for his abode. The ſcene around him was well adapted to the ſeverity of his religious life—he was ſurrounded with the lake, from whence he received his diet. On every hand, the voice of waterfalls excited the moſt ſolemn ſtrains of meditation—rocks and mountains were his daily proſpect, inſpiring his mind with ideas of the might and majeſty of the Creator; and were ſuitable to his diſpoſition of ſoul. Silence ſeemed to take up her eternal abode. From the ſituation of this iſland, Nature hath given one half of the year to impetuous hurricanes and ſtorms.—Here this recluſe erected an hermitage, the remains of which appear to this day, being built of ſtone and mortar, formed into two apartments—the outward one, about twenty feet long and ſixteen feet broad, has

probably been his chapel; the other, of narrower dimensions, his cell.

"BEDE, in his History of the Church of England, writes thus of our Saint:—'There was a certain priest, 'revered for his uprightness and perfect life and manners, 'named HEREBERTE, who had a long time been in union 'with the man of God (St. CUTHBERT of Farm Isle) in 'the bond of spiritual love and friendship; for living a 'solitary life in the isle of that great and extended lake 'from whence proceeds the river of Derwent, he used to 'visit St. CUTHBERT every year, to receive from his 'lips the doctrine of eternal life. When this holy 'priest heard of St. CUTHBERT's coming to Luguballia, 'he came, after his usual manner, desiring to be com-'forted more and more with the hopes of everlasting 'bliss by his divine exhortations. As they sat together, 'and enjoyed the hopes of heaven, among other things, 'the Bishop said, "Remember, brother HEREBERTE, 'that whatsoever ye have to say and ask of me, you do it 'now, for after we depart hence, we shall not meet 'again, and see one another corporally in this world; 'for I know well the time of my dissolution is at hand, 'and the laying aside of this earthly tabernacle draweth 'on apace." When HEREBERTE heard this, he fell 'down at his feet, and, with many sighs and tears, be-'seeched him, for the love of the Lord, that he would 'not forsake him, but to remember his faithful brother 'and associate, and make intercession with the gracious 'God, that they might depart hence into heaven together, 'to behold his grace and glory whom they had in unity 'of spirit served on earth: for you know I have ever 'studied and laboured to live according to your pious and 'virtuous instructions; and in whatsoever I offended or 'omitted through ignorance and frailty, I straightway

'uſed my earneſt efforts to amend after your ghoſtly 'counſel, will, and judgment."—At this earneſt and 'affectionate requeſt of HEREBERTE's, the Biſhop went 'to prayer, and preſently being certified in ſpirit that his 'petition to heaven would be granted—" Ariſe," ſaid he, " my dear brother; weep not, but let your rejoicing be 'with exceeding gladneſs, for the great mercy of God 'hath granted unto us our prayer."—The truth of which 'promiſe and prophecy was well proved in that which 'enſued; for their ſeparation was the laſt that befel them 'on earth: on the ſame day, which was the 19th day of 'March, their ſouls departed from their bodies, and were 'ſtraight in union in the beatific ſight and viſion; and 'were tranſported hence to the kingdom of heaven by 'the ſervice and hands of angels.'

" It is probable the hermit's little oratory, or chapel, might be kept in repair after his death, as a particular veneration appears to have been paid by the religious of after ages to this retreat, and the memory of the Saint. —There is a variance in the accounts given by authors of the day of the Saint's death: BEDE ſays the 19th day of March; other authors on the 20th day of May, A. D. 687; and, by a record given in Biſhop APPLEBY's Regiſter, it ſhould appear that the 13th day of April was obſerved as the ſolemn anniverſary. But, however, in the year 1374, at the diſtance of almoſt ſeven centuries, we find this place reſorted to in holy ſervices and proceſſion, and the hermit's memory celebrated in religious offices."—Hiſt. of Cumb. vol. ii. p. 170.

Mr. GILPIN ſays—" If a painter were deſirous of ſtudying the whole circumference of the lake from one ſtation, St. HERBERT's Iſland is the ſpot he ſhould chuſe, from whence, as from a centre, he might ſee it in rotation. I have ſeen a ſet of drawings taken from this

iſland, which were hung round a circular room, and intended to give a general idea of the boundaries of the lake. But, as no repreſentation could be given of the lake itſelf, the idea was loſt, and the drawings made but an awkward appearance."

Mr. PENNANT, who navigated the lake, deſcribes the proſpects from thence as follows:—

"The views on every ſide are very different; here all the poſſible variety of Alpine ſcenery is exhibited, with the horror of precipice, broken crag, overhanging rock, or inſulated pyramidal hills, contraſted with others whoſe ſmooth and verdant ſides, ſwelling into immenſe ærial heights, at once pleaſe and ſurpriſe the eye.

"The two extremities of the lake afford moſt diſcordant proſpects: the ſouthern is a compoſition of all that is horrible; an immenſe chaſm opens, whoſe entrance is divided by a rude conic hill, once topt with a caſtle, the habitation of the tyrant of the rocks; beyond, a ſeries of broken mountainous crags, now patched with ſnow, ſoar one above the other, overſhadowing the dark winding deep of Borrowdale. In the receſſes are lodged variety of minerals, &c.

"But the oppoſite, or northern view, is in all reſpects a ſtrong and beautiful contraſt. Skiddaw ſhews its vaſt baſe, and, bounding all that part of the vale, riſes gently to a height that ſinks the neighbouring hills; opens a pleaſing front, ſmooth and verdant, ſmiling over the country like a gentle generous lord; while the fells of Borrowdale frown on it like a hardened tyrant.

"Each boundary of the lake ſeems to take part with the extremities, and emulates their appearance: the ſouthern varies in rocks of different forms, from the tremendous precipice of Lady's-leap, the broken front of Falcon's-neſt, to the more diſtant concave curvature of

Lodore, an extent of precipitous rock, with trees vegetating from their numerous fiſſures, and the foam of a cataract precipitating amidſt.

"The entrance into Borrowdale divides the ſcene, and the northern ſide alters into milder forms; a ſalt ſpring, once the property of the monks of Furneſs, trickles along the ſhore: hills (the reſort of ſhepherds), with downy fronts, and lofty ſummits, ſucceed, with wood clothing their baſes to the water's edge.

"Not far from hence the environs appear to the navigator of the lake to the greateſt advantage; for, on every ſide, mountains cloſe the proſpect, and form an amphitheatre almoſt matchleſs.

"The iſles that decorate this water are finely diſpoſed, and very diſtinct; riſe with gentle and regular curvatures above the ſurface; conſiſt of verdant turf, or are planted with various trees. The principal is Lord's Iſland, above five acres, where the RATCLIFF family had ſome time its reſidence; and, from this lake, took the title of DERWENTWATER.

"St. HERBERT's Iſle was noted for the reſidence of that Saint, the boſom friend of St. CUTHBERT, who wiſhed, and obtained his deſire of departing this life on the ſame day, hour, and minute, with that holy man.

"The water of Derwent-water is ſubject to violent agitations, and often without any apparent cauſe, as was the caſe this day; the weather was calm, yet the waves ran a great height, and the boat was toſſed violently with what is called a *bottom-wind*."

Beſides other proſpects from the boat, the ſurpriſing tranſparency of the water (in clear weather) renders the bottom of the lake viſible in almoſt every part, which is beautifully beſpangled with ſmooth pebbles, ſpar, &c.

and over which various ſorts of fiſh may be obſerved, in clear calm weather, gamboling and ſwimming to and fro.

Some writers recommend a voyage on the lake by moonlight on a ſtill evening, when the diſtant waterfalls will be heard playing in different notes; this, added to the reflecting light of the moon on the ſmooth ſurface of the water, the deep ſhades of the lowering mountains, and many other pleaſing objects, muſt certainly make ſuch an excurſion highly intereſting.

Mr. HUTCHINSON, in his Hiſtory of Cumberland, gives the following beautiful deſcription of his voyage by moonlight:—"We began our voyage ſoon after the moon was riſen, and had illumined the top of Skiddaw, but, from the intercepting mountains, had not (within the aſcent of an hour) reached the lake; we were ſurrounded with a ſolemn gloom; the ſtillneſs of the evening rendered the voice of the waterfalls tremendous, as they, in all their variety of ſounds, were re-echoed from every cliff.—The ſummits of the rocks, when they began to receive the riſing rays, appeared as if crowned with turrets of ſilver, from which the ſtars departed for their nightly round. As the gloom below grew deeper, objects around us ſeemed to riſe to view, as ſurging on the firſt morning from chaos. The water was a plain of ſable, ſtudded over with gems reflected from the ſtarry firmament; the groves which hung upon the feet of the mountains were wrapt in darkneſs; and all below was one grave and majeſtic circle of Skiddaw,

——'till the moon,
'Riſing in cloudy majeſty, at length,
'A parent queen, unveil'd her peerleſs light,
'And o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw;'

when the long protracted ſhades the mountains caſt on the boſom of the lake ſhewed the vaſtneſs of thoſe maſſes

from whence they proceeded; and ſtill as the moon aroſe higher in the horizon, the diſtant objects began to be more illumined; and the whole preſented us with a noble moonlight piece, delicately touched by the hand of Nature, and far ſurpaſſing thoſe humble ſcenes which we had often viewed in the works of the Flemiſh painters.—Miſts began to ariſe on the lake; and, by reaſon of the air which bore them aloft being confined, and eddying within this deep circle, they were whirled round, and carried upwards like a column, which, ſo ſoon as it approached the rays of the moon, had a moſt wonderful appearance, and reſembled a pillar of light.—I recollect that Maupertuis, deſcribing the lake and mountain of Niemi, in Lapland, ſpeaks of a phenomenon of the like nature, which the people called *Haltios*, and which they eſteemed to be the guardian ſpirits of the place.—Be theſe as they might, we may venture to aſſert, no Druid, no St. HERBERT, no Genius, had a more glorious aſcenſion.—The moon's mild beams now gliſtened on the waters, and touched the groves, the cliffs, and iſlands, with a meekneſs of colouring which added to the ſolemnity of the night; and theſe noble and romantic objects ſtruck us with reverence, and inſpired the mind with pious ſentiments and ejaculations.—It was obſervable, that by day we were inceſſantly communicating our raptures and ſurpriſe on each new wonder that opened to our view—we now enjoyed them in ſilence.—Every bay and promontory aſſumed an appearance different from what it had by day-light;—the little dells which wind round the feet of the mountains, as they were ſhadowed by interpoſing objects, or ſilvered by the moon, afforded moſt enchanting ſcenes, where we could have wandered long with delight.—Where the lake narrows, and runs up in a creek towards Borrowdale, the rocks looked tremend-

ous, almoſt ſhutting us in from the face of heaven; the cliffs were ſtruck with ſcanty gleams of light, which gained their paſſage through the interſtices of the hills, or chaſms in the rocks, and ſerved only to diſcover their horrible overhanging fronts, their mighty caverns, where the water ſtruck by our oars made a hollow ſound, their deformed and frowning brows, the hanging ſhrubs with which they were bearded, their ſparkling waterfalls that trilled from ſhelf to ſhelf; the whole half ſeen and half concealed, leaving imagination at large to magnify the images of their grandeur and ſtupendous magnificence. The opening of the vale of Newlands was particularly beautiful."

Some writers have aſſerted that a floating iſland occaſionally appears on this lake; while others have denied its exiſtence. The place where it is ſaid to have been ſeen, is on that ſide of the lake, and nearly oppoſite to Lodore. Deſirous of inveſtigating the truth of this matter, we requeſted our conductor to row us to the place, October 1798. There was then no appearance of any iſland; but he poſitively aſſerted that it had appeared above the water for ſix weeks during the ſummer before; that it was long and narrow, being at one time upwards of 100 yards in length, having long graſs upon it, and that it gradually ſunk down again. We rowed up to a pole which had been ſtuck into the iſland when above water, and then found it about five feet under the ſurface of the lake. It had not appeared for ſome years before.—Whether this is a portion of earth which occaſionally breaks partially from the bottom, and comes to the ſurface, or it is only a prominent ridge which merely appears when the water in the lake is low, we cannot determine, but are ſtrongly inclined to believe the former, eſpecially as the water is deep immediately on each ſide; and in

probing the earth no rock is found; but, on the contrary, at the depth of about two yards, a pole ſeems to have pierced quite through, and water then follows it up.

A journey to the top of Skiddaw will be found an agreeable excurſion in clear weather, which indeed is abſolutely neceſſary during ſuch an expedition. The diſtance from Keſwick to its baſe is about a mile, with a winding aſcent of five miles to its ſummit, from whence the grandeur and variety of the moſt extenſive proſpects will amply compenſate for the fatigue in climbing.

'This excurſion, however, ought not to be undertaken by a ſtranger without an experienced guide; becauſe, ſhould the miſts unexpectedly come on (to which theſe lofty eminences are peculiarly ſubject, even without the leaſt previous appearance of their approach), the traveller might be enveloped in darkneſs, and wander in theſe trackleſs deſerts, not without the greateſt danger.

The following is a journal of our obſervations in a tour to this mountain, in October 1798, which we inconſiderately undertook to perform without a guide:—

'Ten minutes paſt eight o'clock, a fine autumnal morning, ſet out from Keſwick to Skiddaw. Go through narrow lanes to the baſe of Latrigg, a ſmooth, verdant hill of conſiderable height, and from whence there is one of the fineſt views of the lake and vale of Keſwick, with their environs.—Wind gently round the ſwelling breaſt of that beautiful mountain, along an eaſy path, leaving an elevated farm on the left, and ſkirting a deep chaſm on the right. This glen runs into the boſom of Skiddaw, and draws a ſmall rivulet from thence, which deſcends in a foaming cataract, and runs towards Threlkeld; the valley widening and becoming more pleaſant as it proceeds.—We now climb up a ſteep of near a mile, on the ſweeping baſe of lofty Skiddaw: the hills on the right are

heavy and dull, much covered with heath, and thinly ſpotted with ſheep.—Surmounting this difficulty, we have before us a very eaſy aſcent of more than half a mile, the ſurface of which is cloathed with a carpet of long moſs and bent graſs, almoſt as eaſy to tread upon as the ſofteſt velvet; and beyond that there riſes a ſummit which we take to be one of the tops of Skiddaw.—On looking back, the ſcenes which preſent themſelves excite our aſtoniſhment in the higheſt degree: a boiling ſea of mountains, with pointed, conical, and broken tops, appear rioting over each other in a moſt turbulent manner, like a legion of raging monſters preparing to ſpread deſtruction on every ſide! The lake of Derwent dwindles as the proſpect around it expands; the bends of every river, brook, and hedge in the vale beneath, as well as every ſeat, farm-houſe, and cottage, are delineated at our feet as on a map.—Ormthwaite, the houſe of Dr. BROWNRIGG, adorned with ſeveral riſing plantations, peeps out from under the very baſe of the mountain, and one would ſuppoſe that a ſtone would hurl from hence to the door.—Croſthwaite church and the vicarage are alſo conſpicuous and agreeable objects.—At length we reach the eminence which we had been aiming at for ſome time, crowned with a heap of ſtones; but are ſurpriſed to find another much higher, and conſiderably before us.—Thither we haſten with all the ſpeed our exhauſted ſtrength will admit of, and are the more anxious to reach the ſummit, as we obſerve that a ſmall cloud has juſt been arreſted by the top of Saddleback, a high mountain on the right of Skiddaw; but, in point of elevation, ſomewhat his inferior.—The morning was perfectly calm in the valley, and the ſun ſhone very hot; this occaſioned ſo copious a perſpiration while climbing the firſt ſteep, that we had pulled off our coats and neckcloths: here we

find the air is ſo ſharp and thin, that it is neceſſary to put on our cloathes, and button them tight about us; but feel our muſcles much braced, and ſtrength returning every minute. A ſort of blue ſlaty ſtone now burſts out here and there on the higheſt parts; but the ſurface has few abrupt irregularities, ſwelling and lowering in long and noble ſweeps.—The efforts of vegetation in theſe elevated regions are languid, and nothing beſides the hardieſt plants can live. We obſerve ſome ſtraggling blades of feſcue graſs, and conſiderable quantities of a ſtrong ſhort plant, provincially called *buck's graſs*. This grows like a tree in miniature, ſeems to be in its proper ſphere, and looks healthy. The greateſt quantity of herbage, however, is a ſort of ſickly-looking dark-coloured moſs.

'We now arrive at the ſecond eminence, never doubting that we had reached the higheſt part; but how great is our ſurpriſe on ſeeing, from hence, another point much higher, and almoſt a mile diſtant; but which, till this moment, had been wholly concealed from our view!—And what contributes ſtill more to heighten our diſappointment and confuſion, is a huge intervening gap, while the clouds continue gathering on Saddleback, and threaten to roll down the chaſm towards us. Here we heſitated, and felt a ſort of tremour: but, in ſuch a ſituation, no time muſt be loſt, and we ſoon came to a reſolution of proceeding forward. We deſcend through the verdant cavity before us with all poſſible diſpatch, buſied in forming ſchemes for ſelf-preſervation in caſe we ſhould be overwhelmed with atmoſpheric obſcurity, which now ſeems more than probable. A track now appears conſiderably below us on the right, winding round the verdant breaſt of that part of the mountain, which, by miſtake, we had unneceſſarily aſcended: this track, which ſeems to have been made here a little way by the ſhepherds, is the proper

route for people to follow in their aſcent of Skiddaw. Our miſtake conſiſted in holding too much to the left after having aſcended the firſt ſteep, and loſt every appearance of a path: we ſhould have proceeded directly forward, keeping juſt under the heights on our left, till we found the road now in our view. Here we find ourſelves in a wild elevated foreſt of immenſe extent, without a houſe, hedge, tree, road, or the leaſt mark of human exiſtence in view; where nothing but the long round backs of heathy mountains, ſtretching far and wide, with deep barren valleys between them, are to be ſeen. Along one of theſe chaſms the river Caldew, which riſes juſt below us in the heart of Skiddaw, takes his courſe, and, after hurrying through this dreary deſert, bends round Carrock-fell, and accompanies a ſweet wooded vale to Carliſle, where it loſes its waters and name in the Eden.

'After many a panting pauſe and broken ſtep, we mount the real ſummit of this ſtupendous mountain, having been two hours and ten minutes in performing the journey. The atmoſphere immediately about us is tolerably clear; but the horizon ſo hazy, that we loſe part of the wonderful proſpect which this place affords: we, however, enjoy enough to excite the greateſt aſtoniſhment. The lake of Keſwick contracts to a pond, and in which the fine iſlands are mere points: its circumſcribing mountains, which before appeared almoſt to touch the ſkies, now ſink at our feet, and all the beauties of particular parts are loſt. The Derwent is ſeen twining along the vale like a ſilver thread, connecting the lakes.—The mountain is here a narrow ridge of about a quarter of a mile in length; and the other, or north end, is ſaid to be the higheſt. The top of this ridge is regularly round, but ſoon deſcends on each ſide ſo rapidly, that it is not ſafe to venture far from the middle either way. On looking

down the profound precipice, in almoſt any direction, the eye recoils with horror. Chaſms of enormous depth in the bowels of the mountain, forming ſteeps of ſlaty ſhiver, yawn upwards with frightful grin, and threaten to ſwallow inferior hills. A ſort of blue ſlaty ſtone wholly covers the ſurface, and ſhuts out vegetation, did even this frigid region admit of it. Indeed the greateſt part of the mountain ſeems compoſed of this ſort of ſtone. Towards the northern extremity there are the ruins of a hut, which has ſtood on the higheſt part. It is ſaid this building was made in 1689, by Mr. JOHN ADAMS the Geographer, of a ſufficient ſize to contain his teleſcopes and optic glaſſes, whereby he was enabled to give a better deſcription of the two counties: but being arreſted by his engraver, and death ſoon following, his labours were loſt.

'Here a large heap of ſtones has been raiſed by the contribution of one from every viſitant, generally with his name and a date upon it.—We now look down into the triangular vale of Baſſenthwaite, ſpeckled with white and green fields, and waſhed with different brooks: the lake of Baſſenthwaite alſo ſtretches itſelf before us in a long indented ſheet, overhung with the woody brows of Withop. Towards Carliſle, and from thence down to Whitehaven, an open flat country dilates as far as the eye can reach; but, unfortunately, the thickneſs of the atmoſphere prevents our recognizing particular objects at a great diſtance; only we ſee the Northumberland and Scotch hills, the Solway Frith and Iriſh Channel, dimly riſing in the horizon; together with volumes of ſmoke aſcending from lime-kilns, iron forges, &c. on various parts of the plain.

'But whilſt we were highly gratified in making theſe obſervations, we were ſuddenly ſurpriſed with the appear-

ance of a denſe cloud hovering near the mountain, and threatening to envelope us in its thick vapour; and, notwithſtanding the violence of the wind, which blew directly againſt it, the cloud kept its ſtation at an equal height with ourſelves, and, awfully grand, began to drop half round the mountain like a curtain; while others at a greater diſtance were flying briſkly forward before the ſtrong current of air. This alarmed us ſtill more, and we haſtily decamped towards the other end of the ridge; but ſoon had the pleaſure of ſeeing this bulky volume beginning to diſmiſs.—We now find the air extremely ſharp, and keep our hats on with difficulty, which, ſhould they eſcape, might almoſt inſtantly get out of the reach of our recovery.—Here are no very large ſtones, and many of the ſlates are ſtanding ſeparately, edgewiſe in the ground, and half above the ſurface—a poſition which muſt have been occaſioned by ſome unaccountable concuſſion of the earth.—We had now reached the other end of the ridge, and ſat down under a heap of ſtones on the ſouthmoſt pinnacle. Clouds of various denſity were flying ſwiftly by, or rolling down the mountain's ſides on each hand, forming curious ſpectacles in the eye of a perſon unaccuſtomed to ſuch appearances. But while we amuſed ourſelves with contemplating theſe phenomena, and the great and boundleſs ſcenes around us, a heavy cloud ſuddenly approached, and inſtantly buried us in miſty darkneſs. Every object is now hid, except the ſtony ſurface a few yards round our ſtation. To remove is dangerous, and to continue till the air clears may confine us till night ſpreads its ſtill more ſable covering over us. We were conſidering which plan it would be moſt prudent to adopt, but remained undeterminate; when, fortunately, in leſs than half an hour, the humid curtain opened, and admitted a glimpſe of light. We ſeized the favourable

opportunity, hurried down the rapid declivities, ſoon leaving behind us the murky vapour, reached the vale in leſs than two hours, and found a fine calm day.'

Mrs. RADCLIFFE viſited this mountain in 1795, under a clear ſky, and thus deſcribes the view from the ſummit:—

"We ſtood on a pinnacle, commanding the whole dome of the ſky. The proſpects below, each of which had been before conſidered ſeparately as a great ſcene, were now miniature parts of the immenſe landſcape. To the north, lay, like a map, the vaſt tract of low country which extends between Baſſenthwaite and the Iriſh Channel, marked with the ſilver circles of the river Derwent, in its progreſs from the lake. Whitehaven and its white coaſt were diſtinctly ſeen; and Cockermouth ſeemed almoſt under the eye. A long blackiſh line, more to the weſt, reſembling a faintly formed cloud, was ſaid by the guide to be the Iſle of Man, who, however, had the honeſty to confeſs, that the mountains of Down, in Ireland, which have been ſometimes thought viſible, had never been ſeen by him in the cleareſt weather.

"Bounding the low country to the north, the wide Solway Frith, with its indented ſhores, looked like a grey horizon; and the double range of Scottiſh mountains, ſeen dimly through miſt beyond, like lines of dark clouds above it. The Solway appeared ſurpriſingly near us, though at fifty miles diſtance, and the guide ſaid, that, on a bright day, its ſhipping could be plainly diſcerned. Nearly in the north, the heights ſeemed to ſoften into plains, for no object was there viſible through the obſcurity that had begun to draw over the furtheſt diſtance; but, towards the eaſt, they appeared to ſwell again, and what we were told were the Cheviot hills dawned feebly

beyond Northumberland. We now ſpanned the narroweſt part of England, looking from the Iriſh Channel, on one ſide, to the German Ocean, on the other, which latter was, however, ſo far off as to be diſcernible only like a miſt.

"Nearer than the county of Durham, ſtretched the ridge of Croſs-fell, and an indiſtinct multitude of the Weſtmoreland and Yorkſhire highlands, whoſe lines diſappeared behind Saddleback, now evidently pre-eminent over Skiddaw, ſo much ſo as to exclude many a height beyond it. Paſſing this mountain in our courſe to the ſouth, we ſaw, immediately below, the fells round Derwentwater, the lake itſelf remaining ſtill concealed in their deep rocky boſom. Southward and weſtward, the whole proſpect was "a turbulent chaos of dark mountains." All individual dignity was now loſt in the immenſity of the whole, and every variety of character was overpowered by that of aſtoniſhing and gloomy grandeur.

"Over the fells of Borrowdale, and far to the ſouth, the northern end of Windermere appeared, like a wreath of grey ſmoke, that ſpreads along the mountain's ſide. More ſouthward ſtill, and beyond all the fells of the lakes, Lancaſter ſands extended to the faintly ſeen waters of the ſea. Then to the weſt, Duddon ſands gleamed in a long line along the fells of High Furneſs. Immediately under the eye, lay Baſſenthwaite, ſurrounded by many ranges of mountains, inviſible from below. We overlooked all theſe dark mountains, and ſaw green cultivated vales over the tops of lofty rocks, and other mountains over theſe vales in many ridges, whilſt innumerable narrow glens were traced in all their windings, and ſeen uniting behind the hills with others, that alſo ſloped upwards from the lake.

"The air on this ſummit was boiſterous, intenſely cold, and difficult to be inſpired, though the day was be-

low warm and ſerene. It was dreadful to look down from nearly the brink of the point on which we ſtood upon the lake of Baſſenthwaite, and over a ſharp and ſeparated ridge of rocks, that from below appeared of tremendous height, but now ſeemed not to reach half way up Skiddaw; it was almoſt as if

> 'the precipitation might down ſtretch
> 'Below the beam of ſight.'"

BASSENTHWAITE-LAKE,

which frequently preſents itſelf to the view in the above excurſions, is formed by the river Derwent (after leaving Derwent-lake), which ſerpentiſes through a fine extenſive vale. This lake is near four miles long, and in ſome parts near a mile broad, but in others not more than a quarter of that breadth. On the eaſt ſide is the beautiful and extenſive vale of Baſſenthwaite, cut into ſmall irregular incloſures, with fine thorn hedges, ſpotted with neat farmhouſes, half ſurrounded by little groves, and deeply indented with three noble bays.—Beyond this, mighty Skiddaw rears his lofty head, and ſhews a blue front covered with ſlaty ſhiver. The oppoſite ſhore is hemmed in with high mountains, which fall abruptly to the water's edge, leaving only two or three little corners where cultivation can prevail. Theſe haſty declivities are called Withop-brows. are partly rocky, and generally covered with thick woods.

A viſit to this lake is frequently neglected by parties on pleaſure, under an idea that its beauties are eclipſed by the ſuperior grandeur of Keſwick lake. The ſcenery here is indeed different to that of Keſwick; but it affords a great variety, and will be found to exhibit ſome of the moſt pleaſing pictures of nature.

From Keſwick we proceed to Ouſebridge, along a good carriage road, having Skiddaw on the right, with the lake on the left. In this pleaſing ride, we are led through rural winding lanes, paſſing ſeveral genteel houſes, finely ſituated; and, making an eaſy curve round the weſtern verge of Skiddaw, we have a delightful view of the vale and oppoſite hills on the left.

Mirehouſe, the ſeat of THOMAS STORY, Eſq. is a neat modern building, ſhaded with groves of young trees, and ſtanding in the vale at almoſt an equal diſtance between the baſe of Skiddaw and the lake.—Here the ſucceſsful eſſay of Mr. STORY, in rearing a thriving plantation of larch on the rocky front of the barren mountain, ought to encourage ſimilar attempts in many other parts of Cumberland and Weſtmoreland, to turn the almoſt uſeleſs hills to advantage, and beautify the country, by planting them with trees.—About half a mile further, a road, turning to the left from the main road, leads down to Broadneſs, a round green hill that extends conſiderably into the lake, forming, with the aſſiſtance of two other promontories, a large ſemicircular bay on each ſide, with Bowneſs on the ſouth, and Scarneſs on the north.—The beſt general view of the lake is from the crown of this hill, behind the farm-houſe. Here we have three finely formed bays immediately under the eye. The uniformity of the ſhore, conſiſting of ſteep wooded declivities, on one ſide of the lake, forms a ſtriking contraſt with the low and ſoft boundaries, ſcalloped into ſweeping headlands and promontories, on the other. A long jutting point of land, planted with firs, ſtretches conſiderably into the lake, and contracts its dimenſions. From hence we paſs to Scarneſs, on the other ſide of the bay, and proceed to the extremity of the promontory. On the right we have a noble circular bay, a mile in diameter, with a beauti-

fully variegated line of ſhore, conſiſting of low meadows, fringed with trees and bruſhwood, high wooded rocks, and neat buildings fronting the lake. On the left another ſmall ſweeping bay, and before us the ſame front ſkreen of Withop-brows, in a ſomewhat different point of view.

We now recede a little from the lake, and proceed towards Ouſebridge, by way of Baſſenthwaite-halls.—From a conſiderably elevated part of the road, on the north ſide of this village, there is a commanding view of the lake, with its accompaniments, and the northern front of Skiddaw, which admits an aſcent almoſt as eaſy as that on the ſouth. The lengthening vales of Embleton and Iſel are alſo conſpicuous objects from this ſtation.

We now reach Armathwaite, a ſmall, but finely ſituated ſeat, overlooking the lake through a grove of trees. Here the loweſt bay, laſhing its circular ſhores on every ſide, is ſeen in all its majeſty: every idea of a river is loſt, and the lake ſeems retiring behind the peninſula of Scarneſs in a delightful manner. The hanging woods of Withop appear on the other ſide of the lake, beautiful beyond deſcription.—A pleaſant road leads us to Ouſebridge, where there is a good inn fronting the lake, and commanding an extenſive view. Here the lake, without any previous contraction, or the leaſt appearance of an outlet, pours forth its waters (paſſing beneath a good ſtone bridge of three arches) under the continued name of Derwent, which river immediately takes a rapid courſe paſt Cockermouth, through fine vales, to Workington.

For the ſake of variety, ſo neceſſary in excurſions of this nature, we ſhall direct our route to Keſwick, along the weſtern ſhores, by a road paſſable on horſeback. This ride, if poſſible, ſhould be taken in the evening, before the ſetting of the ſun, when the views of the

oppoſite mountains are delightful. The road ſometimes mounts up the ſide of the mountain, and ſometimes drops down to the margin of the water, and is frequently immerſed among the woods ſo as to admit only occaſional glimpſes of the lake. At intervals we leave the woods for a little ſpace, and paſs through ſmall incloſures.

At Beck-Withop our views of the lake and its circumjacent parts are very full and pleaſing. Behind us, Withop hangs his ſurly wooded brows in ſullen pride, and ſeems to frown upon us as invaders of his dominions. Before us the ſhore is margined with rocks, half concealed in bruſhwood: the oppoſite land is deeply indented with fine bays; while the bold promontories of of Scarneſs, Broadneſs, and Bowneſs, puſh far into the lake.—The vale of Baſſenthwaite, with its chapel in a retired ſituation, and whitened houſes interſperſed, is ſeen from hence in a good point of view.—The mountain Ullock, a ſupplement to mighty Skiddaw, forms the back-ground of this picture; and Skiddaw himſelf, higher ſtill, ſoars to the ſkies, and ſhuts in the ſcene. Though this majeſtic mountain has a lofty appearance from whatever point it is ſeen, yet from this ſtation its height is moſt conſpicuous, forming a ſtriking contraſt with the intervening lake and the lower hills around.—The ſkirts of theſe mountains are clad in verdure, and their breaſts purpled with heath, covered with a ſmooth cap of blue ſlate at the top, the fragments of which ſhiver down their ſteep ſides.—Armathwaite is a pleaſing object from hence, ſeen over a great expanſe of the lake. Further to the north the ground riſes in eaſy ſlopes, and is much variegated with cultivated tracts, woodland, and round-topped hills. The views up the lake are various and pictureſque.—From hence continue this pleaſing route, through Thornthwaite and Portinſcale, to Keſwick.

Thoſe who wiſh to explore ſtill further into the grand and ſublime ſcenes, and other extraordinary works of nature in the vicinity of Keſwick, will meet with ample gratification in an excurſion from thence to the vale and lake of

BUTTERMERE.

Croſs the Derwent at the bridge near Portinſcale, and from thence turn to the left, leaving Foe-park on the ſame hand, and Swinſide on the right, and proceed up the vale of Newlands, along good mountain road.—On paſſing the firſt two or three cottages, called Swinſide, we have a fine view of the vales on each hand: that on the right here preſenting itſelf. We now gently deſcend to the bottom of the pleaſant wooded vale, and join the courſe of a ſtream which, clear as cryſtal, rattles over a pebbled channel. The regular and rapid declivities of a murky ridge on the right, with horizontal ſheep paths at different heights, exhibit a new and pleaſing object. The road ſoon croſſes the brook, and is confined in narrow winding lanes*, ſhaded with trees, till it enters the common under Rawling-end. Here we have a back view of the vale of Keſwick in a ſtill more ſylvan ſcene. The brook bubbles quickly along a deep channel, having its immediate banks fringed with trees and buſhes; the ground on each ſide then riſes in gentle waving aſcents to the mountains, the baſes of which are

* Lanes of this ſort, as well as old and crooked hedges, and ſmall irregular incloſures, are univerſally met with among mountains, and along their confines, particularly in the north of England, and in Wales; which proves that theſe diſtricts have been ſooner inhabited than plains and open countries; or, at leaſt, that they have been generally incloſed at an earlier period of civiliſation.

verdant, while a mixture of heath and grey rock covers their more elevated ſurfaces.—Whitened farm-houſes, peeping out among tufts of trees, are ſcattered over the vale, and diverſify the landſcape.

The valley now turns quickly to the right, when we find ourſelves in a deep receſs, called Keſkadale, in appearance completely ſurrounded with mountains. This vale is of conſiderable width, and the green fields riſe irregularly from the bottom, in an undulating manner, up the ſides of the bordering mountains, which afterwards ſwell ſuddenly into Alpine heights, dreſſed in heath, with curious arrangements of grey rocks interſperſed.—Griſdale-pike, vying with Skiddaw for pre-eminence, rears his pointed ſummit on the right; while Robinſon, an immenſe ridge of rocks, forms the ſouthern border.—Here all is calm; and the great lines of nature, in the true ſtyle of paſtoral beauty, remain unbroken by any efforts of art: neither the rattling of carriages, nor the noiſe of buſy commerce and manufacture, is heard. The murmuring of the brook below, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of ſheep ſtraggling on the ſide of the mountain, and the echoing voice of the ſhepherd, are the only diſturbers of this peaceful vale. No lake, no ſeat houſe, nor even village, is ſeen in the valley of Keſkadale; only a few ſcattered farm-houſes, ſurrounded with hanging fields, point out the haunts and habitations of thoſe happy and contented ſhepherds who have found their way into this calm mountainous receſs.

The road leads us, in a pleaſant eaſy curve, along the ſides of the mountains; when, approaching the head of the dale, the land becomes more wild, and all appearance of cultivation ceaſes: neither hut nor incloſure ſtrikes the eye, but all is pure nature. The brook below makes a thouſand unreſtrained links; while from the heights of

craggy Robinſon, where a mountain ſtretching acroſs, cloſes up the valley, we ſee the rivulet tumbling down in a foaming cataract. This waterfall is nearly perpendicular, and curiouſly broken; ſometimes diſappearing a few yards behind projecting rocks, and then ſhewing its ſilvery fluid in a precipitate motion. Its height is upwards of 100 yards: towards the top, the figure of a huge bear appears climbing up the ſteepeſt part of the rock, and dividing the water as it falls. Other ſmaller caſcades are alſo playing down the ſteeps of this rocky ridge.

We now ſurmount the hill (called Newlands-hawſe), which threatened to obſtruct our paſſage; and on its top the road gradually decreaſes in breadth, till it aſſumes the appearance of a mere ſhepherds' path, with a long deſcent, winding round the breaſt of a verdant mountain to the vale of Buttermere. Here we are preſented with a mountain ſcene different from any we have hitherto obſerved. The hills continue to riſe eminently, ſmooth and verdant almoſt to the top, with ſcarce a ſtone projecting from their ſwelling breaſts. They interſect each other in a ſingular manner, and deſcend rapidly to the bottom, leaving merely a ſpace for the tranſparent brook which we ſee hurrying along at a diſtance below us.—The ſides of theſe high, narrow-topped ridges, and particularly the ſoft heaving boſom of the oppoſite mountain, appear marked with ſeveral ſmall horizontal lines, formed by the ſheep in paſſing and repaſſing for a variety of paſturage.

A legion of rugged mountains in front, whoſe pointed ſummits have long been in view, runs acroſs the end of this vale; as we approach their baſes, which are deeply entrenched on the oppoſite ſide of the vale, they appear ſtill higher, and riſe in Alpine forms, with dark and

gloomy aſpects, known to the ſhepherds by the names of Hay-cock, High-crag, High-ſtile, and Red-pike.—Juſt over the little village of Buttermere, which now opens to the view at the bottom of the vale, we ſee a long white ſtrip of water ruſhing down from the ſummit of the mountain, known in the neighbourhood by the name of Sour-milk-force, which falls ſome hundreds of yards in almoſt a perpendicular deſcent. It iſſues from a ſmall lake, ſingularly placed in the upper regions of High-crag and High-ſtile, the ſite of which, ſome imagine, has been the focus of a volcano. This elevated lake, called Burtneſs-tarn, is not without its finny inhabitants, trout being found there in conſiderable quantities.

We now reach the village of BUTTERMERE, leaving the little rural chapel ſeated on a rock by the ſide of the road. Here is a ſmall inn, where viſitors will meet with honeſt ruſtic civility, and the neceſſary refreſhments.—This village is ſituated on the caſtern borders of a vale, near half a mile broad, and as level as a bowling-green: it is neatly divided into fields by fine quickſet hedges; and the ſoil is remarkably fertile. At each end of this plain a fine lake expands itſelf, and ſtretches away to a great diſtance, waſhing the feet of the mountains, ſometimes only on one ſide, and ſometimes on both. That on the ſouth is called Buttermere-water, and that on the north Crummock-water.

Thoſe who would return to Keſwick by way of Borrowdale, may firſt viſit Crummock, and afterwards Buttermere-water, from the head of which a moſt romantic road, winding up the dell, enters Borrowdale near the black-lead mines. But ſuch as would return by Lowes-water, Lorton, &c. muſt reverſe that plan of viſiting theſe lakes, and will find a curious Alpine paſs, by way of Whinlatter, back to Keſwick. The diſtance from hence

by Borrowdale to Keſwick is about 12 miles, and the other route about 14 miles. We ſhall at preſent adopt the latter.

About 300 yards from the village, we approach the lake, which is a beautiful ſheet of water, a mile and a half long, and half a mile broad. The weſtern ſhores are hemmed in by thoſe grim-looking mountains we ſaw before, and which riſe precipitately from the very margin of the water: the eaſtern ſhores riſe more gently, are wooded, and admit of cultivation to a little diſtance from the lake: the north end waſhes the fine vale of Buttermere, which is little elevated above the water, and the ſouthern extremity peeps into different receſſes, and waſhes the verdant feet of lofty mountains. Honiſter-crag, at the head of the lake, is an abrupt termination of a chain of mountains extending behind, leaving a vale on each ſide, and preſenting a ſquare front. Mountain torrents on every ſide are here perpetually pouring down their foamy waters into the lake. The beautiful vale on the weſtern ſide of Honiſter-crag is ſoon cloſed in by a croſs ridge, called a *hawſe*; but that through which the road leads to Borrowdale opens for ſeveral miles, and is called Gateſgarth-dale, from Gateſgarth, a group of houſes at its entrance. Here we find an aſtoniſhing tranſition of ſcenes, from ſmooth green hills to the moſt rugged and craggy imaginable.—Mr. GILPIN, with his uſual nicety, thus deſcribes this vale:—

"Gateſgarth-dale, into which we ſoon entered, is indeed a very tremendous ſcene. Like all the valleys we had yet found, it had a peculiar character. Its features were its own. It was not a viſta like the valley of Watenlath; nor had it any of the ſudden turns of the valley of Borrowdale: but it wound ſlowly and ſolemnly in one large ſegment. It was wider alſo than either of

thoſe valleys; being at leaſt half a quarter of a mile from ſide to ſide; which diſtance is pretty uniformly obſerved; the rocky mountains which environed it keeping their line with great exactneſs; at leaſt, never breaking out into any violent projections.

"The area of this valley is, in general, concave; the ſides almoſt perpendicular, compoſed of a kind of broken craggy rock, the ruins of which every where ſtrew the valley; and give it ſtill more the idea of deſolation.

"The river alſo, which runs through it, and is the principal ſupply of the lake, is as wild as the valley itſelf. It has no banks, but the fragments of rocks; no bed, but a channel compoſed of rocky ſtrata, among which the water forces its courſe. Its channel, as well as its bank, is formed of looſe ſtones and fragments, which break, and divide the ſtream into a ſucceſſion of wild, impetuous eddies.

"A ſtream, which is the natural ſource of plenty, is perhaps, when unaccompanied with verdure, the ſtrongeſt emblem of deſolation. It ſhews the ſpot to be ſo barren, that even the greateſt ſource of abundance can produce nothing.—The whole valley indeed joined in impreſſing the ſame idea. Fruitful nature, making in every part of her ample range unremitting efforts to vegetate, could not here produce a ſingle germin.

"As we proceeded, the grandeur of the valley increaſed. We had been prepared indeed to ſee the higheſt precipices which the country produced. Such a preface is generally productive of diſappointment; but on this occaſion it did no injury. The fancy had ſtill its ſcope. We found the mountains ſo overhung with clouds, that we could form little judgment of their height. Our guide told us they were twice as high as we could ſee: which however we did not believe from the obſervations

we were able to make, as the clouds, at intervals, floated paſt; and diſcovered, here and there, the ſhadowy forms of the rocky ſummits. A great height however they certainly were; and the darkneſs in which they were wrapped gave us a new illuſtration of the grandeur of thoſe ideas which ariſe from obſcurity.—'Dark, confuſed, uncertain images,' Mr. BURKE very juſtly obſerves, 'have a greater power on the fancy to form the grander 'paſſions, than thoſe which are more clear and determinate. For hardly any thing can ſtrike the mind with 'its greatneſs, which does not make ſome ſort of approach 'towards infinity; which nothing can do, whilſt we are 'able to perceive its bounds: but to ſee an object diſtinctly, and to perceive its bounds, is one and the ſame 'thing. A clear idea therefore is another name for a 'little idea*.'

"The middle of the valley is adorned, as theſe valleys, in ſome part, often are, by a craggy hill; on the top of which ſtands the fragment of a rock, that looks, in Oſſian's language, like the *ſtone of power*—the rude deity of deſolation, to which the ſcene is ſacred.

"This valley is not more than ſix miles from the black-lead mines; and would have led us to them, if we had purſued its courſe."

Return to Buttermere, and from thence make a little excurſion of a mile and a half, on the weſt, to Scale-force, a moſt aſtoniſhing waterfall. In this walk every ſtranger ſhould be accompanied with a guide. Proceed along a footpath which interſects the ſweet vale; and, at the further ſide, croſs the river Cocker, which runs between the lakes of Buttermere and Crummock. Turn downwards between the mountain and Crummock-lake,

* On the Sublime and Beautiful, Part II. Sect. IV.

which ſoon appears in full view, bounded by lofty mountains on each ſide, which riſe from the margin of the water. At the further end we ſee hills with milder aſpects, and the wooded and cultivated dales of Brackenthwaite and Lowes-water.

Before us lay an extenſive boggy paſture, ſcattered with detached ſtones; while the mountain on the left—the ſides of which, at a diſtant view, appear covered with a thick wood—on a nearer approach diſplays only a few ſtraggling trees, interſperſed among the rocks.—An opening between the mountains of Mellbreak and Blea-crag points out the courſe to the object of our curioſity.

Having obliquely croſſed the paſture, we come to a wall cloſe under Blea-crag, which ſhews nothing but a moſt rugged face of rock, riſing in ſucceſſive tiers, like ſo many huge walls of old caſtles. Here our ears are ſtunned with a hoarſe daſhing noiſe at a little diſtance, without any appearance of its cauſe. Climbing over the wall, we deſcend a few paces, turning to the left, towards the place from whence the ſound proceeds, when the ſenſe of ſight is ſtill more confounded than that of hearing—a caſcade, different from any of thoſe hitherto noticed, but not leſs wonderful, ſuddenly ſtrikes the eye. The rocks yawn, and open, in a frightful chaſm, near 100 yards into the mountain, the horrid aſpect of which at firſt almoſt ſtaggers our reſolution of making further progreſs. We cautiouſly proceed over fragments of rocks up this awful cavity; and, ſoon after our entrance, a waterfall of four or five yards in height meets the eye. We aſcend with difficulty over the rocks on one ſide of this caſcade, when we enter a long level paſſage, covered with rocky fragments, and a brook tumbling at the bottom. The roofleſs walls on each ſide are perpendicular, covered with dark-coloured moſs, fern, ſhrubs; and, near the top, large trees grow

from the crevices, darkening the cavern with their impending boughs. The natural walls increaſe in height from about 30 to 180 feet, and are there abruptly terminated by another perpendicular wall of equal elevation running acroſs, over which a large body of water ruſhes forward, and falls 60 yards in one unbroken ſheet, with a noiſe that ſeems to ſhake the mountain, and alarms the moſt intrepid. The ſpray occaſioned by the falling water riſes in the form of a thick miſt, and fills that part of the cavity, keeping us at a little diſtance, otherwiſe we might travel with caution along one ſide of the brook quite to the fall.—This chaſm is uniformly about four or five yards wide, the bottom almoſt horizontal, and, between the falls, about the ſpace of 80 yards in length, nearly in a direct line.—The regularity of the walls, forming the ſide and front ſkreens of this natural curioſity, is very remarkable; nor is it eaſily conceived what proceſs of nature could effect the ſingular excavation.—This caſcade, after heavy rains, becomes terrible, and no one can approach even to the firſt fall; but in very dry ſeaſons the quantity of water is inconſiderable.—Scale-force, on account of the difficult paſſage to it, has hitherto been little known, or viſited, by ſtrangers: however, we are informed that a convenient path will ſhortly be made from Buttermere to that ſingular curioſity.

As there is no road down this ſide of the lake, we return again to the village of Buttermere, and from thence proceed down the eaſtern ſide of

CRUMMOCK-WATER.

The road leads through groves and pleaſant fields to the banks of the lake, which ſweeps away to the right round a promontory called Randon-knot, or Buttermere-hawſe,

under a craggy pyramidal mountain. From the breaſt of this rock we view the whole extent of the lake, which is beautifully ornamented with three little iſlands, one of which is a naked rock, and the other covered with wood. The weſtern ſhores reach the ſkirts of naked Mellbreak, and other lofty mountains, whoſe mighty ſteeps deſcend generally to the water's edge, leaving few tracts for cultivation. As we proceed, a ſweetly-ſituated farm diſplays its rural ſcenery oppoſite the middle of the lake, at the foot of a dell which ſeparates Graſmere from Buttermere-hawſe. This ſide is beautifully indented with bays, and ſcattered trees adorn the banks. At the foot of the lake, a beautiful hill, partly wooded, and partly cultivated, ſteps forward a prominent object; and over it the ſloping cultivated parts of Lowes-water are arranged in little fields.—The ragged and pointed ſummits of this chain of mountains, on each ſide, are truly pictureſque: ſome naked, others wooded to their baſes; ſome verdant, ſome rocky and heathy, and others covered with red ſhiver, which ſtreams down their furrowed precipitous ſides, exhibiting an odd appearance.

This lake is about four miles in length, and half a mile broad; and, like that of Buttermere, is very deep and clear, which is ſuppoſed to be the reaſon why char breeds in theſe in preference to Derwent and Baſſenthwaite lakes. That delicate, fine flavoured fiſh is caught here in large quantities; and generally weigh from ſix to eight ounces each: they are ſold for 4s. 6d. per dozen.

The outlet of this lake is at the north-eaſt corner, where the river Cocker draws forth its waters; which, thence interſecting a pleaſant country to Cockermouth, enters the Derwent.

Continue this delightful ride through a part of Brackenthwaite, over Cocker-bridge, and by High-croſs, to

LOWES-WATER,

a beautiful lake, about one mile long, and a quarter of a mile broad, which is ſeen to advantage from a ſtation through a gate that leads to the common. Here a pretty ſheet of water expands before us, diſcovering all its pictureſque appendages. A mixture of woodland and cultivated fields adorns the extremities, which riſe up from the borders of the lake in waving lines; while various lofty mountains, in different attitudes and attire, bound the ſouthern ſhore, dropping down in quick deſcents. The northern ſkreen is more humble, covered with ſoft vegetation, and ſoon gives way to an open country. Along the borders of the lake, and in its neighbourhood, we meet with farms in the ſweeteſt ſituations, beautified with neat buildings, and frequently occupied by their proprietors, men of reſpectability and eaſy fortune.

This lake diſcharges its waters at the ſouthern end, and, after running in that direction about a mile, falls into Crummock under the brows of Mellbreak. It produces pike, perch, and ſome trout; but no char, probably on account of its being ſhallow.

From the breaſt of Mellbreak we have good views of both lakes, together with their huge barriers, clad in different garbs, diſplaying various and groteſque appearances, in which the ſcenery is remarkably grand and pictureſque.—Mr. WEST ſpeaks of this ſtation as follows:—

"An evening view of both lakes, is from the ſide of Mellbreak, at the gate, under a coppice of oaks, in the road to Ennerdale. Nothing exceeds, in compoſition, the parts of this landſcape. They are all great, and lie

in fine order of perſpective.—If the view be taken from the round knoll at the lower end of the lake, the appearance of the mountains that bound it is aſtoniſhing. You have Mellbreak on the right, and Graſmere on the left, and betwixt them a ſtupendous amphitheatre of mountains, whoſe tops are all broken and diſſimilar, and of different hues, and their baſes ſkirted with wood, or cloathed with verdure. In the centre point of this amphitheatre is a huge pyramidal broken rock, that ſeems with its figure to change place, as you move acroſs the fore-ground, and gives much variety to the ſcenes, and alters the picture at every pace. In ſhort, the pictureſque views in this diſtrict are many, ſome mixt, others purely ſublime; but all ſurpriſe and pleaſe. The genius of the greateſt adepts in landſcape might here improve in taſte and judgment; and the moſt enthuſiaſtic ardour for paſtoral poetry and painting will here find an inexhauſtible ſource of ſcenes and images.

"When the roads to Ennerdale and Waſt-water are improved, they may be taken in this morning ride.

"From the bridge, at the foot of the lake, aſcend the road to Brackenthwaite. At the alehouſe, Scale-hill, take a guide to the top of the rock, above Mr. BERTIE's woods, and have an entirely new view of Crummock-water. The river Cocker is ſeen winding through a beautiful and rich, cultivated vale, ſpreading far to the north, variegated with woods, groves, and hanging grounds, in every pleaſing variety. The moſt ſingular object in this vale of Lorton and Brackenthwaite, is a high crown-topt rock that divides the vale, and raiſes a broken craggy head over hanging woods, that ſkirt the ſloping ſides, which are cut into waving incloſures, and varied with groves and patches of coppice wood. To the weſt, a part of Lowes-water is ſeen, under a fringe of

trees at High-croſs. Behind you, awful Graſmere (the Skiddaw of the vale) frowns in all the majeſty of furrowed rock, cut almoſt perpendicularly to the centre by the waterfalls of ages. The ſwell of a cataract is here heard, but entirely concealed within the gloomy receſs of a rocky dell, formed by the rival mountains, Graſmere and White-ſide. At their feet lie the mighty ruins brought down from the mountains by the memorable water-ſpout, that deluged all the vale, in September, 1760.

"After this the mountains become humble hills, and terminate the ſweet vale that ſtretches from the feet of Black-crag and Carling-knot, and ſpreads itſelf into a country watered by the Cocker.

"The ride down this vale is pleaſant. All the ſcenes are ſmiling, rich, and rural. Every dale-lander appears to be a man of taſte, and every village, houſe, and cot, is placed in the choiceſt ſite, and decorated in the neateſt manner and ſtile of natural elegance. Not one formal avenue, or ſtraight-lined hedge, or ſquare fiſh-pond, offends the eye in all this charming vale. The variety of ſituation gives diverſity of views, and a ſucceſſion of pleaſing objects creates the deſire of ſeeing."

ENNERDALE-WATER,

to which there is a difficult Alpine paſs from hence over a tract of the wildeſt mountains, lies ſouthwards, about four miles diſtant. The ſhepherds, indeed, climb over theſe rugged monſters to Ennerdale by a variety of paths; but the moſt convenient mode of viſiting this vale is to take a circuitous route by way of Lamplugh, and come in at the weſt end of the lake, which is ſo guarded on every ſide, except the weſt, with mountains almoſt im-

paſſable, that it is ſeldom viſited in a general tour: thoſe, however, who have leiſure, and a taſte for variety of mountain, ſylvan, and paſtoral ſcenes, will not be diſappointed in a ride to Ennerdale.

Mr. HUTCHINSON, in his Hiſtory of Cumberland, ſeems to think its beauty no way extraordinary. He ſays—"When we treated of Ennerdale in the preceding pages, we merely noticed the lough or lake there. The paſſage winding round the baſe of mountains has a variety of narrow paſtoral ſcenes, overlooked by ſcowling rocks and precipices, of which that called the *Pillar* is remarkable. The lake has no very ſingular features; yet, in a newſpaper of this county, an enraptured traveller, deſcribing the ſcene, ſaid—'It forms a picture ſuch as 'the canvaſs never repreſented; it embraces a variety ſo 'diſtributed as no pencil can ever imitate. No deſigner 'in romance ever allotted ſuch a reſidence to his fairy 'inhabitants: I had almoſt ſaid, no recluſe ever wooed 'religion in ſuch a bleſſed retirement.'—'The genius of 'OVID would have transformed the moſt favoured of his 'heroes into a river, and poured his waters into the 'channel of the Liſſa, there to wander by the verdant 'bounds of Gillerthwaite—the ſweet reward of patriotiſm 'and virtue.'—How happy that man's ſtate of mind.

"Stye-head, Honiſter-crag, Waſtdale, the Pillar, and Red-pike, are the great land-marks of this tract.

"Gillerthwaite is a narrow tract of cultivated land, a peninſula on the lake or lough, whoſe verdure receives additional beauties from the ſtony deſert with which it is environed, where the mountains are barren in the extreme. This little ſpot has two cottages upon it, and has no neighbouring habitations to alleviate the gloom of its ſituation. As you advance, ſome woodlands creep up the ſides of Cold-fell, from the oppoſite ſide of the lough;

an abrupt turn to the right opens the whole to the view, where the herd's houſe is no inſignificant object. On the eaſtern ſide, ſeveral little farmholds are ſpread out, and make a contraſt with the oppoſite mountains, which, in ſerene weather, are reflected in ſoftened colouring in the water.

"On the whole, there is ſomething melancholy in this ſcenery, and the mind is apt to be depreſſed, rather than enlivened and touched with pleaſure, at the view of human habitations ſequeſtered and ſhut out for many ſeaſons even from the comfortable rays of the ſun."

The lake is about two miles and a half long, and three quarters of a mile broad in the wideſt part.

Return from Lowes-water, by Brackenthwaite, to Lorton; and from thence, along the Cockermouth road, to Keſwick. In this route the ſcenery is generally new, and always pleaſing. After paſſing Cocker-bridge, we enter the vale of Brackenthwaite, and purſue a winding, well-made road through narrow ſhady lanes, with the mountain Whiteſide on our right. This mountain ſhews a few rocky points burſting from its verdant ſlopes; which are alſo ſcattered over with fern, and a few trees and buſhes, among which the yew grows ſpontaneouſly in perpetual verdure. On the oppoſite ſide we ſee Whinfield-fell, having ſomewhat the ſame appearance, but more humble. The valley ſtill continues to exhibit ſome marks of an aſtoniſhing inundation, which happened in 1760, and is thus recorded by the ingenious Mr. GILPIN:—

"Our road carried us near the village of Brackenthwaite, which lies at the bottom of Graſmere.

"Here we had an account of an inundation occaſioned by the burſting of a water-ſpout. The particulars, which are well authenticated, are curious.—In that part, where Graſmere is connected with the other high lands

in its neighbourhood, three little ſtreams take their origin, of which the Liſſa is the leaſt inconſiderable. The courſe of this ſtream down the mountain is very ſteep, and about a mile in length. Its bed, and the ſides of the mountain all around, are profuſely ſcattered with looſe ſtones and gravel. On leaving the mountain, the Liſſa divides the vale through which we now paſſed; and, after a courſe of four or five miles, falls into the Cocker.

"On the 9th of September, 1760, about midnight, the water-ſpout fell upon Graſmere, nearly, as was conjectured, where the three little ſtreams, juſt mentioned, iſſue from their fountains.

"At firſt it ſwept the whole ſide of the mountain, and charging itſelf with all the rubbiſh it found there, made its way into the vale, following chiefly the direction of the Liſſa. At the foot of the mountain it was received by a piece of arable ground, on which its violence firſt broke. Here it tore away trees, ſoil, and gravel; and laid all bare, many feet in depth, to the naked rock. Over the next ten acres it ſeems to have made an immenſe roll, covering them with ſo vaſt a bed of ſtones, that no human art can ever again reſtore the ſoil.

"When we ſaw the place, though twelve years after the event, many marks remained, ſtill flagrant, of this ſcene of ruin. We ſaw the natural bed of the Liſſa, a mere contracted rivulet; and on its banks the veſtiges of a ſtony channel, ſpreading far and wide, almoſt enough to contain the waters of the Rhine or the Danube. It was computed from the flood-marks, that in many parts the ſtream muſt have been five or ſix yards deep, and near a hundred broad; and if its great velocity be added to this weight of water, its force will be found equal to almoſt any effect.

"On the banks of this ſtony channel, we ſaw a few ſcattered houſes, a part of the village of Brackenthwaite, which had a wonderful eſcape. They ſtood at the bottom of Graſmere, rather on a riſing ground; and the current, taking its firſt direction towards them, would have undermined them (for the ſoil was inſtantly laid bare), had not a projection of native rock, the interior ſtratum, on which the houſes had unknowingly been founded, reſiſted the current, and given it a new direction. Unleſs this had intervened, it is probable the houſes and all their inhabitants (ſo inſtantaneous was the ruin) had been ſwept away together.

"In paſſing farther along the vale, we ſaw other marks of the fury of this inundation; bridges had been thrown down, houſes carried off, and woods rooted up. But its effects on a ſtone cauſeway were thought the moſt ſurpriſing. This fabric was of great thickneſs; and ſupported on each ſide by an enormous bank of earth. The memory of man could trace it, unaltered in any particular, near a hundred years: but by the ſoundneſs and firmneſs of its parts and texture, it ſeemed as if it had ſtood for ages. It was almoſt a doubt whether it were a work of nature or of art. This maſſy mole the deluge not only carried off, but, as if it turned it into ſport, made its very foundations the channel of its own ſtream.

"Having done all this miſchief, not only here, but in many other parts, the Liſſa threw all its waters into the Cocker, where an end was put to its devaſtation: for though the Cocker was unable to contain ſo immenſe an increaſe, yet, as it flows through a more level country, the deluge ſpread far and wide, and waſted its ſtrength in one vaſt, ſtagnant inundation."

The mountains now begin to lower on each ſide,

and, as we enter the beautiful vale of Lorton, expand to a conſiderable diſtance. Here we find a new landſcape; the vale is near a mile broad, remarkably level, of a fertile loamy ſoil, and neatly divided into incloſures by fine thorn hedges. The mountains on each ſide are variegated with little hollows and rocky knolls, margined with woods, which in ſome places ſtraggle up their ſides: trees, ſingly, and in ſmall collections, are ſcattered over the vale; which is watered by the Cocker, and ſeveral other clear mountain ſtreams pouring from the hills on every ſide. In ſhort, this vale, although it diſplays nothing very great nor grand, if compared with thoſe mighty productions of nature which we have already ſeen, is, upon the whole, we think, not excelled by any in this iſland for the beauty and ſymmetry of its parts (every one of which ſpeaks the undiſguiſed language of nature), and the engaging ſweetneſs of the whole.

Mr. WEST, ſpeaking of Lorton, ſays—"The ride down this vale is pleaſant. All the ſcenes are ſmiling, rich, and rural. Every dale-lander appears to be a man of taſte, and every village, houſe, and cot, is placed in the choiceſt ſite, and decorated in the neateſt manner and ſtile of natural elegance. Not one formal avenue, or ſtraight-lined hedge, or ſquare fiſh-pond, offends the eye in all this charming vale. The variety of ſituation gives diverſity of views, and a ſucceſſion of pleaſing objects creates the deſire of ſeeing."

Near Lorton we turn an acute angle on the right, and entering upon the great road from Cockermouth to Keſwick, we ſoon find ourſelves again immerſed among mountains. This is called the Whinlatter road: thus deſcribed by Mr. HUTCHINSON:—"The ſteeps and Alpine paſſes of Whinlatter form an aſcent of five miles, up ſtupendous heights, by a winding path, contrived in

an excellent manner, paſſing round the foot of the mountains, and taking the courſe of every little valley, to render the advance more gradual. In ſome parts you catch the proſpect of ſmall receſſes, where ſome cottages ſtand in a ſolitude romantic and highly paſtoral: in other parts you look down from ſuch tremendous precipices, on whoſe brink you are travelling, that, from the windows of a carriage, the aſpect and ſituation are alarming. The lake of Baſſenthwaite looks from thence like a gloomy abyſs; and the vale above Keſwick, with the lake of Derwent-water, appeared to us as enchanted ground, where the ſcene ſeemed realized which was imagined by the ingenious author of the tale of the Prince of Abyſſinia, in which the young hero of his narrative was held ſecluded from the buſy world by encircling mountains. —Skiddaw, ſhrouded with vapours, appeared to nod his drowſy head; and innumerable eminences, one behind another, puſhed their fronts to the view, and crowded the horizon with enormous objects. From this paſs, where the road becomes more level, you are incloſed by mountains on each hand, at whoſe feet the path lies, and whoſe ſummits are not to be reached by the traveller's eye who paſſes ſo immediately under them, as they riſe almoſt perpendicularly. A fine verdure covers moſt of them, and they afford excellent ſheep-walks; others are barren, bleak, and ſhivery, ſending down continued ſtreams of ſand, ſlates, and ſtones, with every ſhower of rain. The contraſt makes theſe vaſt objects agreeable to the eye."—Hiſt. Cumb. vol. ii. p. 120.

Mr. GILPIN travelled over this road in a ſtormy night, and thus ſpeaks of it:—

"The evening, which grew more tempeſtuous, began to cloſe upon us as we left the more beautiful parts of the vale of Lorton. We were ſtill about ſix miles from

Keſwick; and had before us a very wild country, which probably would have afforded no great amuſement even in full day: but amid the obſcurity which now overſpread the landſcape, the imagination was left at large, and painted many images, which perhaps did not really exiſt, upon the dead colouring of nature. Every great and pleaſing form, whether clear or obſcure, which we had ſeen during the day, now played, in ſtrong imagery, before the fancy: as when the grand chorus ceaſes, ideal muſic vibrates in the ear.

"In one part, a view pleaſed us much, though, perhaps, in ſtronger light it might have eſcaped notice. The road made a ſudden dip into a little, winding valley, which, being too abrupt for a carriage, was eaſed by a bridge: and the form of the arch was what we commonly find in Roman aqueducts. At leaſt ſuch it appeared to us. The winding road, the woody valley, and broken ground below, the mountain beyond, the form of the bridge, which gave a claſſic air to the ſcene, and the obſcurity, which melted the whole into one harmonious maſs—made all together a very pleaſing view.

"But it ſoon grew too dark even for the imagination to roam. It was now ten o'clock; and though in this northern climate the twilight of a clear ſummer-evening affords, even at that late hour, a bright effulgence, yet now all was dark.

———"A faint, erroneous ray,
Glanced from th' imperfect ſurfaces of things,
Threw half an image on the ſtraining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and ſtreams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained
Th' aſcending gleam, were all one ſwimming ſcene,
Uncertain if beheld."———

"We could juſt diſcern, through the dimneſs of the night, the ſhadowy forms of the mountains, ſometimes

blotting out half the ſky on one ſide, and ſometimes winding round, as a gloomy barrier, on the other.

"Often, too, the road would appear to dive into ſome dark abyſs, a cataract roaring at the bottom; while the mountain-torrents on every ſide ruſhed down the hills in notes of various cadence, as their quantities of water, the declivities of their fall, their diſtances, or the intermiſſion of the blaſt, brought the ſound fuller, or fainter, to the ear; which organ became now more alert, as the imagination depended rather on it than on the eye for information.

"Theſe various notes of water-muſic, anſwering each other from hill to hill, were a kind of tranſlation of that paſſage in the Pſalms, in which *one deep* is repreſented *calling another becauſe of the noiſe of the water-pipes*.

"Among other images of the night, a lake (for the lake of Baſſenthwaite was now in view) appeared through the uncertainty of the gloom, like ſomething of ambiguous texture, ſpreading a lengthened gleam of wan, dead light under the dark ſhade of the incumbent mountains: but whether this light were owing to vapours ariſing from the valley, or whether it was water—and if water, whether it was an arm of the ſea, a lake, or a river—to the uninformed traveller would appear matter of great uncertainty. Whatever it was, it would ſeem ſufficient to alarm his apprehenſions, and to raiſe in his fancy (now in queſt of dangers) the idea of ſomething that might ſtop his farther progreſs.

"A good turnpike-road, on which we entered near the village of Lorton, and a knowledge of the country, ſet at nought all ſuch ideas with us: but it may eaſily be conceived, that a traveller, wandering in the midſt of a ſtormy night, in a mountainous country, unknown, and

unbeaten by human footſteps, might feel palpitations of a very uneaſy kind.

"We have in OSSIAN ſome beautiful images, which accompany a night-ſtorm in ſuch a country as this. I ſhall ſubjoin, with a few alterations, an extract from them, as it will illuſtrate the ſubject before us. It is contained in a note on CROMA, in which ſeveral bards are introduced entertaining their patron with their reſpective deſcriptions of the night.

"The ſtorm gathers on the tops of the mountains, and ſpreads its black mantle before the moon. It comes forward in the majeſty of darkneſs, moving upon the wings of the blaſt. It ſweeps along the vale, and nothing can withſtand its force. The lightning from the rifted cloud flaſhes before it: the thunder rolls among the mountains in its rear.

"All nature is reſtleſs and uneaſy.

"The ſtag lies wakeful on the mountain-moſs; the hind cloſe by his ſide. She hears the ſtorm roaring through the branches of the trees. She ſtarts—and lies down again.

"The heath-cock lifts his head at intervals, and returns it under his wing.

"The owl leaves her unfiniſhed dirge, and ſits ruffled in her feathers in a cleft of the blaſted oak.

"The famiſhed fox ſhrinks from the ſtorm, and ſeeks the ſhelter of his den.

"The hunter, alarmed, leaps from his pallet in the lonely hut. He raiſes his decaying fire. His wet dogs ſmoke around him. He half opens his cabin-door, and looks out; but he inſtantly retreats from the terrors of the night.

"For now the whole ſtorm deſcends. The mountain-torrents join their impetuous ſtreams. The growing river ſwells.

"The benighted traveller pauſes as he enters the gloomy dell. The glaring ſky diſcovers at intervals the terrors of the ſcene. With a face of wild deſpair he looks round. He recollects neither the rock above, nor the precipice below.—He ſtops.—Again he urges his bewildered way. His ſteed trembles at the frequent flaſh. The thunder burſts over his head.—The torrents roar aloud.—He attempts the rapid ford.—Heard you that ſcream?—It was the ſhriek of death.

"How tumultuous is the boſom of the lake! The waves laſh its rocky ſide. The boat is brimful in the cove. The oars are daſhed againſt the ſhore.

"What melancholy ſhade is that ſitting under the tree on the lonely beach?—I juſt diſcern it faintly ſhadowed out by the pale beam of the moon, paſſing through a thin-robed cloud.—It is a female form.—Her eyes are fixed upon the lake. Her hair floats looſe around her arm, which ſupports her penſive head.—Ah! mournful maid! doſt thou ſtill expect thy lover over the lake?—Thou ſaweſt his diſtant boat, at the cloſe of day, dancing upon the feathery waves.—Thy breaſt throbs with ſuſpence; but thou knoweſt not yet that he lies a corpſe upon the ſhore."

Every ſtranger, before he leaves Keſwick, ſhould viſit one or both of the Muſeums which are there exhibited; the one by Mr. CROSTHWAITE, and the other by Mr. HUTTON.—Mr. CROSTHWAITE's Muſeum is a ſpacious building, divided into ſeveral large apartments, and contains a profuſion of ſingular curioſities, conſiſting of a great number and variety of foſſils, ſhells, petrifactions, rare birds, ſerpents, the ſtuffed ſkins and bones of ſeveral uncommon animals, foreign and Britiſh; ſome monſtrous productions of nature, both animal and vegetable; a number of Aſiatic curioſities, among which the Chineſe

Cong (a Chineſe bell), the vibration of which reſembles the loudeſt thunder, is very aſtoniſhing; optic glaſſes, coins, models of ſeveral of his own ingenious inventions, maps of the lakes, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. CROSTHWAITE, who is a native of this place, was a Naval Commander in India; and after returning from thence, collected the contents of this Muſeum at a great expence.

Mr. HUTTON, who is by profeſſion a guide to the neighbouring lakes and mountains, has likewiſe a good collection of rarities, curioſities, antiques, &c. gathered in this county. His knowledge of botany enables him to collect many curious plants, with which, as well as foſſils, he furniſhes the inquiſitive naturaliſt. This gentleman has found *Epimedum Alpinum*, a plant ſaid not to have been diſcovered before in Great Britain.

Having viſited all the great and grand, the ſweet and pleaſing ſcenes in the environs of Keſwick, we next direct our route towards Ambleſide, along a good road, through new ſcenes of mountains, rocks, and lakes. The road, with a ſteep aſcent of about a mile, leads from Keſwick to Caſtle-rigg, where, on turning round, we ſee the delightful vale we have juſt left, in one of its fineſt points of view, including the lakes of Derwent and Baſſenthwaite, with the river winding through the intervening meadows, together with the ſurrounding mountains, the vale of Newlands, &c.—Mr. GRAY was ſo charmed with this view, that it almoſt determined him to return and repeat his tour.

We deſcend Caſtle-rigg, and, ſkirting the head of Naddle vale, enter the narrow green valley of Legberthwaite, diſplaying a few ſmall incloſures and ſtraggling cots, with rocks and craggy precipices on the left.

LEATHES-WATER, OR THIRLMERE-LAKE,

a narrow, irregular ſheet of water, ſtretching along the foot of Helvellin for about four miles, ſoon afterwards preſents itſelf to view. This lake, although its ſides are not ſo much adorned with wood as many of thoſe we have ſeen, is, however, guarded by ſome of the higheſt mountains in Cumberland; among which Helvellin and Catchedicam even diſpute the claim of pre-eminence with mighty Skiddaw. Sometimes we meet with a rocky knoll, covered with wood; but the ſhores are generally naked and rocky, and diſplay a ſcene of deſolation. Innumerable rocks, of immenſe bulk, which, at ſome time, have been ſevered from the ſteeps of Helvellin, now hang motionleſs on his ſides, and threaten the traveller with a new precipitation; others have reached the bottom, and are at reſt in the lake. On the oppoſite ſide a mixture of trees and ſhaggy rocks runs up the verdant mountains: the ſhore is much indented; and, near the middle, the lake becomes ſo contracted, that a bridge of three arches ſpans the whole, and forms a communication for the neighbouring inhabitants. As we proceed, the noiſe of waterfalls aſſail the ear on every ſide, which are ſeen tumbling from amazing heights in ſilvery threads. From the vale of Legberthwaite we have an eaſy aſcent, which is continued to Dun-mail-raiſe Stones, ſituated about two miles above the lake, and nine from Keſwick. —This is an Alpine paſs, and divides the counties of Cumberland and Weſtmoreland. But what renders it particularly worth notice, is the ſite of a *kairn*, or large heap of ſtones, called Dun-mail-raiſe, ſaid to have been placed there to perpetuate the memory of the laſt King of Cumberland, defeated there by EDMUND, the Saxon

Monarch, who put out the eyes of the two ſons of his adverſary; and, for his confederating with LEOLIN, King of Wales, firſt waſted his kingdom, and then gave it to MALCOLM, King of Scots, who held it in fee of EDMUND, A. D. 944, or 945.

Not far from hence the mountains open a verdant lap, and diſcover the ſweetly retired, circular vale of Graſmere, with a beautiful ſmall lake, graced with a fine iſland, and margined with a few pretty incloſures.—"*This vale of peace*" is about four miles in circumference, and guarded by high mountains: at the upper end, Helm-crag, pyramidal and broken, exhibits an immenſe maſs of antideluvian ruins.—Mr. GRAY was delighted with this view, which is noticed by him thus:—"Juſt beyond it opens one of the ſweeteſt landſcapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The boſom of the mountain ſpreading here into a broad baſon, diſcovers in the midſt Graſmere-water; its margin is hollowed into ſmall bays, with bold eminences; ſome of rock, ſome of turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command; from the ſhore a low promontory puſhes itſelf far into the water, and on it ſtands a white village, with the pariſh church riſing in the midſt of it; hanging incloſures, corn-fields, and meadows, green as an emerald, with their trees, and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole ſpace from the edge of the water; and juſt oppoſite to you is a large farm-houſe, at the bottom of a ſteep ſmooth lawn, emboſomed in old woods, which climb half way up the mountains' ſide, and diſcover above them a broken line of crags that crown the ſcene. Not a ſingle red tile, no gentleman's flaring houſe, or garden walls, break in upon the repoſe of this little unſuſpected paradiſe; but all is peace, ruſticity, and happy poverty, in its neateſt, moſt becoming attire."—Mr. WEST recommends

Lough-rigg, a ſteep hill on the ſouth end of the weſt ſide of the lake, as a ſtation for viewing its beauties to the greateſt advantage.

Towards the ſouthern end of Graſmere, we mount over the rugged ſide of a rocky mountain, that ſhuts the lake from our view; but Rydal-water, another ſtill ſmaller lake, preſents itſelf, which ſeems ſhallow, and inferior to the other in point of beauty. Some old woods, however, grace the oppoſite banks, a few trees ſpring from the grey rocks on this ſide, and its boſom contains two ſmall iſlands.—Theſe lakes empty themſelves by the river Rothay; which, after running about two miles, enters the lake of Windermere.—Turning a a rocky protuberance on the leſt, we gain a view of Rydal-hall, ſeated on a gentle eminence, at the junction of two va..eys: it ſtands among waving woods, which climb up .he ſurrounding ſteeps; and Rydal-head, a rocky mountain of great height, riſes rapidly behind, and almoſt hangs over the vale.

Rydal-hall, lately much improved, is the ſeat of Sir MICHAEL LE FLEMING, Bart. a gentleman whoſe taſte and liberal ſpirit have contributed much towards the perfection of thoſe beauties which Nature has ſo laviſhly ſcattered round this ſequeſtered vale.—Here are two caſcades worthy of notice; one at a little diſtance from the houſe, in a glen, to which Sir MICHAEL has cut a convenient path, that leads us ſuddenly upon it in the beſt point of view. This is a conſiderable ſtream, tumbling, in one unbroken ſheet, from a rock of great height into a baſon below, with a concuſſion that ſeems to ſhake the very mountain.—The other is a ſmall waterfall, ſeen through the window of a ſummer-houſe, and is beautiful beyond deſcription. On this caſcade Mr. GILPIN ſays—"One of theſe, though but a miniature, is ſo beautiful, both in

itſelf and its accompaniments, as to deſerve particular notice. It is ſeen from a ſummer-houſe; before which its rocky cheeks, circling on each ſide, form a little area, appearing through the window like a picture in a frame. The water falls within a few yards of the eye, which, being rather above its level, has a long perſpective view of the ſtream, as it hurries from the higher grounds, tumbling, in various little breaks, through its rocky channel, darkened with thicket, till it arrive at the edge of the precipice before the window, from whence it ruſhes into the baſon, which is formed by nature in the native rock. The dark colour of the ſtone, taking ſtill a deeper tinge from the wood which hangs over it, ſets off to wonderful advantage the ſparkling luſtre of the ſtream, and produces an uncommon effect of light. It is this effect indeed from which the chief beauty of this little exhibition ariſes."

Aſcend Rydal-head, the mountain behind Rydal-hall, which is covered with ſoft herbage intermixed with a few burſting rocks. The aſcent is ſteep; but the view from the top amply repays the toil of climbing it. From hence we ſee the lakes and vales of Graſmere and Rydal pleaſingly delineated far below our feet, and on which we look down, almoſt perpendicularly, obſerving every ſweep in the line of ſhore.—Beyond theſe, the mountains, with verdant ſkirts, and boſoms purpled with heath, riſe in various forms, and diſcover a ſmall elevated lake, called Elter-water, ſeated high in the dimpled breaſt of one of them, and ſending forth a white ſilvery ſtream, which joins the Brathay, and thence puſhes over a ſucceſſion of little caſcades to mighty Windermere.—This famous lake which gradually unfolds itſelf during our aſcent, now ſpreads out far and wide a ſhining mirror, ſtudded with numerous iſlands, and half interſected by ſtretching pro-

montories. Irregular, broken ridges of mountains bound the lake; but more humble than the guardians of thoſe lakes we have before ſeen, and ſoftened with a profuſion of wood, running up from the embayed borders of the water almoſt to the ſummits of the hills. Seats, farm-houſes, and pleaſant incloſures, ſparkle among the trees, and decorate the ſcene.

Over the weſtern boundary of Windermere, Eſthwaite-water, a ſmall lake, is ſeen extending towards Hawkſhead; and to the right of that, Coniſtone-lake, an extenſive ſheet of water, ſtretches, in a long line, among the high, rocky fells of Furneſs. Further ſtill, the Iriſh Sea ſhines in the horizon, and waſhes a very indented ſhore. —Tracing back the proſpect, the little town of Ambleſide ſtands juſt before us; while Rydal-hall is hid under the brow of the mountain upon which we ſtand.—On the other hand, the range of mountains extends to an imperceptible diſtance, covered with a dry, verdant turf, and riſing up in pointed ſummits of different elevations; the moſt prominent of which are Dow-crags, Griſdale-pike, and Helvellin. Nothing can be conceived more romantic than an excurſion over the tops of theſe mountains, which, with a guide, may be made without that danger or inconvenience which ſtrangers generally conceive.

The anonymous author of "*A Fortnight's Ramble to the Lakes*" traverſed theſe hills to Helvellin, and, in his jocular ſtyle, gives us the following account of his views from thence:—

"We then clambered to a heap of ſtones upon Griſdale-pike, or, as it called by the country people, in remembrance of ſome ruſtic fun, *Dolly Waggon Pike*; and I may venture to ſay, ſhe has a more commanding proſpect than any Dolly in the kingdom: to the weſt, immenſe mountains that hide the vale of Borrowdale, ſhewing

three lakes, and the ſea bounding them: to the eaſt, fleecy clouds are rolling about the hills, and ſhe appears (from our ſituation) the head of a delightful valley and of Ulls-water; plainly ſhewing us Gowbarrow Park, Dunmallet Head, and the outlet of the lake.

"We are in the midſt of ſharp whirlwinds, which ruſtle up the dry moſs, and by lifting up the ſkirts of my coat, have given ſome fine colours to my back.

"On Whelpſide we ſee Baſſenthwaite-lake; and after declining in order to aſcend the ſouth-eaſt flank of Helvellin, a hill, a mile long, extends to the eaſt, ſo narrow you might ſit acroſs any part of the ridge. The clouds are flying before the wind, and reflect their ſhadows ſo fantaſtically, that beggars what we admired when on Windermere. But, as we have had a hard march, I will cloſe this chapter."

After mentioning his arrival at the higheſt pinnacle of Helvellin, he ſays—

"The view gets more hazy; ſtill the magnificence around us is beyond deſcription. Mountains towering above hills, as if they were parents of numerous families, and Helvellin in the centre of them.—Skiddaw is below us to the north. Croſs-fell is large enough to be viſible from an exalted ſummit, and is only exceeded by Ingleborough, in Yorkſhire, which holds her crowned head amidſt a chain of hills, and ſeems, from her height, deſerving of her royal appearance.

"Old Man is juſt in ſight, and old friends deſerve not to be forgotten.—Place-fell cuts off a branch of Ulls-water, and makes the ſhape of the lake reſemble *a pair of breeches*, inlaid with paſturage about the old church as rich as nature and induſtry can make it.

"Juſt under us is Red-tarn, ſhaped like a Bury pear: if I had but a draught of it, it would be worth all the

fruit in the world, for my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth.

"Ravens are croaking, and the wind, which did not blow when I began to write, is coming on in flurries."

We return to Rydal, and from thence through a pleasant variety of woods and fields, proceed to Ambleside, which is one mile distant.

The following concise account of a journey from Keswick to Ambleside, by the descriptive pen of Mrs. RADCLIFFE, is so interesting, that we cannot resist the temptation to insert it:—

"The road from Keswick to Ambleside commences by the ascent of Castle-rigg, the mountain which the Penrith road descends, and which, on that side, is crowned by a Druid's temple. The rise is now very laborious, but the views it affords over the vale of Keswick are not dearly purchased by the fatigue. All Baffenthwaite, its mountains softening away in the perspective, and terminating, on the west, in the sifter woods of Withop-brows, extends from the eye; and, immediately beneath, the northern end of Derwent-water, with Cawsey-pike, Thornthwaite-fell, the rich upland vale of Newland peeping from between their bases, and the spiry woods of Foe-park jutting into the lake below. But the finest prospect is from a gate about half way up the hill, whence you look down upon the head of Derwent-water with all the Alps of Borrowdale, opening darkly.

"After descending Castle-rigg and crossing the top of St. John's vale, we seemed as if going into banishment from society, the road then leading over a plain, closely surrounded by mountains so wild that neither a cottage or a wood soften their rudeness, and so steep and barren that not even sheep appear upon their sides. From this plain the road enters Legberthwaite, a narrow valley,

running at the back of Borrowdale, green at the bottom, and varied with a few farms, but without wood, and with fells of grey precipices rising to great height, and nearly perpendicular on either hand, whose fronts are marked only by the torrents that tumble from their utmost summits, and perpetually occur. We often stopped to listen to their hollow sounds, amidst the solitary greatness of the scene, and to watch their headlong fall down the rocky chasms, their white foam and silver line contrasting with the dark hue of the clefts. In sublimity of descent these were frequently much superior to that of Lowdore, but as much inferior to it in mass of water and picturesque beauty.

"As the road ascended towards Helvellin, we looked back through this vast rocky vista to the sweet vale of St. John, lengthening the perspective, and saw, as through a telescope, the broad broken steps of Saddleback, and the points of Skiddaw, darkly blue, closing it to the north. The grand rivals of Cumberland were now seen together; and the road soon winding high over the skirts of Helvellin, brought us to Leathes-water, to which the mountain forms a vast side skreen, during its whole length. This is a long, but narrow and unadorned lake, having little else than walls of rocky fells, starting from its margin. Continuing on the precipice, at some height from the shore, the road brought us, after three miles, to the poor village of Wythburn, and soon after to the foot of Dun-mail-raise, which, though a considerable ascent, forms the dip of two lofty mountains, Steel-fell and Seat Sandle, that rise with finely-sweeping lines on each side, and shut up the vale.

"Beyond Dun-mail-raise, one of the grand passes from Cumberland into Westmoreland, Helm-crag, rears its crest, a strange fantastic summit, round, yet jagged and

ſplintered like the wheel of a water-mill, overlooking Graſmere, which, ſoon after, opened below. A green ſpreading circle of mountains emboſoms this ſmall lake, and, beyond, a wider range riſes in amphitheatre, whoſe rocky tops are rounded and ſcalloped, yet are great, wild, irregular, and were then overſpread with a tint of faint purple. The ſofteſt verdure margins the water, and mingles with corn incloſures and woods, that wave up the hills; but ſcarcely a cottage any where appears, except at the northern end of the lake, where the village of Graſmere and its very neat white church ſtand among trees, near the ſhore, with Helm-crag, and a multitude of fells, riſing over it and beyond each other in the perſpective.

"The lake was clear as glaſs, reflecting the headlong mountains, with every feature of every image on its tranquil banks; and one green iſland varies, but ſcarcely adorns its ſurface, bearing only a rude and now ſhadeleſs hut. At a conſiderable height above the water, the road undulates for a mile, till, near the ſouthern end of Graſmere, it mounts the crags of a fell, and ſeemed carrying us again into ſuch ſcenes of ruin and privation as we had quitted with Legberthwaite and Leathes-water. But, deſcending the other ſide of the mountain, we were ſoon cheered by the view of plantations, enriching the banks of Rydal-water, and by thick woods, mingling among cliffs above the narrow lake, which winds through a cloſe valley for about a mile. This lake is remarkable for the beauty of its ſmall round iſlands, luxuriant with elegant trees and ſhrubs, and whoſe banks are green to the water's edge. Rydal-hall ſtands finely on an eminence, ſomewhat withdrawn from the eaſt end, in a cloſe romantic nook, among old woods, that feather the fells which riſe over their ſummits, and ſpread widely along

the neighbouring eminences. This ancient white manſion looks over a rough graſſy deſcent, ſcreened by groves of oak and majeſtic planes, towards the head of Windermere, about two miles diſtant, a ſmall glimpſe of which is caught beyond the wooded ſteeps of a narrow valley. In the woods, and in the diſpoſition of the ground round Rydal-hall, there is a charming wildneſs, that ſuits the character of the general ſcene; and, wherever art appears, it is with graceful plainneſs and meek ſubjection to nature.

"The taſte by which a caſcade in the pleaſure grounds, pouring under the arch of a rude bridge, amidſt the green tint of woods, is ſhewn through a darkened garden houſe, and, therefore, with all the effect which the oppoſition of light and ſhade can give, is even not too artificial; ſo admirably is the intent accompliſhed of making all the light that is admitted fall upon the objects which are chiefly meant to be obſerved.

"The road to Ambleſide runs through the valley in front of Rydal-hall, and, for ſome diſtance, among the grounds that belong to it, where again the taſte of the owner is conſpicuous in the diſpoſition of plantations among paſtures of extraordinary richneſs, and where pure rivulets are ſuffered to wind, without reſtraint, over their dark rocky channels. Woods mantle up the cliffs on either ſide of this ſweet valley; and, higher ſtill, the craggy ſummits of the fells crowd over the ſcene.—Two miles among its pleaſant ſhades, near the banks of the murmuring Rotha, brought us to Ambleſide, a black and very ancient little town, hanging on the lower ſteeps of a mountain, where the vale opens to the head of Windermere."

AMBLESIDE, though a ſmall market-town, has only the appearance of a large village: it ſtands in a pleaſant

ſituation, is tolerably built, and contains two goods inns.—Mr. HARRISON has a neat houſe juſt above the town; and another good houſe here belongs to Mrs. TAYLOR.—The veſtige of a Roman ſtation may be ſeen between it and the head of Windermere: this ſtation lies in a meadow on a level with the water, and is ſuppoſed to be that called the *Dietis*, where a part of the Cohors *Nerviorum Dictentium* was ſtationed.

We now leave Ambleſide, and proceed to ſurvey the beauties of

WINDERMERE,

firſt by purſuing the road along its eaſtern ſhore.—Travelling about a mile through winding ſhady lanes, we come to the head of the lake; and, at the turnpike gate, have an open view of its upper end. The road continues almoſt on a level with the lake, which now recedes a little, and we only ſee it at intervals through embowering trees, till we arrive at Low-wood Inn, where it again approaches the road, and ſpreads out before us into an immenſe ſhining plain of water, curiouſly ſcalloped along the oppoſite ſhore, where the ſloping hills diſplay a pleaſing mixture of woodland and beautiful farms.—This neat and finely-ſituated inn ſtands on the borders of the lake, over which it has a commanding view. A ſmall cannon is kept here, for the purpoſe of gratifying the curious in exciting thoſe ſurpriſing echoes for which this vale is ſo remarkable, and to which the following lines are not unapplicable:—

———"The cannon's roar
Burſts from the boſom of the hollow ſhore:
The dire exploſion the whole concave fills,
And ſhakes the firm foundation of the hills.

Now pauſing deep, now bellowing from a-far,
Now rages near the elemental war.
Affrighted Echo opens all her cells;
With gather'd ſtrength the poſting clamour ſwells:
Check'd or impell'd, and varying in its courſe,
It ſlumbers—now awakes with double force;
Searching the ſtrait, and crooked hill and dale,
Sinks in the breeze, or riſes in the gale:
Chorus of earth and ſky! the mountains ſing,
And Heaven's own thunders thro' the valleys ring."

KILLARNEY.

We now leave the margin of the water, and travel through groves, ſecluded farms, and parks, ſcarcely gaining a glimpſe of the lake, till we arrive oppoſite Colgarth, when it again opens to the view at half a mile diſtance. The ſweet intervening vale, finely cultivated, and graced with the elegant new manſion of Colgarth, is the property and common place of reſidence of the Right Rev. and learned Lord Biſhop of LANDAFF, whoſe agricultural improvements here merit the attention of every ſtranger, and the imitation of every Weſtmoreland farmer.—About half a mile further we reach a gently-riſing eminence, from whence we view the principal part of the lake, with all its picturеſque iſlands. The bounding mountains, though high, are greatly inferior to thoſe on the confines of the lakes we have already ſeen, and ſlope irregularly to the water, leaving on this ſide an uneven border of low ground. Here we ſtand on the ſide of a ridge which is cultivated, or wooded, to the top; while its baſe is beſpangled with ſeats, villages, and ſmall farms. On the oppoſite ſide, the rocky range of hills, deſcending quickly to the water, leaves little room for cultivation; but are beautifully ſtudded with bulging rocks peeping through the verdant

turf, and trees ſcattered over the ſurface, or collected in woods, hanging wildly on the mountain's brow.—These guardian hills having reached that end of the lake which we have left, riſe grandly in lofty heights, and overlook the leſſer hills with ſullen pride, ſhewing at their feet the little white ſeats of Mr. LAW and Miſs PRITCHARD; the former at Brathay, and the latter at Clappergate. On the left, low points of land from each ſhore, running far into the lake, contract it to the volume of a noble winding river, which, after emerging from the iſlands, expands again, and ſoon becomes a majeſtic lake. Immediately in front, a ſpacious bay approaches us, giving a breadth of more than a mile, and afterwards ſweeps away to the right, alternately contracting and dilating its indented ſhores, till it reaches the ſmooth ſoft baſes of that noble amphitheatre of mountains above mentioned. This lake, taken altogether, may be compared to a mirror of immenſe ſize and rude ſhape, ſet in a huge concave frame of groteſque figure, adorned with the grandeſt carvings and lace-work, in a variety of the richeſt colours, and altogether bearing the negligent air of Nature's original workmanſhip.

This view is not ſeen to advantage, except in the morning, or in the abſence of the ſun; nor is that general commanding view from an eminence above Bowneſs, which is thus elegantly deſcribed by Mr. YOUNG, leſs ſubject to the ſame inconvenience:—

"Thus having viewed the moſt pleaſing objects from theſe points, let me next conduct you to a ſpot, where, at once glance, you command them all in freſh ſituations, and all aſſuming a new appearance. For this purpoſe, you return to the village, and, taking the bye-road to the turnpike, mount the hill without turning your head (if I was your guide, I would conduct you behind a ſmall

hill, that you might come at once upon the view), till you almoſt gain the top, when you will be ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at the proſpect ſpread at your feet, which, if not the moſt ſuperlative view that Nature can exhibit, ſhe is more fertile in beauties than the reach of my imagination will allow me to conceive. It would be mere vanity to attempt to deſcribe a ſcene which beggars all deſcription; but that you may have ſome faint idea of the outlines of this wonderful picture, I will juſt give the particulars of which it conſiſts.

"The point on which you ſtand is the ſide of a large ridge of hills that form the eaſtern boundary of the lake, and the ſituation high enough to look *down* upon all the objects—a circumſtance of great importance, which painting cannot imitate. In landſcapes, you are either on a level with the objects, or look up to them; the painter cannot give the declivity at your feet, which leſſens the object as much in the perpendicular line as in the horizontal one. You look down upon a noble winding valley, of about twelve miles long, every where incloſed with grounds, which riſe in a very bold and various manner; in ſome places bulging into mountains, abrupt, wild, and uncultivated; in others breaking into rocks, craggy, pointed, and irregular; here riſing into hills covered with the nobleſt woods, preſenting a gloomy brownneſs of ſhade, almoſt from the clouds, to the reflection of the trees in the limpid water of the lake they ſo beautifully ſkirt; there waving in glorious ſlopes of cultivated incloſures, adorned in the ſweeteſt manner with every object that can give variety to art, or elegance to nature; trees, woods, villages, houſes, farms, ſcattered with pictureſque confuſion, and waving to the eye in the moſt romantic landſcapes that nature can exhibit.

"This valley, ſo beautifully incloſed, is floated by the

lake, which ſpreads forth to the right and left, in one vaſt but irregular expanſe of tranſparent water; a more noble object can hardly be imagined. Its immediate ſhore is traced in every variety of line that fancy can imagine; ſometimes contracting the lake into the appearance of a noble winding river; at others retiring from it, and opening into large bays, as if for navies to anchor in; promontories ſpread with woods, or ſcattered with trees and incloſures, projecting into the water in the moſt picturesque ſtile imaginable; rocky points breaking the ſhore, and rearing their bold heads above the water; in a word, a variety that amazes the beholder.

"But what finiſhes the ſcene with an elegance too delicious to be imagined, is, this beautiful ſheet of water being dotted with no leſs than ten iſlands, diſtinctly comprehended by the eye; all of the moſt bewitching beauty. The large one preſents a waving various line, which riſes from the water in the moſt picturesque inequalities of ſurface: high land in one place, low in another, clumps of trees in this ſpot, ſcattered ones in that, adorned by a farm-houſe on the water's edge, and backed with a little wood, vying in ſimple elegance with Baromean palaces: ſome of the ſmaller iſlets riſing from the lake, like little hills of wood; ſome only ſcattered with trees, and others of graſs of the fineſt verdure; a more beautiful variety is no where to be ſeen.

"Strain your imagination to command the idea of ſo noble an expanſe of water, thus glorioufly environed, ſpotted with iſlands, more beautiful than would have iſſued from the happieſt painter. Picture the mountains rearing their majeſtic heads with native ſublimity; the vaſt rocks boldly projecting their terrible craggy points; and, in the path of beauty, the variegated incloſures of the moſt charming verdure, hanging to the eye in every

picturesque form that can grace landscape, with the most exquisite touches of *la belle nature*. If you raise your fancy to something infinitely beyond this assemblage of rural elegancies, you may have a faint notion of the unexampled beauties of this ravishing landscape."

We now descend to BOWNESS, a pleasant, well-built village, which Mr. GILPIN stiles the "capital port town of the lake."—"It is," says he, "the great mart for fish and charcoal; both of which commodities are largely imported here, and carried by land into the country. Its harbour is crowded with vessels of various kinds; some of which are used merely as pleasure boats in navigating the lake."—Mr. TAYLOR has a small, pleasantly-situated house at Bell-field, near this place.

A pleasant road of near a mile leads from hence, through a beautiful part of the vale, to the Ferry-point, a low, extended, and narrow neck of land; towards which another point stretches from the opposite shore, and forms what is called the Straits of Windermere.—A ferry boat is kept here in readiness to convey horses, carriages, &c. across the lake.—At Bowness we take a boat, and navigate to CURWEN'S Island, which runs obliquely across the lake. It is of an oblong shape, swelling in the middle, and pointed at each end; and contains 27 acres of land.—JOHN CHRISTIAN CURWEN, Esq. the present proprietor of this charming island, has joined every assistance of Art to the fine dispositions of Nature, in rendering it a most delightful retreat. Sweet groves, pleasant walks, and verdant lawns, with a neat house, in a proper situation, and without one formal or direct line to offend the eye: all contribute towards its beauties.—From hence we have some of the finest views on the lake. The northern shores afford a mixed prospect of the beautiful and sublime; a number of scattered islands

interrupt the line of uniformity, which would otherwiſe bound a reach of the lake four miles and a half in length, and, in ſome parts, above one in breadth. Theſe iſlands, in ſhape and cloathing, diſplay a pleaſing variety in the fore-ground of the picture. The ſide ſkreens are different; that on the left conſiſts of a rocky ridge, deſcending to the water, partly covered with verdure, on which flocks of mountain ſheep are ſeen feeding, and partly cloathed with thick woods, or ſcattered with ſtraggling trees and evergreen ſhrubs, over which the heights of Furneſs-fells are peeping into the lake. On the right, neat villages and farms, half buried in wood, form a delightful mixture of woodland and cultivated fields ſtretching, in a gradual aſcent, from the water's edge to the tops of ſome of the hills. In front, we have a large collection of high mountains, with pointed ſummits, rearing up in different attitudes, and one overlooking the top of another, as if anxious to gaze on the beauties of the lake. Turning to the ſouth, we obſerve the lake extending many miles in that direction, with variety of ſhore, and patched with iſlands. In every point of view, mountains, at different diſtances, raiſe their bulky creſts, and form a noble amphitheatre round the lake.

From the ſouthern ſide, alſo, a good proſpect opens before us, particularly to the foot of the lake. The two ferry points creeping towards each other, with the iſland of Crow-holme on the right, form a picturesque ſtrait, through which Berkſhire iſland, towards the centre of the lake, is ſeen raiſing its head above the water.—Beyond this, RAWLINSON's Nab on the weſt, and Stors Point on the eaſt, are two bold promontories, which puſh abruptly into the lake. The line of ſhore on each ſide is much indented, and ſweetly fringed with trees; while the waving hills which guard the lake are cloathed

either with a combination of verdant fields and ſweeping woods, or a mixture of grey rock burſting through a graſſy turf, and ſcattered evergreen trees and ſhrubs.

On this iſland the artiſt will find ſome good ſtations for making drawings of the lake and its environs.

CURWEN'S Iſland is thus deſcribed by the elegant and correct pen of Mr. GILPIN:—

"In one of theſe we embarked, and ſtanding out to ſea, made for the iſland, which we were informed was a very intereſting ſcene.

"We ſoon arrived at it; and landing at the ſouth end, we ordered our boat to meet us at the north point, meaning to traverſe its little boundaries.

"A more ſequeſtered ſpot cannot eaſily be conceived. Nothing can be more excluded from the noiſe and interruption of life; or abound with a greater variety of thoſe circumſtances which make retirement pleaſing.

"The whole iſland contains about thirty acres. Its form is oblong; its ſhores irregular, retiring into bays, and broken into creeks. The ſurface, too, is uneven; and a ſort of little Appenine ridge runs through the middle of it, falling down in all ſhapes into the water. Like its great mother iſland, the ſouthern part wears a ſmoother aſpect than the northern, which is broken and rocky.

"Formerly the whole iſland was one entire grove. At preſent it is rather bare of wood, though there are ſome large oaks upon it.

"One of its greateſt beauties ariſes from that irregular little Appenine juſt mentioned, which extends from one end to the other. This circumſtance hides its *inſularity*, by connecting it with the continent. In every part, except on the high grounds, you ſtand in an amphitheatre compoſed of the nobleſt objects; and the lake performing the office of a ſunk fence, the grandeur of

each part of the continent is called in, by turns, to aid the inſignificance of the iſland.

"The oblong form alſo of the lake gives the iſland another great advantage. On both its *ſides* the oppoſite ſhores of the continent are little more than half a mile diſtant: but at the northern and ſouthern *points* there is a large ſheet of water. The views therefore, as you walk round, are continually changing through all the varieties of *diſtance*; which are ſtill farther improved by a little degree of obliquity in the poſition of the iſland."

The ſame author alſo relates the following curious fact:—

"This iſland formerly belonged to the PHILIPSONS, a family of note in Weſtmoreland. During the civil wars, two of them, an elder and a younger brother, ſerved the King. The former, who was the proprietor of it, commanded a regiment: the latter was a Major.

"The Major, whoſe name was Robert, was a man of great ſpirit and enterprize; and, for his many feats of perſonal bravery, had obtained among the Oliverians of thoſe parts, the appellation of *Robin the Devil*.

"After the war had ſubſided, and the direful effects public oppoſition had ceaſed, revenge and private malice long kept alive the animoſity of individuals.—Colonel BRIGGS, a ſteady friend to the uſurpation, reſided at this time at Kendal; and, under the double character of a leading magiſtrate (for he was a juſtice of the peace) and an active commander, held the country in awe. This perſon having heard that Major PHILIPSON was at his brother's houſe, on the iſland in Windermere, reſolved, if poſſible, to ſeize and puniſh a man who had made himſelf ſo particularly obnoxious. With this view, he muſtered a party which he thought ſufficient, and went himſelf on the enterprize. How it was conducted my

authority* does not inform us—whether he got together the navigation of the lake, and blockaded the place by ſea, or whether he landed, and carried on his approaches in form. Neither do we learn the ſtrength of the garriſon within, nor of the works without, though every gentleman's houſe was at that time in ſome degree a fortreſs. All we learn is, that Major PHILIPSON endured a ſiege of eight or ten days with great gallantry; till his brother, the Colonel, hearing of his diſtreſs, raiſed a party, and relieved him.

"It was now the Major's turn to make repriſals. He put himſelf therefore at the head of a little troop of horſe, and rode to Kendal. Here being informed that Colonel BRIGGS was at prayers (for it was on a Sunday morning), he ſtationed his men properly in the avenues; and himſelf, armed, rode directly into the church. It probably was not a regular church, but ſome large place of meeting. It is ſaid he intended to ſeize the Colonel, and carry him off; but as this ſeems to have been totally impracticable, it is rather probable that his intention was to kill him on the ſpot; and, in the midſt of the confuſion, to eſcape. Whatever his intention was, it was fruſtrated, for BRIGGS happened to be elſewhere.

"The congregation, as might be expected, was thrown into great confuſion on ſeeing an armed man, on horſeback, make his appearance among them; and the Major taking advantage of their aſtoniſhment, turned his horſe round, and rode quietly out. But having given an alarm, he was preſently aſſaulted as he left the aſſembly; and, being ſeized, his girths were cut, and he was unhorſed.

"At this inſtant his party made a furious attack on

* Dr. Burn's Hiſtory of Weſtmoreland.

the aſſailants; and the Major killed, with his own hand, the man who had ſeized him, clapped the ſaddle, ungirthed as it was, upon his horſe, and vaulting into it, rode full ſpeed through the ſtreets of Kendal, calling his men to follow him; and with his whole party made a ſafe retreat to his aſylum in the lake.—The action marked the man. Many knew him; and they who did not, knew as well from the exploit, that it could be nobody but *Robin the Devil.*"

Mrs. RADCLIFFE ſailed over the lake where the ferry-boat croſſes, and thought the northern view from thence the moſt intereſting on Windermere.

Proceed paſt Crow-holme to the ferry point, on the weſtern ſide, and from thence through the ſycamore grove to the road which runs along the baſe of the mountain: turning a little way to the right, we approach the Harrow farm-houſe. Here we obſerve the beauties of the lake and its accompaniments in a new point of view: the landſcape before us is elegant, and forms a charming picture, well worth the painter's attention. The iſland we have juſt left appears ſtill more pleaſing, with deeply-indented ſhores, and is proudly triumphant over a variety of ſmall wooded iſles in its vicinity.

We return down the road; and, proceeding a little paſt the ferry point, aſcend a prominent rock, on which a ſmall octagonical houſe, called *Belle Vieu*, has lately been built by Mr. BRAITHWAITE. Here we have another grand view of the beauties and magnificence of the lake. A great expanſe of water opens on each hand, finely bayed and indented; and from which the ſweetly wooded ridges riſe in a variety of ſhapes. In front, the ſmall iſland of Berkſhire raiſes its wooded boſom above the water; while, on the left, the little *Archipelago* of Windermere diſtinctly expoſes its pretty

iſlands. Among theſe, the great iſland we have juſt viſited eclipſes all the reſt in ſize and elegance. Between it and the weſtern ſhore are the *Lillies of the Valley*, two ſmall iſles, ſo called from producing the flowers of that name.—THOMPSON's Holme is an irregular ſhaped, woody iſland.—Houſe-holme is an iſland of ſmall extent. —Hen-holme is a rock cloathed with ſhrubs.—Lady holme, covered with coppice wood, is of an oval form, and on which there formerly ſtood an oratory.—Rough-holme is ſomewhat circular, and adorned with trees. This is the moſt northerly.—Crow-holme, near the ferry point, between it and CURWEN's Iſland, is wooded, and forms a fine promontory.—The lake twines delightfully among theſe iſlands; and, after diſengaging itſelf, extends between ſweeping ſhores, far to the north, till it reaches the feet of that noble aſſemblage of lofty, conical-topped mountains forming the grand northern ſcene we obſerved before. The oppoſite ſide diſplays all the pleaſing variety of neat buildings (among which is that of Sir JOHN LEGARD, Bart. at Stors), looking from thick groves of trees over the lake, waving woods and cultivated fields aſcending in irregular order over the tops of the lower range of hills, with rocky heights of various aſpects overlooking the whole. The rugged crags of Biſcot-how contraſt finely with the cultivated tops of Banne-rigg and Orreſt-head; and the conic-topped mountain, Hill-bell, vies with his lofty neighbours, Fairfield and Rydal-head.

This pleaſing ſcene is increaſed as we turn our eyes towards the other end of the caſtern coaſt. Scattered houſes ſtand ſecreted in the ſweeteſt receſſes, and ſurrounded with fields and little groves; above which the mountainous ridge, fronted with interſperſed woods, runs to the bottom of the lake. From that ſide, the Stors, a wooded cape, ſteps conſiderably into the water, as if in-

tending to reach the little rocky iſland of Ling-holme; and from this ſide, about three miles ſouthwards, RAWLINSON'S Nab, a bold crowned promontory, ſtretches far into the lake. Beyond this latter jutting rock, the lake expands, and is ſeen winding far to the ſouth, till it apparently loſes itſelf behind a headland on the other ſide; while the blue indented ſummits of diſtant mountains, over the tops of two woody hills, called Park and Landen-nab, cloſe the ſcene. The broken-topped ridge on this ſide is higher, and falls more rapidly into the water, than that on the other: it is ſpotted with grey rocks, and ſcattered trees; and large woods hang on its grizzly brows. That part immediately behind us, and for a conſiderable diſtance on each hand, is moſt pictureſquely ſcattered with hollies, yews, juniper, ivy, and other evergreens, which grow from the rocky precipices, and upon the little knolls, in a curious manner, and thereby form a beautiful picture, which varies with almoſt every progreſſive ſtep. Theſe pleaſing pictures are rendered ſtill more ſtrikingly ſweet, when the aſh, the oak, and the ſycamore, are touched with the golden pencil of Autumn; thus grouping together every lively tint, contraſted in a beautiful manner.—This ſtation may either be viſited in this part of our tour, or deferred to the laſt, as it is on the road to Hawkſhead.

We return to the ferry, and traverſe the lake for a few miles towards the ſouth. In this route, touch at every iſland and promontory as they occur. The lake aſſumes new features as we proceed, and ſeems to be cut in two by CURWEN'S Iſland, which apparently joins the ferry points. The houſe on the iſland, and the ferry-houſe, now become ſtill better objects. Sylvan ſcenes of great beauty decorate the weſtern ſide; and the eaſtern diſplays a profuſion of rural views in all the magnificence of improved taſte.

We arrive at RAWLINSON'S Nab, a peninſular rock of circular figure, with its crown-topt head covered with wood. Aſcending the interior nab, we ſee the lake bending in different directions, in two fine ſheets of water. The ſouthern ſtretch is circumſcribed by rough wooded hills, interſperſed with incloſures and burſting rocks, forming a variety of ſhore. The northern view is more beautiful, being pleaſantly broken with promontories and little iſlands: the fine cultivated ſlopes, intermingled with waving woods on the one ſide, finely contraſting with the wild, abruptly-riſing ridge on the other; and the whole terminated with a back-ground of diſtant high mountains.

This is an excellent ſtation for the exerciſe of the pencil: advanced conſiderably into the lake, we command a variety of the fineſt ſcenes. From Low-cat-crag, which is a little way ſouth of the Nab, there are alſo good views both up and down the lake. The former is peculiarly pleaſing, extending as far as CURWEN'S Iſland, with the ferry points, the Stors, the Nab, and ſeveral of the ſmaller iſlands, diſtinctly in ſight. Theſe, with other concurring circumſtances, render the landſcape pleaſing and intereſting.

Mr. WEST ſays—"The fiſh of this lake are char, trout, perch, pike, and eel. Of the char there are two varieties, the *caſe* char, and the *gelt* char; the latter is a fiſh that did not ſpawn the laſt ſeaſon, and is on that account more delicious.

"The greateſt depth of the lake is, oppoſite to Ecclerigg-crag, 222 feet. The fall from Newby-bridge, where the current of the lake becomes viſible, to the high water-mark of the tide at Low-wood (diſtant two miles), is 105 feet: the bottom of the lake is therefore 117 feet below the high water-mark of the ſea."

If the viſitor be inclined, and have time for ſuch an

excurſion, the whole lake may be navigated with various and increaſed pleaſure,—new ſcenes preſenting themſelves to the view at almoſt every ſtroke of the oar.

Mr. GILPIN concludes his obſervations on Windermere with the following account of its char fiſhery, and other ſingular properties:—

"Among the great variety of fiſh which inhabit the extenſive waters of this lake, the *char* is the moſt remarkable. It is near twice the ſize of a herring. Its back is of an olive-green; its belly of a light vermillion, ſoftening in ſome parts into white, and changing into a deep red at the inſertion of the fins.

"A parcel of char, juſt caught, and thrown together into the luggage-pool of a boat, makes a pleaſant harmony of colouring. The green-olive tint prevails; to which a ſpirit is here and there given by a light bluſh of vermillion, and by a ſtrong touch of red, if a fin happen to appear. Theſe pleaſing colours are aſſiſted by the bright ſilvery lights which play over the whole, and which nothing reflects more beautifully than the ſcales of fiſh.

"Char are caught only in the winter ſeaſon, when twenty dozen in a day are ſometimes taken by a ſingle boat. In ſummer they retire to the rocky caves below, ſome of which are ſaid to be unfathomable: nor do they breed in any lake in which ſuch deep receſſes are not found.

"The char fiſhing is a very profitable branch of trade to the proprietors of the lake. The whole area of it is divided into five diſtricts. An imaginary line croſſes the ſurface from crag to crag—a limit which the fiſherman correctly knows. But though the ſpace of each fiſhery is nearly equal, yet the produce is otherwiſe; the fiſh running in ſhoals ſometimes in one part of the lake,

and ſometimes in another.—When the farmer rents land, he can judge of his bargain by the ſurface: when he rents water, he muſt take his chance.

"But fiſh are not the only inhabitants of this lake. Innumerable flights of water-fowl frequent its extenſive plain. The naturaliſt may declare their names and claſſes: the painter has only to remark the variety of forms in which they appear—ſometimes ſitting in black groups upon the water, riſing and ſinking with the waves: at other times in the air, circling the lake in figured files; or, with heſitating wing, ſeizing ſome ſtation on its banks or ſurface.

"I have only to add, that this magnificent piece of water ſuffers little change, in *appearance*, from ſeaſons; but preſerves the dignity of its character under all circumſtances; ſeldom depreſſed, and as ſeldom raiſed above its ordinary level.—Even in the moſt violent rains, when the country is drenched in water, when every rill is ſwelled into a river, and the mountains pour down floods through new channels, the lake maintains the ſame equal temper; and though it may ſpread a few yards over its lower ſhores (which is the utmoſt it does), yet its increaſe is ſeldom the object of obſervation: nor does the ſeverity of the greateſt drought make any conſiderable alteration in its bounds. Once (it is recorded) it roſe ſeven feet in perpendicular height. Its boundaries would then certainly *appear* enlarged; but this was a very uncommon caſe; and was probably owing to the burſt of a waterſpout.

"But if it be not raiſed by rains, it is often greatly agitated by winds. Of all the lakes of this country, none lies ſo expoſed as this, through the whole length of it, to ſudden ſqualls:—nor does any piece of freſh water in the whole iſland perhaps emulate the grandeur of a

diſturbed ocean ſo much. It is of courſe navigated with great caution, whenever there is a tendency to ſtormy weather. Many accidents have ſhewn the neceſſity of this caution; but one made an impreſſion on the country which a century has not effaced. Several people in the neighbourhood of Bowneſs having been attending a fair at Hawkſhead, a town on the other ſide of the lake, had embarked, in the evening, on their return home; but before this little voyage could be performed, ſo violent a ſtorm aroſe, that their boats foundered, and no fewer than forty-ſeven perſons periſhed."

We now leave the vale and lake of Windermere, and proceed towards Hawkſhead, along an excellent road, of about four miles. This road leaves the horſe-ferry, and croſſing a lower part of the mountain (where we have a new and elevated proſpect of Windermere), it runs along the borders of Eſthwaite-water to Hawkſhead. Another road, of five miles, leads from Ambleſide round the head of Windermere: but that by the ferry ſeems the more eligible, as it affords us a better view of

ESTHWAITE-WATER.

This lake is about two miles in length, and half a mile in breadth; and is almoſt divided by a peninſula running forward into the water from each ſide. Theſe ſwelling projections are beautifully fringed with trees and coppice wood, and cultivated at the top. The vale, in whoſe lap this lake repoſes, is not bounded by thoſe rough, groteſque, or rude barriers which ſeem to ſtand as the guardians of moſt other lakes: its banks, riſing in irregular waves, are generally covered with ſoft verdure, cut in various figures with hedge-rows; cloathed alſo in part with little groves and hanging woods, and varied with

tracts of uncultivated grounds.—Bell-mont, a genteel, modern-built houſe, is beautifully ſituated, with a commanding view of the lake and its environs.—Near the head of the lake there is a ſmall floating iſland, containing about two perches, covered with ſhrubs. It is ſaid to have broke from the main land about four years ago, and was for ſome time toſſed about in different directions by every prevailing guſt of wind, till, running aground, and a long calm, or ceſſation of contrary winds, ſucceeding, it has been ſtationary ſince that time, and is thought to have obtained at leaſt a temporary hold of the bottom with the roots of the buſhes.

The fiſh found in this lake are perch, pike, eel, and trout. Although it is connected with Windermere, no char have hitherto been caught in it: probably owing to a want of depth for the encouragement of this ſpecies of fiſh.

HAWKSHEAD, in a hoary garb, appears before us towards the head of this pleaſing vale, hanging on the eaſy declivity of a mountainous ridge, with the tall heads of Coniſton-fells ſhooting up far behind. The church ſtands on an eminence, which renders it a conſpicuous object, and from whence there is an extenſive proſpect over the vale and lake below.—Hawkſhead is a ſmall market-town, tolerably built; but the houſes are too much crowded together to render it agreeable. It contains ſome tolerable inns (at one of which, viz. the Red Lion, kept by Mr. JOBSON, we met with good accommodations), and between 300 and 400 inhabitants.—Here is an excellent free ſchool, founded by Archbiſhop SANDYS, a native of this place, which is at preſent in good repute, and well conducted, and where many able men have received the principal part of their education.—A neat town-houſe was lately built by ſubſcription, of

which the chief part is ſaid to have been gratefully contributed by London merchants who had been educated at this ſchool.

"Near Hawkſhead are the remains of the houſe where the Abbot of Furneſs kept reſidence by one or more monks, who performed divine ſervice, and other parochial duties, in the neighbourhood: and there is ſtill a court room over the gateway, where the bailiff of Hawkſhead held court, and diſtributed juſtice, in the name of the Abbot."—Mrs. RADCLIFFE.

We now purſue our route towards Coniſton-water. After leaving the pleaſant winding lanes of Hawkſhead, we riſe over a barren, heathy ridge; where, looking eaſtwards, we catch another view of Windermere, with the declivities about Ambleſide. As we advance, Coniſton-fells ſeem to multiply, and become ſtill more ſtriking: and, nearer to the eye, two lower rocky ridges, cloathed in purple, and with broken tops, run towards Ambleſide, forming curious precipices and deep chaſms. The road deſcends, when

CONISTON-LAKE

ſoon opens its boſom before us, with the dark blue fells of Furneſs riſing from its northern margin in a bold, though not precipitous manner. Our route lies along the ſouthern ſide, near the borders of the lake, and under a ſloping ridge, which ſomewhat correſponds with the oppoſite ſhore, but in a ſtyle more humble. The whole length of this lake is ſix miles, and the greateſt breadth about three quarters of a mile. Its ſhores are beautifully indented, and ſeveral little bays open in ſucceſſion. Coppice woods, little farms, and patches of rocky common, are interſperſed along its borders; above which,

the mountains, cloathed with verdure, heath, and rocky fragments, aſcend in ſloping lines; but neither with the tame, delicate beauty of Windermere's ſide ſkreens, nor the grand, ſublime, and awful fronts which elevate their heads above the lakes of Derwent and Ulls-water.—Coniſton-lake ſeems much more ſecluded than thoſe of Windermere, Keſwick, or Ulls-water: the pleaſing hand of Nature is here under leſs reſtraint, nor have her eaſy ſtrokes been hitherto ſo much diſtorted by the intruſive hands of Art; conſequently the admirers of unadorned Nature will here meet with a conſiderable degree of gratification and delight.

A pleaſant road winds, in an undulating manner, by the ſide of the lake; ſometimes through thick groves and coppices, ſcarcely admitting a peep at the water, and ſometimes over naked tracts, from which a full proſpect of the lake is obtained.—The village of Coniſton, ſtanding under the mountain on the oppoſite ſide of the lake, is a good object; above which, Water-head, the ſeat of Mr. KNOT, occupies a delightful ſituation. Coniſton-hall, below the village of that name, and near the weſtern edge of the lake, is an old manſion almoſt covered with ivy, which gives it a groteſque appearance. Above the verdant bordering (which is thinly ſtudded with villages, ſeats, and cottages) the dark and rocky ſteeps aſcend to an Alpine height, and encircle the head of the lake with a lofty amphitheatre.—Copper-mines are worked in the bowels of theſe mountains, which alſo produce abundance of blue ſlate, which is brought down from the heights, and laid up near the water, whence it is boated down to the foot of the lake. We obſerved ſeveral of theſe ſlate veſſels navigating the lake, ſome of which had ſails hoiſted.—A long ſtrip of water is ſeen hurling down a furrowed rocky declivity on the oppoſite mountain;

which, although a fine cataract, appears, at this diſtance, only like a white riband, ſtretching up its purple breaſt.

On the margin of a ſmall circular bay, near to the place where the road firſt joins the level of the water, we have an excellent landſcape. The greateſt extent of the lake is here before us, over which Coniſton-fells raiſe their lofty heads; and behind theſe the blue ſummits of the Weſtmoreland hills tower up ſtill higher, bruſhed by every paſſing cloud. The oppoſite cataract, the verdant ſtrip of cultivated land, ſcattered with white houſes, and a wooded rock forming the ſide ground on the right, form a pleaſing and intereſting picture. The road continues ſweeping along the verge of the mountain, alternately paſſing through beautiful groves, and over dry ferny patches of common, producing here and there a furze buſh, and a ſolitary picturesque yew tree. During this part of our route the lake is ſometimes hid from our ſight, and ſometimes opens in full view. From a prominent wooded rock, which ſtretches far into the water, and to which we approach through a gate and coppice on the right, we gain a commanding view over the lake on each hand. Looking towards its lower end, two peninſulas, forming a fine bay, jut out into the water; and, conſiderably beyond theſe, we diſcern the termination of the lake, where two points of land running in, juſt leave room for the ſuperfluous water to eſcape. The oppoſite coaſt is variegated with verdant mounts, topped with wood; interſperſed cottages, half concealed among yew trees; meadows, and cultivated fields; above which a range of rocky mountains aſcend in waving lines.—A little higher up the lake, we obſerve a green hill, divided with hedge rows to its ſummit, and patched occaſionally with rocks and little groves, forming a fine contraſt to the deep hanging wood on the one hand, and

the naked, barren mountain on the other. Over the top of this ſcene the ſable mountains rear their lofty heads, and frown in ſullen majeſty; while a cultivated tract, ſpotted with little grey houſes, borders the lake below. This picture, on a calm day, is ſeen reflected on the ſhining ſurface of the water, as in a mirror.—The little oblong rocky Iſle of Peel lies juſt at our feet; and not far from thence, we obſerve the points of ſome dark rocks peeping from the water. The fells above Coniſton, and, far beyond theſe, Rydal-head, and other hills at a ſtill greater diſtance, now appear of an awful height, and in various groteſque figures. As we approach the lower end, we find ſeveral good ſtations for obtaining general views of the lake, particularly one from a rock on the right of the road, a little before we reach the village of Nibthwaite. Looking back, we have all the former views, but dreſſed in a ſomewhat different garb, with a variety of headlands and promontories—ſome rocky, others covered with woods—projecting into the lake.

Arriving at the village of Nibthwaite, we find the lake gradually narrowing, till it cloſes its grandeur in the little river Crake, which glides through a range of meadows to Lowick-bridge, and afterwards runs along a dell to Ulverſton Sands. Here the views on each ſide become tamer, but beautiful: the little mounts and knolls are covered with wood, or diſplay a graſſy carpet, ſpotted with bulging grey rocks and ſolitary yews, intermixed with ſmall farms. The ſcenery about the head of the lake is ſeen partially from hence through opening glades with a good effect. This village, though ſweetly ſituated, is meanly built, and the houſes ſtand awkwardly.—At Low Nibthwaite there is an iron forge, and near it a poor *ſignleſs* inn, where it was with difficulty we could obtain

any refreſhment either for ourſelves or horſes; but where we found honeſty, innocence, and good-nature, as ſubſtitutes for thoſe accommodations.

Mrs. RADCLIFFE, who viewed this water by the ſame route, ſpeaks thus highly of it:—"This lake appeared to us one of the moſt charming we had ſeen. From the ſublime mountains, which bend round its head, the heights, on either ſide, decline towards the ſouth into waving hills, that form its ſhores, and often ſtretch, in long ſweeping points, into the water, generally covered with tufted woods, but ſometimes with the tender verdure of paſturage. The tops of theſe woods were juſt embrowned with Autumn, and contraſted well with other ſlopes, rough and heathy, that roſe above, or fell beſide them to the water's brink, and added force to the colouring, which the reddiſh tints of decaying fern, the purple bloom of heath, and the bright golden gleams of broom, ſpread over theſe elegant banks. Their hues, the graceful undulations of the marginal hills and bays, the richneſs of the woods, the ſolemnity of the northern fells, and the deep repoſe that pervades the ſcene, where only now and then a white cottage or a farm lurks among the trees, are circumſtances, which render Thurſton-lake one of the intereſting, and, perhaps, the moſt beautiful, of any in the country."

Mr. WEST recommends the traveller to begin the tour of this lake at its ſouth-weſt end. He ſays—"In a fine morning there is not a more pleaſant, rural ride; and then the beauties of the lake are ſeen to the moſt advantage. In the afternoon, if the ſun ſhine, much of the effect is loſt by the change of light; and ſuch as viſit it from the north, loſe all the charms ariſing from the ſwell of mountains, by turning their backs upon them."

The greateſt depth of this lake is ſaid to be forty fathoms: it contains char, which are reported to be the fineſt in England. They are not taken ſo early as thoſe in Windermere, but continue longer in the ſpring.

From hence the traveller may proceed to Ulverſton, and afterwards make an agreeable excurſion to Dalton, and ſee the noble ruins of Furneſs Abbey; return to Ulverſton, and from thence croſs the Sands to Lancaſter. But ſuch as have not time to viſit the fine diſtrict of Low-Furneſs, nor an inclination to gratify their curioſity at, perhaps, ſome riſk, in traverſing the pathleſs Sands, may purſue the tour to Lancaſter, along good roads, winding through a country replete with a variety of the ſweeteſt rural landſcapes. This road, which brings us paſt the foot of Windermere, through Milnthorp, Burton, &c. we ſhall firſt deſcribe, and afterwards return to Furneſs.

Either go round by way of Ulverſton and Penny-bridge; or, at the bridge below the village of Nibthwaite, turn to the left, along a tolerable road, which leads about four miles through pleaſant, wooded, rural vales to the road between Ulverſton and Kendal, which it joins about a mile from Penny-bridge. This latter route ſaves about ſix miles.

Reaching the Kendal road, which is excellent, we purſue its windings and undulations for four or five miles along the ſides of hills, and through coppice woods, which frequently form beautiful viſtas and delightful openings, to Newby-bridge, at the foot of Windermere. In this part of the road, we paſs ſeveral romantically ſituated farms and cottages; ſometimes dipping into low dells, and ſometimes riſing over gentle eminences.—At Backbarrow, which lies at a little diſtance on the right, there are ſome large iron works and furnaces, ſituated in a very ſequeſtered place. The large village of Booth

ſtands pleaſantly, ſurrounded with hills; and, about three miles further, brings us to Newby-bridge.—Here is a ſmall, but neat and pleaſant ſeat, belonging to Mr. MACHELL; and, at a little diſtance on the other ſide of a wooded hill, the houſe of Mr. KING ſtands embowered in thick groves, with a view over Windermere.—Near this ſeat an obeliſk is erected on the crown of the hill, which is a conſpicuous object at ſome diſtance.—Mr. DIXON has alſo a pleaſant ſeat at Fell-foot, not far from hence.—At Newby-bridge there is a good inn, with convenient accommodations for travellers.

Our next ſtretch is to Newton, three miles, inclining to the right.—Leaving the coppices about Newby-bridge, we traverſe an irregular valley, hemmed in by rocky hills on each ſide, whoſe fronts are dry, and covered with fern. Theſe ragged mountains, from whoſe baſes many clear ſprings are conſtantly bubbling, continue running in ridges on each ſide to NEWTON, which is a ſmall village, in a good ſituation; but the houſes are awkwardly jumbled together. A road runs from hence to Cartmel; but we purſue that towards Milnthorp, which ſoon aſcends a mountain, from whence a fine proſpect opens towards the eaſt, over a collection of the moſt rugged hills, one looking over another, as far as the eye can reach. The extenſive plain on the crown of Whitbarrow appears wholly covered with rocks; and its jagged ſides exhibit little beſides hoary crags and bruſhwood. We deſcend the ſteep front of Zawtup, in a zigzag direction, to Witherſlack-beck, and from thence wind along the baſe of that tremendous precipice Witherſlack-ſcar, a limeſtone rock of very great height. The face of this ſcar, as well as the vale below, ſeems almoſt wholly compoſed of crags, intermixed with hazel and other

buſhes, among which the holly, ivy, juniper, and other evergreens, beautify the motley ſcene.

In front, we ſee a large, flat, and low diſtrict, running far into the country, towards Kendal on the one hand, and extending to the eſtuary below Milnthorp on the other. This is chiefly peat-moſs, and from which Kendal and all the neighbouring villages are principally ſupplied with fuel.—On the right, Caſtle-head, a pleaſant ſeat of Mr. WILKINSON, ſituated under a wooded hill, and fronting the Lancaſter Sands, is ſeen defying the approach of the threatening waves. But the delightful ſcenery immediately around us attracts our particular attention: we ride under white cliffs of great height, beautifully decked with a variety of evergreen ſhrubs, intermixed with hazel. A haſty ſlope of about 100 yards, covered with rocky ſhiver, aſcends from the road, above which the ſolid rock riſes perpendicularly to the height of 40 or 50 yards, having a faint reſemblance of the old fluted walls, towers, and battlements, of an immenſe caſtle in ruins. Juſt below us, a few ſmall antiquated rural farms are arranged in the ſweeteſt ſituations.

We now quit the vicinity of this romantic ſcar, and purſue an ill-made road of about a mile through the the moſs, whereon nothing very intereſting preſents itſelf, except the ſtriking contraſt between the ſoft, ſable ground on which we tread, and the white crags we have juſt left behind. To the weſt, Milnthorp and Lancaſter Sands ſpread out a ſhining ſurface as far as the eye can reach; and, on the eaſt, this large, dark-coloured peat-moſs is bordered with a few little grey cottages, the inhabitants of which chiefly obtain a livelihood by digging peats, and carrying them in carts to Kendal. Above theſe cottages, the elevated hills on every ſide are beautifully covered with green herbage, crowned with two or three

clumps of trees, and ſcattered over with hoary rocks and verdant juniper.

At the village of Beethwaite-green, which ſtands on the ſouthern ſide of the peat-moſs, we turn on the right, down a narrow lane, to Levens. Another road alſo leads directly from this village to Kendal, leaving Sizergh-hall a little on the left. This venerable old manſion, the ſeat of the ancient family of STRICKLANDS, ſtands in a pleaſant ſituation, under an elevated back-ground, covered with wood and verdant turf, and looking towards the eaſt over a great extent of fertile, waving, and wooded grounds on both ſides of the Kent.—Sizergh, like moſt other old houſes, has been built for defence: a ſtrong ſquare tower is defended by two ſquare turrets, and battlements; one of which is over the great entrance, having a guard room, with embrazures, capable of holding 10 or 12 men. The winding ſtaircaſe terminates in a turret, which defends the other entrance.

Levens-hall is an ancient ſeat, belonging to Lady ANDOVER, daughter of the late Earl of SUFFOLK: its ſituation is ſuch as to render it capable of being made a delightful place. The gardens are laid out in an old ſtyle, and are ſaid to have been planned by the gardener of JAMES II. who reſided here with Colonel GRAHAM during ſome part of the troubles of his royal maſter.—From hence to Kendal there is a pleaſant ride of five miles, along the eaſt ſide of the river Kent, leading through the Park: but it is neceſſary to be favoured with a key for the Park from Levens or Kendal. The Park diſplays a number of the fineſt ſcenes: the river runs in a deep contracted dell, ſometimes hurrying over precipices, and ſometimes calmly ſtealing through pools of great depth, overhung with ſhaggy rocks, and cloathed with impending trees. Some fine old trees of enormous ſize, partly ſcat-

tered over the plain, and partly collected into clumps; the bulging rocks, and the romantically varied track of the river, all contribute to form a variety and ſucceſſion of delightful ſcenes. For ſome miles above the Park, we are entertained with a view of the pretty ſtreams, caſcades, and cataracts, formed by the Kent, which is incloſed with high, rocky, and wooded banks, often riſing perpendicularly to a great height.—Near the forge there is a fine waterfall of the whole river. From the top of Force-bridge we ſee the river hurrying through a narrow paſſage, between high ſhelving rocks, in a deep glen.—Near this place are the large gunpowder works of Mr. WAKEFIELD.—Above the village of Sedgewick a vein of marble, belonging to Meſſrs. STRICKLAND and WILSON, runs acroſs the river, and is worked on oppoſite ſides. The Kent here continues to puſh its waters along a deep, rocky, and narrow channel, ſweetly fringed with hanging woods.—Between Sedgewick and Kendal there are ſome veſtiges of Roman antiquity yet diſcernable, particularly at Water-crook, and near the village of Natland. The former is ſaid by Mr. WEST to be the "*Concangium* of the Romans, where a body of the *Vigilatores* (or watchmen) kept guard, and was the intermediate ſtation betwixt the *Dietis* at Ambleſide and the garriſon at Overborough."—He alſo ſays, that "in the wall of the barn, on the very area of the ſtation, is ſtill legible the inſcription preſerved by Mr. HORSLEY, to the memory of two freed men, with an imprecation againſt any one who ſhould contaminate their ſepulchre, and a fine to the fiſcal."—On the creſt of a green hill below Natland are the veſtiges of a caſtellum, called Caſtleſteads, which, the ſame author ſays, "during the reſidence of the watchmen at Water-crook, correſponded (by ſmoke in the day, and flame in the night) with the

garriſon at Lancaſter, from the beacon at Warton-crag. There is alſo a houſe called Watch-houſe, at a little diſtance northwards, where Roman coins are ſaid to have been found.

This pleaſing excurſion may be taken from Kendal; and touriſts may return thither along the more elevated road by way of Sizergh.

From Levens we purſue the tour to Milnthorp, by way of Heverſham, a neat, well-built village, two miles: the road good, and the country pleaſant and well wooded.

MILNTHORP is a ſmall market-town, and the only ſeaport in Weſtmoreland. It chiefly conſiſts of one ſtreet, which is pretty well built; and at the eaſt end there are ſome good houſes, in pleaſant and open ſituations. The ſurrounding grounds are dry, fertile, and have a pleaſing appearance, ſwelling and ſinking gently into hill and dale.

Three veſſels belong to this port; one of which trades to Liverpool, carrying hoops, caſks, limeſtone, gunpowder, &c. and returning with wood, merchants' goods, &c.; the other two ſail to Port Glaſgow and Annan, in Scotland, carrying leather, Kendal manufactures, &c. and bringing in return grain, potatoes, &c.

There are three rope-yards, two paper-mills, one flax-mill, and one cotton-mill; all within a mile of the town. But what contributes moſt to enliven the proſpects about Milnthorp and its neighbourhood, is the elegant manſion of DANIEL WILSON, Eſq. at Dallam-Tower, ſituated at the mouth of the eſtuary. A thick wood of tall trees climbs up a ſteep hill behind the houſe; and a fine park, adorned with wood, and well ſtocked with deer, extends in front, riſing in a graceful ſwell.—At Beetham-mill, near this place, there is a waterfall on the river Beele, which is worth the notice of the curious traveller.

Proceed from hence to Burton, four miles. The country now becomes leſs hilly, with a more extenſive vale; or, rather, here is a junction of different valleys: ſeveral rocky mountains are, however, ſeen at a diſtance on each ſide. The road is good, and winds in narrow lanes through a pleaſant country: the ſoil dry, gravelly, and tolerably fertile. Several neat farm-houſes and villages are ſeen from the road; and we are frequently preſented with brooks as clear as cryſtal, which riſe from copious ſprings about the feet of the mountains on the left. One of theſe ſprings, which riſes in a village about midway between Milnthorp and Burton, is particularly ſtriking: the water which it throws out forms a rivulet of itſelf, and hurries its unpolluted ſtream, in a ſhort courſe, to the ſea. The bold limeſtone rock, called Farlton-knot, ſaid to bear ſome reſemblance to the Rock of Gibraltar, is now a prominent object on the left; and a remarkably craggy range of hills overlooks the vale on the right.

BURTON, or BURTON IN KENDAL, is a ſmall, well-built market-town, containing two good inns, and ſeveral elegant houſes, particularly that of Major PEARSON.—This town ſtands near the confines of the county, on a tract of ground tolerably level: a range of craggy mountains ſweeps along at a little diſtance behind; while another ridge, partaking of the ſame qualities, ſtretches towards the ſea, at a much greater diſtance, in front.—The Lancaſter Canal paſſes near this town; and, when finiſhed, will probably add to its population and conſequence. It ſtands on the London road, at an equal diſtance from Lancaſter and Kendal, an eaſy ſtage of eleven miles.

We purſue the great turnpike road, through a tolerably level and pretty fertile country, to Lancaſter, having ſometimes a fine view of the Sands and the

northern mountains.—Borwick-hall ſoon appears on the left: it was formerly the reſidence of Sir ROBERT BINDLOSS, but is at preſent only occupied as a farm-houſe.—The road paſſes through the village of Bolton and ſome others of leſs note, and frequently croſſes the new canal.

But, in this part of the tour, it will be convenient to viſit that natural curioſity, called Dunald-mill-hole, which lies about three miles eaſt from the Lancaſter road. For this purpoſe we turn off to the left beyond Burton, along the road to Kellet, and paſs through that little rural village.

This road is rather elevated above the widely-extended vale on the right, and affords us a proſpect over the adjacent country. On the left, Farlton-knot, and the range of hills which runs eaſtwards, preſent a deſolate or deſert-like appearance; while, on the other hand, the rocky fells above Yealand, over the valley, riſe ledge above ledge, and are terminated by Warton-crag, a bold rock projecting into the ſea. The country, as we proceed, becomes rather hilly, and the more extenſive views are ſoon ſhut up by the ſurrounding prominences. The ſoil is dry and gravelly; and limeſtone rock is here and there peeping from the ſurface on the fronts of the hills.

After paſſing a lime-kiln or two, and croſſing a road, we turn down a narrow lane to a mill, the roof of which we may ſee at the diſtance of 300 or 400 yards, looking out of a naked hollow glen.—This mill is cloſe to the object of our preſent excurſion. Here we obſerve a rivulet, or large brook, which, after turning the large water-wheel of this mill, immediately tumbles down a rugged deſcent of a few yards, and enters the gaping jaws of a rocky chaſm on the ſide of a limeſtone craggy

hill. This frightful gap is romantically fringed with trees, which, growing from the rocks, and impending over the entrance, contribute greatly to the awful gloom. Immenſe fragments of rocks hang from the roof of the orifice, as if ready to drop down, and cruſh the intruding viſitor, forming altogether one of the rudeſt and moſt groteſque entrances imaginable. It is nearly as high, but narrower than, and otherwiſe very different from Yorda's Cave, near Ingleton.

We were ſo unfortunate as to viſit this place after heavy rains, which had ſo ſwelled the river as to render our paſſage up this curious cavern very difficult, and not without danger. After travelling along theſe gloomy manſions about thirty yards, with a very gentle deſcent, and winding a little to the right, we found it neceſſary to return. Nothing can be conceived more alarming than the appearance of this rugged cavern: the numberleſs large chinks and crevices grinning on every ſide; the dark paſſage before us, unfathomable to the eye; the maſſy lumps of rock projecting from the roof and walls; and the daſhing of the water from rock to rock, heard at a diſtance in awful yells—all conſpire to alarm the ſtranger unaccuſtomed to ſuch ſcenes. This, however, is not always the caſe; for in dry ſeaſons the cave may be explored, not only without danger, but even with pleaſure to the curious in theſe ſingular works of Nature. The water then, inſtead of forming a diſagreeable appendage, delights the ear with its harmonious tinkling; while the beautiful hanging petrifactions, and other curious accompaniments of this ſubterraneous paſſage, pleaſe the eye.—We were informed by the miller, that this cavern, in a dry ſeaſon, might be explored with eaſe to the length of 150 yards, when the roof drops at once ſo low, that it is neceſſary to creep three or four yards; after which it

opens into another ſpacious apartment for about ten yards, and again falls, obliging the viſitant to proceed, as before, a little way in a creeping poſture: ſoon after this, he is finally ſtopped by a deep pool of water, formed by the brook, which accompanied the touriſt during the whole of this ſubterraneous excurſion.—The roof, according to the information we received, ſometimes riſes to the height of twelve or fifteen yards; the apartments are often ſpacious, and the walls curiouſly coloured, and encruſted with a ſort of ſpar. The little river, which finds a courſe along this ſingular cave, appears near Carnforth, a village on the road to Kendal, after running under ground about two miles. This is ſaid to have been proved by the huſks of oats being put in here, and coming out again at Carnforth.

From the higheſt riſing ground on the common, about a mile to the eaſt of this place, in the direction of the laſt lane, we are told in Mr. WEST's Addenda, that there is one of the beſt proſpects in the country, and from thence a pleaſant ride of four miles, along the borders of the Lune, to Lancaſter.

Thoſe who do not go to Mr. WEST's ſtation upon the common, may return to the road, and have a pleaſant ride of four miles, falling into the vale of Lune, and paſſing through Horton and Skerton, to Lancaſter. The latter part of this ride is very fine, leading us through a pleaſant country, and having an elevated ridge of hills riſing from the oppoſite wooded banks of the Lune. The grounds about the neat village of Horton, and from thence to Lancaſter, are fertile and beautiful; and between theſe villages we croſs the canal at the end of a noble aqueduct, which here ſtretches acroſs the river Lune in five arches.

SKERTON conſiſts of one long narrow ſtreet of neat, well-built houſes, extending along the northern banks of the river to the new bridge. Oppoſite the higher end there is a conſiderable ſalmon fiſhery, belonging to the Earl of LONSDALE.

We now deſcribe the road from Coniſton-lake to Lancaſter by another route. Proceed to Ulverſton, either by Penny-bridge or Lowick, eight miles, along a good road. Purſuing the former courſe, we have a pleaſant country to Penny-bridge, and then turn more weſterly, with high grounds on the right, and an eſtuary on the left, which, during the time of high water, forms a beautiful bay.—About Penny-bridge there are ſome neat buildings; and thus far ſmall veſſels navigate, to take off the blue ſlate produced in this country, and for other purpoſes.—By way of Lowick the country is alſo pleaſing, and the proſpects varied. On the right, the old manſion of Lowick-hall, once the ſeat of a family of that name, preſents itſelf; and behind it we obſerve a collection of grey rocky mountains, ſtriped with heath, and diſplaying ſcenes of barrenneſs. A beautiful back view of the lake, with its accompaniments, is ſeen a few miles before we reach Ulverſton. The road conducts us down a narrow vale, ſweetly ſcattered over with farms, whoſe waving incloſures creep half way up the ſides of the mountains; and above theſe the heathy, autumnal-coloured hills riſe in varied heads.

ULVERSTON is a neat, but ancient market-town, the capital and chief port of Furneſs.—Its principal trade is in iron ore and blue ſlate, got in the neighbourhood—of which vaſt quantities are ſent coaſtwiſe to different places.—The houſes are pretty well built, and the ſtreets ſpacious, and kept clean. The increaſe of trade, from various cauſes, occaſions a rapid increaſe in buildings

and population: the latter is now said to exceed 4000 people.—The principal iron mines lie three miles west from Ulverston, at a place called Whitrigs; which, Mr. WEST says, are "the greatest iron mines in England."

We next proceed to visit the venerable ruins of FURNESS ABBEY, six miles, by way of Dalton, which is about a mile and a half on this side of the Abbey. We soon leave that hilly, wild district in which we have long been involved, and enter the fertile plains of Low Furness, hemmed in by mountains on the one side, and the sea on the other.—Mrs. RADCLIFFE examined this fine ruin and its neighbourhood with much attention, and has described them so fully and intelligibly, that we cannot omit giving the whole of her interesting account thereof:—

"About a mile and a half on this side of the Abbey, the road passes through Dalton, a very ancient little town, once the capital of Low Furness, and rendered so important by its neighbourhood to the Abbey, that Ulverston, the present capital, could not then support the weekly market for which it had obtained a charter. Dalton, however, sunk with the suppression of its neighbouring patrons, and is now chiefly distinguished by the pleasantness of its situation; to which a church, built on a bold ascent, and the remains of a castle advantageously placed for the command of the adjoining valley, still attach some degree of dignity. What now exists of the latter is one tower, in a chamber of which the Abbot of Furness held his secular court; and the chamber was afterwards used as a gaol for debtors, till within these few years, when the dead ruin released the living one. The present church-yard, and the site of this castle, are supposed to have been included within the limits of a *castellum* built by Agricola, of the fosse of which there are still some faint vestiges.

"Beneath the brow on which the church and tower ſtand, a brook flows through a narrow valley, that winds about a mile and a half to the Abbey. In the way thither we paſſed the entrance of one of the very rich iron-mines with which the neighbourhood abounds; and the deep red tint of the ſoil, that overſpreads almoſt the whole country between Ulverſton and the monaſtery, ſufficiently indicates the nature of the treaſures beneath.

"In a cloſe glen, branching from this valley, ſhrouded by winding banks clumped with old groves of oak and cheſnut, we found the magnificent remains of Furneſs Abbey. The deep retirement of its ſituation, the venerable grandeur of its Gothic arches, and the luxuriant yet ancient trees, that ſhadow this forſaken ſpot, are circumſtances of pictureſque, and, if the expreſſion may be allowed, of ſentimental beauty, which fill the mind with ſolemn yet delightful emotion. This glen is called the Vale of Nightſhade, or, more literally from its ancient title Bekangſgill, "the glen of deadly nightſhade," that plant being abundantly found in the neighbourhood. Its romantic gloom, and ſequeſtered privacy, particularly adapted it to the auſterities of monaſtic life; and in the moſt retired part of it, King STEPHEN, while Earl of MORTAIGN and BULLOIGN, founded, in the year 1127, the manificent monaſtery of Furneſs, and endowed it with princely wealth and almoſt princely authority, in which it was ſecond only to Fontain's Abbey, in Yorkſhire.

"The windings of the glen conceal theſe venerable ruins, till they are cloſely approached; and the bye-road that conducted us is margined with a few ancient oaks, which ſtretch their broad branches entirely acroſs it, and are fine preparatory objects to the ſcene beyond. A ſudden bend in this road brought us within view of the northern gate of the Abbey, a beautiful Gothic arch,

one ſide of which is luxuriantly feſtooned with night-ſhade. A thick grove of plane trees, with ſome oak and beech, overſhadow it on the right, and lead the eye onward to the ruins of the Abbey, ſeen through this dark arch in remote perſpective, over rough but verdant ground. The principal features are the great northern window, and part of the eaſtern choir, with glimpſes of ſhattered arches and ſtately walls beyond, caught between the gaping caſements. On the left, the bank of the glen is broken into knolls, capped with oaks, which, in ſome places, ſpread downwards to a ſtream that winds round the ruin, and darken it with their rich foliage. Through this gate is the entrance to the immediate precincts of the Abbey, an area ſaid to contain 65 acres, now called the Deer-park. It is incloſed by a ſtone wall, on which the remains of many ſmall buildings, and the faint veſtiges of others, ſtill appear; ſuch as the porter's lodge, mills, granaries, ovens, and kilns, that once ſupplied the monaſtery; ſome of which, ſeen under the ſhade of the fine old trees that on every ſide adorn the broken ſteeps of this glen, have a very intereſting effect.

"Juſt within the gate, a ſmall manor houſe of modern date, with its ſtables and other offices, breaks diſcordantly upon the lonely grandeur of the ſcene. Except this, the character of the deſerted ruin is ſcrupulouſly preſerved in the ſurrounding area; no ſpade has dared to level the inequalities which fallen fragments have occaſioned in the ground, or ſhears to clip the wild fern and underwood that overſpread it; but every circumſtance conſpires to heighten the ſolitary grace of the principal object, and to prolong the luxurious melancholy which the view of it inſpires. We made our way among the pathleſs fern and graſs to the north end of the church, now, like every other part of the Abbey, entirely roofleſs, but ſhew-

ing the lofty arch of the great window, where, inſtead of the painted glaſs that once enriched it, are now tufted plants and wreaths of nightſhade. Below is the principal door of the church, bending into a deep round arch, which, retiring circle within circle, is rich and beautiful; the remains of a winding ſtair-caſe are viſible within the wall on its left ſide. Near this northern end of the edifice is ſeen one ſide of the eaſtern choir, with its two ſlender Gothic window frames; and on the weſt, a remnant of the nave of the Abbey, and ſome lofty arches, which once belonged to the belfry, now detached from the main building.

"To the ſouth, but concealed from this point of view, are the chapter-houſe, ſome years ago exhibiting a roof of beautiful Gothic fret-work, and which was almoſt the only part of the Abbey thus ornamented, its architecture having been characteriſed by an air of grand ſimplicity rather than by the elegance and richneſs of decoration, which, in an after date, diſtinguiſhed the Gothic ſtyle in England. Over the chapter-houſe were once the library and ſcriptorium; and beyond it are ſtill the remains of cloiſters, of the refectory, the locutorium, or converſation room, and the calefactory. Theſe, with the walls of ſome chapels, of the veſtry, a hall, and of what is believed to have been a ſchool-houſe, are all the features of this noble edifice that can eaſily be traced: winding ſtair-caſes within the ſurpriſing thickneſs of the walls, and door-caſes involved in darkneſs and myſtery, the place abounds with.

"The Abbey, which was formerly of ſuch magnitude as nearly to fill up the breadth of the glen, is built of a pale-red ſtone, dug from the neighbouring rocks, now changed by time and weather to a tint of duſky brown,

which accords well with the hues of plants and ſhrubs that every where emboſs the mouldering arches.

"The fineſt view of the ruin is on the eaſt ſide, where, beyond the vaſt ſhattered frame that once contained a richly-painted window, is ſeen a perſpective of the choir and of diſtant arches, remains of the nave of the Abbey, cloſed by the woods. This perſpective of the ruin is * ſaid to be 287 feet in length; the choir part of it is in width only 28 feet inſide, but the nave is 70: the walls, as they now ſtand, are 54 feet high, and in thickneſs five. Southward from the choir extend the ſtill beautiful, though broken, pillars and arcades of ſome chapels, now laid open to the day; the chapter-houſe, the cloiſters, and beyond all, and detached from all, is the ſchool-houſe, a large building, the only part of the monaſtery that ſtill boaſts a roof.

"As, ſoothed by the venerable ſhades, and the view of a more venerable ruin, we reſted oppoſite to the eaſtern window of the choir, where once the high altar ſtood, and, with five other altars, aſſiſted the religious pomp of the ſcene; the images and the manners of times that were paſt roſe to reflection. The midnight proceſſion of Monks, cloathed in white, and bearing lighted tapers, appeared to the "mind's eye" iſſuing to the choir through the very door-caſe, by which ſuch proceſſions were wont to paſs from the cloiſters to perform the matin ſervice, when, at the moment of their entering the church, the deep chanting of voices was heard, and the organ ſwelled a ſolemn peal. To fancy, the ſtrain, ſtill echoed feebly along the arcades, and died in the breeze among the woods, the ruſtling leaves mingling with the

* "Antiquities of Furneſs."

cloſe. It was eaſy to image the abbot and the officiating prieſts ſeated beneath the richly-fretted canopy of the four ſtalls, that ſtill remain entire in the ſouthern wall, and high over which is now perched a ſolitary yew-tree, a black funereal memento to the living of thoſe who once ſat below.

"Of a quadrangular court on the weſt ſide of the church, 334 feet long, and 102 feet wide, little veſtige now appears, except the foundation of a range of cloiſters, that formed its weſtern boundary, and under the ſhade of which the monks, on days of high ſolemnity, paſſed in their cuſtomary proceſſion round the court. What was the belfry is now a huge maſs of detached ruin, pictureſque from the loftineſs of its ſhattered arches, and the high inequalities of the ground within them, where the tower, that once crowned this building, having fallen, lies in vaſt fragments, now covered with earth and graſs, and no longer diſtinguiſhable but by the hillock they form.

"The ſchool-houſe, a heavy ſtructure attached to the boundary wall on the ſouth, is nearly entire, and the walls, particularly of the portal, are of enormous thickneſs, but, here and there, a chaſm diſcloſes the ſtair-caſes, that wind within them to chambers above. The ſchool-room below, ſhews only a ſtone bench, that extends round the walls, and a low ſtone pillar in the eaſtern corner, on which the teacher's pulpit was formerly fixed. The lofty vaulted roof is ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable by the duſky light admitted through one or two narrow windows placed high from the ground, perhaps for the purpoſe of confining the ſcholar's attention to his book.

"Theſe are the principal features that remain of this once magnificent Abbey. It was dedicated to St. Mary, and received a colony of monks from the monaſtery of Savigny, in Normandy, who were called Grey Monks,

from their dreſs of that colour, till they became Ciſtercians, and, with the ſevere rules of St. Bernard, adopted a white habit, which they retained till the diſſolution of monaſtic orders in England. The original rules of St. Bernard partook, in ſeveral inſtances, of the auſterities of thoſe of La Trapp, and the ſociety did not very readily relinquiſh the milder laws of St. Benedict for the new rigours impoſed upon them by the parent monaſtery of Savigny. They were forbidden to taſte fleſh, except when ill, and even eggs, butter, cheeſe, and milk, but on extraordinary occaſions; and denied even the uſe of linen and fur. The monks were divided into two claſſes, to which ſeparate departments belonged. Thoſe who attended the choir ſlept upon ſtraw in their uſual habits, from which, at midnight, they roſe and paſſed into the church, where they continued their holy hymns, during the ſhort remainder of the night. After this firſt maſs, having publicly confeſſed themſelves, they retired to their cells, and the day was employed in ſpiritual exerciſes, and in copying or illuminating manuſcripts. An unbroken ſilence was obſerved, except when, after dinner, they withdrew into the locutorium, where for an hour, perhaps, they were permitted the common privilege of ſocial beings. This claſs was confined to the boundary wall, except that, on ſome particular days, the members of it were allowed to walk in parties beyond it, for exerciſe and amuſement; but they were very ſeldom permitted either to receive or pay viſits. Like the monks of La Trapp, however, they were diſtinguiſhed for extenſive charities and liberal hoſpitality; for travellers were ſo ſcrupulouſly entertained at the Abbey, that it was not till the diſſolution that an inn was thought neceſſary in this part of Furneſs, when one was opened

for their accommodation, expreſsly becauſe the monaſtery could no longer receive them.

"To the ſecond claſs were aſſigned the cultivation of the lands and the performance of domeſtic affairs in the monaſtery.

"This was the ſecond houſe in England that received the Bernardine rules, the moſt rigorous of which were, however, diſpenſed with in 1485 by Sixtus the Fourth, when, among other indulgences, the whole order was allowed to taſte meat on three days of the week. With the rules of St. Benedict, the monks had exchanged their grey habit for a white caſſock, with a white caul and ſcapulary. But their choir dreſs was either white or grey, with caul and ſcapulary of the ſame, and a girdle of black wool; over that a mozet, or hood, and a rochet*. When they went abroad they wore a caul and full black hood.

"The privileges and immunities granted to the Ciſtercian order in general were very abundant; and thoſe to the Abbey of Furneſs were proportioned to its vaſt endowments. The Abbot, it has been mentioned, held his ſecular court in the neighbouring caſtle of Dalton, where he preſided, with the power of adminiſtering not only juſtice, but injuſtice, ſince the lives and property of the villain tenants of the lordſhip of Furneſs were conſigned by a grant of King STEPHEN to the diſpoſal of my Lord Abbot! The monks alſo could be arraigned for whatever crime only by him. 'The military eſtabliſhment of Furneſs likewiſe depended on the Abbot. Every meſne lord and free homager, as well as the cuſtomary tenants, took an oath of fealty to the Abbot, to be true

* "Antiquities of Furneſs."

to him againſt all men, excepting the King. Every meſne lord obeyed the ſummons of the Abbot, or his ſteward, in raiſing his quota of armed men, and every tenant of a whole tenement furniſhed a man and horſe of war for guarding the coaſt, for the border-ſervice, or any expedition againſt the common enemy of the king and kingdom. The habiliments of war were a ſteel coat, or coat of mail, a falce, or falchion, a jack, the bow, the byll, the croſs-bow and ſpear. The Furneſs legion conſiſted of four diviſions:—one of bowmen horſed and harnaſſed; bylmen horſed and harnaſſed; bowmen without horſe and harneſs; bylmen without horſe and harneſs*.'

"The deep foreſts, that once ſurrounded the Abbey, and overſpread all Furneſs, contributed with its inſulated ſituation, on a neck of land running out into the ſea, to ſecure it from the depredations of the Scots, who were continually committing hoſtilities on the borders. On a ſummit over the Abbey are the remains of a beacon, or watch-tower, raiſed by the ſociety for their further ſecurity. It commands extenſive views over Low Furneſs, and the bay of the ſea immediately beneath; looking forward to the town and caſtle of Lancaſter, appearing faintly on the oppoſite coaſt; on the ſouth, to the iſles of Walney, Foulney, and their numerous iſlets, on one of which ſtands Peel-caſtle; and, on the north, to the mountains of High Furneſs and Coniſton, riſing in grand amphitheatre round this inlet of the Iriſh Channel.—Deſcription can ſcarcely ſuggeſt the full magnificence of ſuch a proſpect, to which the monks, emerging from their concealed cells below, occaſionally reſorted to ſooth the aſperities which the ſevere diſcipline of ſuperſtition

* "Antiquities of Furneſs."

inflicted on the temper; or, freed from the obſervance of jealous eyes, to indulge, perhaps, the ſigh of regret, which a conſideration of the world they had renounced, thus glorioufly given back to their ſight, would ſometimes awaken.

" From Hawcoat, a few miles to the weſt of Furneſs, the view is ſtill more extenſive, whence, in a clear day, the whole length of the Iſle of Man may be ſeen, with part of Angleſey and the mountains of Caernarvon, Merionethſhire, Denbyſhire, and Flintſhire, ſhadowing the oppoſite horizon of the channel.

" The ſum total of all rents belonging to the Abbey immediately before the diſſolution was 946*l.* 2s. 10d. collected from Lancaſhire, Cumberland, and even from the Iſle of Man; a ſum which, conſidering the value of money at that period, and the woods, meadows, paſtures, and fiſheries, retained by the ſociety in their own hands —the quantity of proviſions for domeſtic uſe brought by the tenants inſtead of rent, and the ſhares of mines, mills, and ſalt-works, which belonged to the Abbey—ſwells its former riches to an enormous amount.

" PYLE, the laſt Abbot, ſurrendered with 29 monks, to HENRY VIII. April the 9th, 1537, and in return was made Rector of Dalton, a ſituation then valued at 33*l.* 6s. 8d. a year."

Thoſe who make this excurſion on horſeback, would find an agreeable variety in the ride in returning to Ulverſton by way of Newton, Stainton, and Adgarly. The views on all ſides are extenſive: a deep embayed coaſt, and the iſlands of Walney and Foulney, with that ancient ſtructure Peel-caſtle, appear on the right; as does Gleaſton-caſtle, a very ancient ruin.—At Adgarly, the richeſt iron ore is got in immenſe quantities.—From a beacon on the rocky eminence called Birkrigg, a little

from Urſwick, there is a variety of extenſive and beautiful land and ſea views, mountains and iſlands.

Coniſhead, near Ulverſton, the ſeat of WILSON BRADYLL, Eſq. is a much improved and finely-ſituated manſion.—Mr. WEST, ſpeaking of this place, is rather diffuſe, and thus warmly deſcribes its beauties:—

"Return to Ulverſton, and from thence to the priory of Coniſhead, the paradiſe of Furneſs, a Mount Edgecombe in miniature, which well deſerves a viſit from the curious traveller. The houſe ſtands on the ſite of the priory of Coniſhead, at the foot of a fine eminence, and the ground falls gently from it on all ſides. The ſlopes are planted with ſhrubs and trees in ſuch a manner as to improve the elevation; and the waving woods that fly from it on each wing give it an airy and noble appearance. The ſouth front is in the modern taſte, extended by an arcade. The north is in the Gothic ſtyle, with a piazza and wings. The apartments are elegantly furniſhed, and the houſe is good and convenient. But what recommends itſelf moſt to the curious, is a plan of pleaſure ground, on a ſmall ſcale, containing beauties equal in number to gardens of the greateſt extent in England. The variety of culminated grounds and winding ſlopes comprehended within this ſweet ſpot, furniſhes all the advantage of mountains and vales, woods and water. By the judicious management of theſe aſſemblages, the late owner performed wonders. Conſulting the genius of the place, he called in to aid his plan, and harmonized to his ſpot, the features of a country vaſt in extent, and by nature highly pictureſque, whoſe diſtant parts agreeing with what was immediately near him, form a moſt magnificent whole. For, beſides the ornamental grounds, the views from the houſe are both pleaſing and ſurpriſing. They are at once grand and

elegant, rural and marine. On the eaſtern ſide, you have a fine eſtuary, ſpotted with rocks, iſles, and peninſulas, a variety of ſhore, deeply indented in ſome places, in others compoſed of noble arched rocks, craggy, broken, and fringed with wood;—over theſe, hanging woods, intermixed with cultivated incloſures, covered with a back ground of ſtupendous mountains. As a contraſt to this view, from the other end of the gravel walk (between two culminating hills, covered with tall wood), is ſeen, in fine perſpective, a rich cultivated dale, divided by hedge-row trees; beyond theſe, hanging grounds cut into incloſures, with ſcattered farms, and above them all, a long range of waving paſture ground and ſheep walks, ſhining in variety of vegetation. This ſweet paſtoral picture is much heightened by the deep ſhade of the towering wooded hills, between which it is viewed. Turn to the left, the ſcenery is all reverſed. Under a range of tall ſycamores, an expanſe of water burſts upon the eye; and beyond it, land juſt viſible through the azure miſt. Veſſels traverſing this bay are alſo ſeen in a moſt pictureſque manner, and, from the lower part of the houſe, appear ſailing through the trees, and approaching it till they drop anchor juſt under the windows. The range of ſycamores has a fine effect in this ſea view, by breaking the line in the watery plain, and forming an elegant frame to a very excellent picture. By turning a little to the right, the proſpect changes. At the head of a ſloping incloſure, and under the ſkirts of a ſteep wood, a ſequeſtered cottage ſtands in the niceſt point of beauty.

"There is a great variety of pleaſing views from the different meandering walks and ſeats in the wood: one at the hermitage, and another at the ſeat in the bottom of the wood, where Ulverſton and the environs

make a pretty picture. From under the ſhrubbery (on the eaſtern ſide of the houſe, and from the gate at the north end of the walk, behind a ſwell of green hills), if the afternoon ſun ſhine, the conical ſummits of diſtant mountains are ſeen gliſtening like burniſhed gold, and pointing to the heavens in a noble ſtyle. But, as this ſweet ſpot is injured by deſcription, I ſhall only add, that it is a great omiſſion in the curious traveller, to be in Furneſs, and not to ſee ſo wonderfully pretty a place, to which nature has been ſo profuſe in noble gifts, and where art has lent its beſt aſſiſtance, under the regulation of an elegant fancy and a refined taſte."

From Ulverſton proceed to Lancaſter, either by the route we before pointed out, which is about 37 miles; or croſs the Sands, ſhortening the journey to about 20 miles. We now purſue the latter courſe. Theſe Sands, though they often prove fatal to the unwary, and even ſometimes to the more cautious traveller, particularly in winter; yet in fine ſummer weather, if accompanied with proper guides, they are not attended with much, if any, real danger.—From Ulverſton to the Carter-houſe is one mile. Here we enter the trackleſs waſte, and muſt ſteer our courſe by diſtant marks. A new ſcene now unveils itſelf: on the right, the receding tide ſhines at a diſtance, continuing to uncover more and more of the ſandy deſert; and on the left, there is a grand view of Alpine ſcenery deſcending from diſtant heights in rocky hills, ſpotted with tracts of woodland and heath, in abrupt falls, to the margin of the Sands. Chapel Iſland, on the right, is a deſolate object, where there are yet ſome remains of an oratory, built by the monks of Furneſs, in which divine ſervice was daily performed at a certain hour, for paſſengers who croſſed the Sands with the morning tide.—The united rivers of Crake and Leven work themſelves

a paſſage along theſe Sands, and muſt be forded in this journey. This river, apparently impaſſable, ſtrikes us with a ſort of dread on our firſt approach. We drop down a gentle deſcent to the margin of the broad ſluggiſh water, leaving the view of every other object, except the cheerleſs ſand, and the tops of ſome mountains peeping from afar. The guide cautiouſly examines the ford, which, from the ſhifting of the Sands, is a neceſſary precaution, and then conducts us ſafely through. The appearance of danger preſently vaniſhes, and we find ourſelves fording a ſhallow river, with a ſmooth and ſoft bottom. We now proceed with leſs timidity, and ſurvey with more pleaſure the various objects around us: fiſhermen, with carts and nets, ſtealing along the margin of the tide; here and there veſſels navigating towards different points—ſome ſeen dimly in the horizon, and others more diſtinct. Various ſorts of ſea fowl ſcream over our heads; while marine ſhells and weeds appear upon the ſurface; forming altogether a ſcene which, by ſome, is thought not leſs pleaſing than many we have lately obſerved; at leaſt, it affords a ſtriking variety. When we reflect, however, that we are treading an immenſe plain, which, a ſhort time before, was covered to a great depth by the foaming ocean, and which will infallibly, in a few hours, roll over it again with irreſiſtible force, and that perhaps its approach is already commencing, an idea of danger glances acroſs our imaginations, and for a moment awakens the ſenſations of fear. The deeply-indented ſhores ſend out long promontories, which, with the remote iſlands, ſeem to fluctuate on the ſurface of the more ſhining Sands; while the numerous ſeats and villages decorate the adjacent ſhores; above which the lofty mountains riſe in varied forms, and cloſe the view. —Holker-hall, ſurrounded with deep woods, is a good object on the left.

Having croſſed the Ulverſton Sands, we reach the peninſula of Cartmel, which interſects the great bay of Morecambe, and is about three miles over. Proceed by Flookburgh to the Carter-houſe, on the borders of Lancaſter Sands.—FLOOKBURGH was once a market-town, by charter granted to the Prior of Cartmel, Lord Paramount, from King EDWARD I.—Near this place, Mr. WEST ſays, "there is a noted ſpa, called the *Holy-well*, found to be of great ſervice in moſt cutaneous diſorders, and much reſorted to in the ſummer ſeaſon from diſtant parts."

Thoſe who have an opportunity of departing from the direct road, and are inclined to make a ſmall and pleaſant digreſſion, ſhould quit the Sands oppoſite Chapel Iſle, and go by way of Holker-hall and Cartmel. At the former place, ſee the fine improvements about the houſe and grounds, by the noble proprietor, Lord GEORGE CAVENDISH. His Lordſhip has alſo made a collection of very capital pictures, among which are an excellent landſcape, exhibiting a view of the Tiber, together with the temple of Apollo, the nine Muſes, &c.—another repreſenting the Departure out of Egypt; and two more ſmall views by CLAUDE LORRAIN—two good church pieces by NEEFS—a large landſcape by RUBENS—and ſeveral others by different eminent maſters.—CARTMEL is not remarkable for any thing beſides its fine old church, which is a handſome Gothic edifice, in the form of a croſs, in length 157 feet; the tranſept 110 feet; and the height of the walls 57 feet. The eaſt window is 24 feet wide, and 48 high; and is finely ribbed with pointed arches in the moſt elegant manner; but the painted glaſs, which formerly adorned it, is now almoſt totally deſtroyed. A curious tower riſes from the centre, being a ſquare within a ſquare, ſet at croſs angles with each other.

We embark a ſecond time on the Sands, which now are much more extenſive than before, being here about nine miles acroſs. A deep inlet of ſix or ſeven miles opens on the left, forming pretty indentings and bays on each ſide, and ſtretching beyond Milnthorp.—On the north ſide of this eſtuary we ſee the beautiful ſeat of JOHN WILKINSON, Eſq. which he lately built at Caſtle-head, on the baſe of a little wooded hill. This houſe, round which Mr. WILKINSON, has made great improvements, forms a good object from hence. Beyond this, Whitbarrow-ſcar ſhews his aged, hoary front, ſtaring over the low moſſy vale which runs under his breaſt far in land. The ſouth ſide riſes up in high rocky ridges, ſkirted with ſeats, villages, and cultivation, and adorned with woods and hanging grounds. Again we ſink into a hollow, along which the Kent ſmoothly rolls his waters; and here alſo we find a ſolitary guide on horſeback, hovering on the brink, ready to conduct us carefully through the ſtream.—"The priory of Cartmel was charged with this important office, and had ſynodals and Peter-pence allowed towards its maintenance. Since the diſſolution of the priory, it is held by patent of the duchy of Lancaſter, and the ſalary (20*l.* per annum) is paid by the Receiver-General."—WEST.

In favourable weather, a more agreeable ride along the ſea ſand cannot be found. On the right, the ſwelling ocean meets the horizon, in a uniform line, at a great diſtance, except where it is broken by a ſolitary ſail dimly ſweeping along. On the left, a bold ſhore preſents itſelf, ſcalloped into various forms by the conſtant embraces of the tide, and margined with little woods, pleaſant farms, and villages: there, alſo, Warton-crag, on the ſummit of which are the veſtiges of a ſquare encampment, and the ruins of a beacon, ſteps prominently forward, and

ſhews its rocky, weather-beaten front. Here and there we obſerve fine valleys opening far into the country. In front, the coaſt is beautifully fringed with trees, and ſpotted with houſes and villages: it terminates in an abrupt promontory, called Heyſham-point, and thence winding round to the ſouth, eſcapes the ſight. Above, the town of Lancaſter, which has long been a conſpicuous object, now diſplays to great advantage its fine church and noble caſtle, on a high eminence. Further ſtill, inclining to the left, mountain riſes behind mountain to a remote diſtance; and in no point of view, perhaps, does Ingleborough look more majeſtically beautiful. Bringing back our obſervation to nearer objects, we obſerve pleaſant valleys running deeply into the country, which, with their incloſing hills, are conſtantly varying their aſpects as we proceed.

Numberleſs inſtances might be adduced of the fatal conſequences of people imprudently attempting to croſs theſe Sands at improper times, and without guides, who have either been over taken with the tide, or overwhelmed with a thick fog. In the latter caſe, the unfortunate traveller, frequently miſſing the track, and frightened and bewildered, rides with all his ſpeed directly againſt the tide; perceiving which, he turns, gallops back with equal haſte; but, alas! vain are his efforts!—the relentleſs ocean, deaf to his cries for that aſſiſtance which it is impoſſible for any creature to afford, ſoon overtakes, and buries him in its roaring waves.

Mr. GRAY, in his Journal, mentions the following fact:—"I croſſed the river, and walked over a peninſula, three miles, to the village of Poulton, which ſtands on the beach. An old fiſherman mending his nets (while I inquired about the danger of paſſing thoſe Sands) told me, in his dialect, a moving ſtory; how a brother of the trade,

a *cockler*, as he ſtyled him, driving a little cart, with his two daughters (women grown) in it, and his wife on horſeback following, ſet out one day to paſs the Seven Mile Sands, as they had been frequently uſed to do (for nobody in the village knew them better than the old man did): when they were about half way over, a thick fog roſe, and as they advanced, they found the water much deeper than they expected: the old man was puzzled; he ſtopped, and ſaid he would go a little way to find ſome mark he was acquainted with; they ſtaid a while for him, but in vain; they called aloud, but no reply: at laſt the young women preſſed their mother to think where they were, and go on; ſhe would not leave the place; ſhe wandered about forlorn and amazed; ſhe would not quit her horſe and get into the cart with them: they determined, after much time waſted, to turn back, and give themſelves up to the guidance of their horſes. The old woman was ſoon waſhed off, and periſhed; the poor girls clung cloſe to their cart, and the horſe, ſometimes wading and ſometimes ſwimming, brought them back to land alive, but ſenſeleſs with terror and diſtreſs, and unable for many days to give any account of themſelves. The bodies of their parents were found the next ebb: that of the father a very paces diſtant from the ſpot where he had left them."

The embanking of Lancaſter Sands, and thereby preventing ſuch cataſtrophes, while a quantity of valuable land would be obtained, is an undertaking which has long been thought practicable.—Some years ago, the Author of this work, in the courſe of a correſpondence which he had the honour of having with the Board of Agriculture, then under the preſidency of that moſt reſpectable gentleman, Sir JOHN SINCLAIR, Bart. after examining the ſpot, communicated the

following obſervations, which were afterwards inſerted in Mr. HOLT's *reprinted* "Agricultural Survey of Lancaſhire:"—

"It is a fact conſonant to reaſon, and proved by experience, that, when the courſe of a river where it enters the ſea, or rather tide mark, is turned another way into the ocean, the former channel, and adjacent ſand, is, from the perpetual influx of ſand, mud, &c. brought and left there by the tide, raiſed gradually, till, in the courſe of a few years, it becomes out of the reach of, at leaſt, ordinary tides; becauſe the freſh water ceaſes to prevent the accumulating of theſe materials, which it formerly did, by conſtantly removing them to the ſea.

"If that is the caſe, there muſt exiſt a poſſibility of recovering from the dominion of Neptune that extenſive tract called Lancaſter and Milnthorp Sands, as alſo part of the Ulverſton and Duddon or Millam Sands, by a diverſion of the rivers.

"The firſt queſtion naturally ariſing in the inquiry is, Whether an effectual removal of the rivers is practicable? and, ſecondly, Whether, in that caſe, the probable expence would not overbalance the advantages that might be expected to ariſe therefrom?

"In regard to the firſt, an ingenious and reſpectable gentleman in that neighbourhood, Mr. JOHN JENKINSON, of Yealand, had, for many years back, given the ſubject much attention, and minutely explored the track propoſed for the new channel of the Kent, and other rivers running through the Lancaſter and Milnthorp Sands, as pointed out in the plan. Some years ſince he communicated his ideas on the matter to Mr. WILKINSON, of Caſtlehead, a gentleman of fortune, patriotiſm, and and univerſal knowledge. The ſcheme attracted the notice of Mr. WILKINSON; he examined the ground, and

was immediately ſtruck with the notion that it might be carried into execution without much difficulty. A ſubſcription was propoſed, in which Mr. WILKINSON offered to lead off with 50,000*l.* if the neighbouring gentlemen would make up the reſt (having previouſly eſtimated the whole expence at 150,000*l.*); or, if they would begin with any ſum, he would produce the remainder, it being underſtood that each ſhould receive of the profits in proportion to his ſubſcription. The project being thus apparently pretty forward, a perſon was appointed to take the levels, &c. which he did; and his plans are now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. JENKINSON, who alſo himſelf made an actual ſurvey of Lancaſter and Milnthorp Sands, from whoſe plan I copied part of mine.

"Notwithſtanding theſe preparations, the projectors unfortunately met with ſuch oppoſition from the proprietors of ſome trifling fiſheries, who were nevertheleſs offered an indemnification for the loſs they might ſuſtain; and certain lords of manors, who, though they refuſed to contribute any thing towards recovering the Sands, were yet unwilling to relinquiſh any part of their claims to the ground when improved—that the matter was dropped at that time.

"The principal river to be taken off Lancaſter and Milnthorp Sands is the Kent. I examined with attention the ground propoſed for the new channel, as marked in the plan, and found it remarkably adapted for the purpoſe. The whole length, where it runs inland, is a range of low moſſy or ſoft land, except a ſmall tract of rocky or gravelly ground, the higheſt part of which is not more than ten feet five inches above level; and I believe the average height of the whole cut would not exceed three feet five inches above level. In ſhort, I do not entertain a doubt of the practicability of diverting the

courſe of the rivers, and taking them into the Loyne, below Lancaſter. The fall in that courſe is ſmall, yet ſufficient for the current of the water. Neither do I find a difficulty in believing that the ultimate conſequence would be the gaining of a very large tract of ſand, which would become the fineſt land. This method of recovering ground from the ſea is now, where it is practicable, univerſally allowed to be a much ſurer, and often leſs expenſive, means than that of wholly depending on embanking on the ſand with any materials whatever.

" Whether it would be beſt to follow exactly the plan I have preſcribed, in diverting the rivers, is the province of an experienced engineer to determine. Similar judgment is required to make a tolerably exact eſtimate of the expence in the execution of ſuch a deſign. Having, however, acquired all the knowledge I poſſibly could on the buſineſs, I ſhall endeavour to make out an eſtimate, which may, at leaſt, convey a general idea of the ſcheme; but which, my inexperience in theſe matters bids me add, muſt not be too implicitly relied on.

" Mr. WILKINSON, as obſerved before, calculated the whole expence at 150,000*l.*; but, in the opinion of many well-informed gentlemen, 50 or perhaps 60,000*l.* leſs might do. Various plans have been propoſed by different people; but it would ſeem beſt, in my opinion, to commence the work a little below Dallam Tower (as ſhewn in the plan), by throwing a bank of ſtone, or ſtone and bruſhwood, acroſs the channel there: plenty of theſe materials being at hand on a common. The bank would ſerve for a road, and a bridge at the ſouth-eaſt end would admit the freſh water. The ſand here is near thirteen feet deep, which it would be neceſſary for the ſtones to bottom; that would require little or no labour, more than tumbling in, as the weight of the ſtones and

waſhing of the tide would ſoon bring them to the channel. This bank would be about 880 yards long, and ſhould, I believe, be ſeven yards high, ten yards at the baſe, and ſix yards at top, and would conſequently contain 49,280 cubic yards, which, allowing each yard to coſt one ſhilling, would amount to 2464*l.* The bridge I ſhould ſtate at 1000*l.* The whole length of the cut from hence to the Loyne is about 21,340 yards: to contain the greateſt land floods, it ſhould not, I preſume, be leſs than 43 yards wide, and the average depth four yards; the number of yards, upon that poſition, to be excavated would, therefore, be 2,902,240, which, at 4½d. per yard, would coſt 54,417*l.* Where rocks or high ground upon the coaſt renders it neceſſary to keep within the tide-mark, the earth to be taken out will form a bank on the ſea ſide of the cut. A number of bridges might be neceſſary to erect; however, till the profits of the land to be recovered ſhould enable the proprietors to build them of ſtone throughout, I ſhould propoſe temporary bridges of wood, except one for the principal road; the expence of which we ſhall call 1000*l.* and that of the wooden ones 3600*l.*

"The next thing to be conſidered is the diverſion of Lindlepool, which might either be brought into the Kent, as ſhewn in the plan, or taken the contrary way into Cartmel Sands. In either caſe, as it is an inconſiderable rivulet, and the ground generally very low and ſoft, I ſhall not ſtate the expence at more than 5300*l.* including the neceſſary bridges.

"Afterwards, when the ſea had nearly embanked itſelf, it might be found convenient to raiſe ſand banks a few feet high, in order to keep off high ſpring tides: the expence of which, added to that of purchaſing ground for the new channels of the rivers, I ſhall ſtate at 13,000*l.*

"These Sands are the principal objects of attention; but ſhould their recovery be effected, it would be found very convenient, as well as practicable, to uſe ſimilar means in obtaining part of the Ulverſton Sands. A bank might be thrown over the channel, as marked in the plan, with a bridge at the end of it; the freſh water then confined to the ſhore till it entered Ulverſton Moſs, through which an eaſy cut would bring it to the Sands again, either at Plumpton-hall, or at the mouth of the new canal, where there is plenty of rock at hand to ſecure it. At the latter place it might be of ſervice to the ſhipping, by opening the channel.

"By that operation, about 1600 acres would be gained. Every expence attending which I eſtimate at 20,000*l.*

"The acquiſition of at leaſt of 4600 acres may alſo be effected by the ſame means upon the Duddon or Millam Sands. A long ſtrip of marſh land, extending along each ſide, renders the taſk of diverting the rivers, comparatively, an eaſy one. The Duddon might be conveyed along the north ſide, and fixed, at its entrance into the ſand, with limeſtone rock: while the rivulet called Kirby-pool might, with little obſtruction, be taken down the other ſide, if we except the intervention of a little riſing rocky ground extending about 100 yards. That, however, is no object in a work of ſuch magnitude. The whole expence of this undertaking, I am perſuaded, would not exceed 26,000*l.*

"Let us now collect the ſeveral ſums eſtimated:

Expence of the bank below Dallam Tower, ...	£2,463
Ditto of the bridge at the end thereof, ...	1,000
Ditto of the cut from thence to the Loyne, ...	54,417
Ditto of the bridges over the cut, ...	4,600
Ditto of ſand banks and purchaſing ground, ...	13,000
Carried forward, ...	£75,480

Brought forward, ...	£75,480
Ditto of diverting Lindle-pool, ...	5,300
Ditto of gaining part of Ulverſion Sands, ...	20,000
Ditto of gaining part of Duddon Sands, ...	26,000
Intereſt of money ſunk, till the land to be gained becomes profitable; ſalaries of engineers, &c. with contingent expences, I ſhall call	73,219
Total expences about	£200,000

The land that might reaſonably be expected to be gained upon the Lancaſter, &c. Sands, is, — Acres	32,510
Ditto upon the Duddon Sands, ...	4,600
Ditto upon the Ulverſton Sands, ...	1,600
Total number of acres	38,710

" We are now to conſider what benefits would accrue from the execution of the above projects.

" In the firſt place, a regular connection would take place between Lancaſter and Whitehaven, by a poſt road, which would doubtleſs be laid out between thoſe places; by which not only theſe commercial towns, but all the intervening country, would be much benefited. Whereas at preſent, a perſon travelling between Lancaſter and Ulverſton, Ravenglaſs, Whitehaven, &c. muſt either take a very circuitous route through a wild, mountainous country, or wait a precarious, dangerous paſſage over the Sands. A reflection on the number of unfortunate people who are annually loſt in croſſing theſe deceitful Sands, touches the nerve of humanity. That dreadful circumſtance would be remedied by baniſhing the tide. But although the philanthropic mind may conſider theſe matters as great grievances, others may look upon them as provincial evils only, and the effects of their removal equally confined.—Another advantage that would take place would be more univerſally felt. Here are tracts of

ſand, containing 38,710 acres, which, at preſent, inſtead of being beneficial to the community, are a general nuiſance. If this land could be recovered by laying out the ſum of 200,000*l.* it would be a purchaſe of 5*l.* 3s. 3¾d. per acre of land, which, I preſume, by the time all the money was paid, would be worth 40*l.* per acre, conſequently a clear gain of 1,348,400*l.*

"This would not be like a transfer of property, where one party loſes what the other acquires. It would be a property really gained, the produce of which (whoever were the immediate poſſeſſors) would expand itſelf, on every ſide, to a great diſtance; and, by cauſing an increaſe of proviſions, muſt proportionably affect the price; whereby thouſands of poor families would find an additional morſel to their daily pittance, excluſive of the employment it would afford them in the execution."

We leave the Sands at Heſtbank, and proceed from thence to Lancaſter, three miles, along a low tract of cultivated and fertile country.

LANCASTER ſtands on the ſouth bank of the Lune, on an eaſy riſing ground. Several of the ſtreets are rather narrow; but the buildings are good, being chiefly formed of freeſtone, and covered with blue ſlate. In many parts of the town the ſhops diſplay an elegance not often met with in northern towns of equal magnitude; and here are likewiſe ſeveral excellent houſes inhabited by gentlemen of independent fortunes. Buildings and inhabitants are increaſing, but not with that rapidity which diſtinguiſhes many of the manufacturing towns in the more ſouthern parts of this county. The moſt moderate calculation makes the preſent population of Lancaſter 8000 ſouls; but it is the opinion of ſome, that there are not leſs than 10,000, the number having augmented greatly ſince the cutting of the new canal.—

The occupations of the inhabitants are extremely various, as no great ſtaple manufacture is carried on. There are, however, conſiderable quantities of ſailcloth made; and alſo a great deal of cabinet work and upholſtery for the cabinet-makers in London. A few hands are employed in printing cotton. Ship-building is carried on to a conſiderable extent, and veſſels of large burden have been ſent from hence. That very reſpectable gentleman and noted ſhip-builder, Mr. BROCKBANK, has built veſſels in his ſhip-yard here, for London, of 450 tons.

Lancaſter is alſo of ſome conſequence as a port for ſhipping; but, unfortunately, the ſhoals of the river not yet being deepened, large ſhips are under the neceſſity of ſtopping at a place five or ſix miles below, and of ſending up their cargoes in ſmall veſſels.—A proſperous trade is carried on from hence to the Weſt Indies, the Baltic, and other parts.—This town being on the confines of the cheeſe country, is the principal market for that article. A great fair for the ſale of Lancaſhire cheeſe is held here in October.

Lancaſter, alſo, being the county town, where the aſſizes are held, and other public buſineſs tranſacted for this populous county, is thereby rendered ſtill more important. It is likewiſe a great thoroughfare, one of the principal north roads leading through it.—An old narrow bridge, in a bad ſituation, long continued to connect the banks of the Lune oppoſite Lancaſter; but a new one, on a very elegant and liberal plan, at the expence of the county, amounting to 14,000*l.* has lately been erected further up the river, at Skerton, and which is much better adapted for an entrance into Lancaſter. It conſiſts of five equal eliptical arches; is 549 feet long; and is ſaid to be one of the handſomeſt bridges of its ſize in Europe. Along the river ſide there is a fine quay, and

good warehouſes adjoining.—The church and caſtle ſtand together, on an eminence at the weſt end of the town, and are conſpicuous objects from every ſide. The former is a handſome Gothic ſtructure; and the latter, which is the county jail, and alſo the hall where the aſſizes are held, and other public buſineſs tranſacted, is likewiſe a fine building. It is now undergoing great improvements, in the handſomeſt ſtyle of Gothic architecture, under the direction of Mr. HARRISON, which will render it one of the completeſt places for the purpoſe in the kingdom.—Here is likewiſe a chapel of the eſtabliſhment, with an elegant ſteeple. A turret being alſo placed upon the new exchange, or town-hall, the town altogether has a noble and ſtriking appearance at a diſtance. The new canal winds round a part of this town; and, when finiſhed, will add much to its trade and convenience.

Lancaſter is a place of great antiquity: it is ſaid to have formerly been an habitation of the weſtern Brigantes, under the name of *Caer Werid*, i. e. the green town. Afterwards AGRICOLA occupied the eminence where the caſtle and church now ſtand, in the ſummer of his ſecond campaign, and of the Chriſtian æra 79, erecting a ſtation for the ſecurity of his conqueſt, and guarding the paſſes of the river, while he, with his army, proceeded into Furneſs. This ſtation was called *Longovicum*, and afterwards the inhabitants acquired the appellation of *Longovices*.

The eminence on which this bold-looking caſtle now ſtands has been ſurrounded with a deep moat. It was one of the firſt ſtations which the Romans poſſeſſed in theſe parts; and, from its importance, the laſt they abandoned. This garriſon was particularly obnoxious to the Caledonians, who, having croſſed the Solway Frith, and eluded the vigilance of other ſtations along the coaſt, were generally repulſed by that of Lancaſter. Theſe barbarians, however, at laſt found means to overpower

the Lancaſtrians by treading cloſe upon the heels of the flying Romans, and completely ſacked and deſtroyed their town and fortifications. The Saxons arriving ſoon after, built, upon the ſame place, the town that ſtands to this day. Hence we may infer that the preſent town of Lancaſter occupies the ſite of Roman and Britiſh ruins, which is often verified by pieces of Roman antiquity being found at great depths below the ſurface.

It is but juſtice to obſerve, that the loyalty of the inhabitants of this town, for which they had always been conſpicuous, procured from King JOHN as ample a charter as he had conferred on Briſtol and Northampton, and which was confirmed by CHARLES II. with additional privileges. Lancaſter, however, derived its greateſt conſequence from the title it gave to EDMUND, the ſecond ſon of HENRY III. and to his iſſue, Dukes of Lancaſter and Kings of England, of the Lancaſtrian line. But ultimately it ſuffered much by ſupporting their title to the crown in the conteſt with the Houſe of York: and ſo little, it has been obſerved, had this town retrieved itſelf when CAMDEN viſited it in 1609, that he ſpeaks of it as not populous, and remarks, that Lancaſter was inhabited then only by huſbandmen.

The preſent noble-looking caſtle of Lancaſter is generally ſuppoſed to have been built by EDWARD III. and has undergone different repairs and alterations ſince that time. From the caſtle, and the church-yard adjoining, the view is extenſive, and pleaſant. We ſtand on an elevated mount, round the baſe of which the Lune winds in a ſerpentine courſe to the ſea. Beyond that river, a flat country of a few miles broad ſtretches away to the ocean, and forms the ſouthern ſide of the great bay of Morecambe, or Lancaſter Sands, which now opens in its full extent, and ſhoots its gliſtening waters into every creek. On the other ſide of the bay, and far to the

weſt, Peele-caſtle raiſes his forked head above the water, and ſtands like a watchful ſentry guarding the paſſage. The low grounds of Furneſs, ſhaded with wood, and ſpotted with ſeats and villages, form a rich border along the feet of a collection of mountains which ſpread round the bay, and confuſedly thicken farther back on all ſides, preſenting various broken and pointed ſummits. Among theſe may be diſtinguiſhed the murky head of Black-comb, on the Cumberland coaſt, the dark fells of High Furneſs rolling behind each other, Langdale-pikes, and Rydal-head, with his more towering neighbours, beyond. It is ſaid the top of Skiddaw may alſo be diſcerned when the air is clear; but at too great a diſtance to appear with its uſual dignity. From the fells about Windermere, we obſerve the mountains ſoftening towards the vale of Langdale; but eaſtwards from that valley the heights again aſcend in towering elevations, among which the crowned head of lofty Ingleborough is majeſtically raiſed far above the reſt. The intervening country (through which the Lune bends his ſparkling ſtream) is variegated with winding vales, cultivated hills, and a pleaſing mixture of woodland.—The river Lune, after waſhing the banks of a delightful rural vale, in ſilence and repoſe, appears emerging from the new aqueduct; and ſoon afterwards paſſing under the elegant new bridge, enters the buſy ſcenes of nautic clamour, mixes its unpolluted current with that ſent from the briny ocean, and helps to bear away the weighty veſſels. A ridge of rocky eminences, which fall in eaſy lines towards the channel, ſhelters Lancaſter on the eaſt.—Mrs. RADCLIFFE concludes her obſervations on this view with theſe deſcriptive remarks:—"The appearance of the northern fells is ever changing with the weather and ſhifting lights. Sometimes they reſemble thoſe evening clouds on the horizon, that catch the laſt

gleams of the ſun; at others, wrapt in dark miſt, they are only faintly traced, and ſeem like ſtormy vapours riſing from the ſea. But in a bright day their appearance is beautiful; then their grand outlines are diſtinctly drawn upon the ſky, a viſion of Alps; the rugged ſides are faintly marked with light and ſhadow, with wood and rock; and here and there a cluſter of white cottages, or farms and hamlets, gleam at their feet along the water's edge. Over the whole landſcape is then drawn a ſoftening azure, or ſometimes a purple hue, exquiſitely lovely; while the ſea below reflects a brighter tint of blue."

On the road from Lancaſter to Hornby, about three miles from the latter place, is Mr. GRAY's noted view of the fine vale of Lonſdale. The ſtation is "about a quarter of a mile beyond the third mileſtone, where the road makes a turn to the right: there is a gate on the left, which leads into a field, where the ſtation meant is ſhewn by a pole erected on the ſpot for that purpoſe by Mr. JONES, the proprietor of the field, who gives travellers liberty to go into it with their horſes, or carriages."—WEST.

This noble ſcene is thus deſcribed by Mr. GRAY:—"Here Ingleborough, behind a variety of leſſer mountains, makes the back-ground of the proſpect; on each hand of the middle diſtance riſe two ſloping hills; the left cloathed with thick woods; the right with variegated rock and herbage: between them, in the richeſt of valleys, the Lune ſerpentiſes for many a mile, and comes forth ample and clear, through a well-wooded and richly-paſtured fore-ground. Every feature which conſtitutes a perfect landſcape of the extenſive ſort, is here not only boldly marked, but alſo in its beſt poſition."

FINIS.

Printed by T. Jollie, Carliſle.—June, 1800.